

Monday

The general election: Unemployment and the Bomb are the two issues dominating the election. Next week in *The Times* there will be incisive analysis of both questions - plus the most comprehensive news, the best informed comment and the most provocative opinion on the election that could change the face of British politics.

Crown ceremonial: Why was an angry bishop brought to Westminster Abbey in a police car? Brian Barker explains in his first-hand account of preparations for the Coronation exactly 30 years ago.

A touch of flu: How ferrets put researchers on the trail of the wily influenza virus, not only a nuisance but also a potential killer.

Rock 'n' role reversal: *The Times* Profile looks at David Bowie, on the eve of his British concert tour.

Courtesy and carriages for summit

Colonial courtesy, liveried footmen and horse-drawn carriages will greet heads of state when they arrive at Williamsburg, Virginia, today for the Western summit.

Soon after she arrives, Mrs Thatcher will hold a 40-minute bilateral meeting with her host, President Reagan, to replace talks cancelled because of the general election. Page 6

Arctic discovery

Divers have discovered under the polar icecap the wreck of the Breadalbane, a three-masted sailing ship which sank in 1853 while searching for traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition to discover the North West Passage. Page 6

Express flies in

The post-Laker six of cheap transatlantic travel was inaugurated successfully with the arrival at Gatwick of the first People Express jet with just over a hundred passengers from New York. Page 3

Ford loses

Mr Paul Kelly, the Ford Halewood worker whose dismissal for alleged vandalism led to a month-long dispute, should be reemployed, an Aca panel has ruled. Page 2

Britons killed

Two Britons were among six people killed when an Ostend-Venice express train hit a mudslide caused by days of heavy rain near Cologne. Page 5

Farm pay rise

Farm workers were awarded a 5 per cent pay rise from September in addition to the 7.1 per cent gained in the annual pay round in January. Page 2

£200m deal

Associated British Foods has sold its South African interests for almost £200m in the largest such deal in the nation's history. Page 11

Saturday

Summer time begins today in *Saturday* with a selection of holiday reading, a new travel series on weekend breaks, advice on lawn maintenance and house painting, a choice of summer cocktails and an extensive guide to Bank Holiday activities. Also included in the arts and leisure section published each week with *The Times* is a prize jumbo crossword with an alternative set of concise clues.

Leader page 9
Letters: On unemployment, from Lord Harris of Greenwich; Williamsburg, from Mr S Shenton; election issues, from Mr C Rowlett, and others.
Leading articles: Leverhulme report; Nicaragua; the Kurds. Features, page 8
The mystery of Sutton Place; Bernard Levin; Harold Wilson and Lord Rothermere; Jock Bruce-Gardyne's election column; The tale of Hector the raven.
Obituary, page 10
Dr Portia Holman.

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The watchful professionals shadowing the party leaders



Armed Special Branch officers accompanying Mrs Thatcher, Mr Steel and Mr Foot as they set off to campaign yesterday. The police fear that they may be targets of IRA gunmen.

Politicians guarded as IRA murder squad is hunted

By John Witherow

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An active IRA unit of between four and six men is thought to be planning the assassination of a leading British politician or a bombing campaign before the general election.

Senior police officers have named two possible members of the gang as Sean O'Callaghan and John Downey, who is wanted in connection with bombings in London parks last year in which 11 soldiers were killed and 50 people injured.

Commander William Huckleby, head of Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist branch, said yesterday: "We know there are others and I think I know who they are." Because of fears that the IRA unit may strike the police are providing full-time armed Special Branch guards for the leaders of the four main political parties and putting their homes under protection by uniformed officers.

Police have recently visited the homes of known Irish republican sympathisers as part of their search for what they believe are several "safe houses" in London or the Home Counties where explosives and weapons are being hidden.

Senior officers have been aware for some time that the IRA may have selected the run-up to the election to stage a spectacular assassination or bombing campaign on the mainland that will have maximum impact. Bombings and shootings have been on the

increase in Northern Ireland in the past two weeks and police are bearing in mind that Mr Airey Neave, the Conservative spokesman on Ulster, was murdered five weeks before the last general election.

But news that O'Callaghan and Downey might be in this country has sharpened fears and officers said they were taking "very seriously" the threat of a new outrage.

The extra protection also



Sean O'Callaghan: H-block hunger striker

came soon after John McComb was sentenced in London on Thursday to 17 years in prison for his part in the bombing campaigns in Britain in 1978 and 1979. Although Commander Huckleby said the two events were not directly linked, it was believed that Mr Justice French, who sentenced him, now also has a special police guard.

"I am 100 per cent sure of what I am saying," Commander Huckleby added. "There is, or there may be, a unit of terrorists who are determined to kill - whether by bombings or shootings - innocent members of the public."

On Thursday Scotland Yard named for the first time one of the suspected Hyde Park bombers as John Downey, aged 30, who spent a year in prison in 1973 for membership of the IRA and is believed to have links with Gerard Tuite, serving 10 years in the Irish Republic on charges connected with the 1978-79 mainland bombing campaign.

Police hope that a photo of the bearded Downey, who is now believed to be clean-shaven, may jog someone's memory and lead them to a house where he was staying before last July's bombings. He was believed to have gone abroad after the attacks and returned to the Irish Republic by a circuitous route before reentering Britain.

Continued on page 4, col 4

Alliance calls strategy summit

By Staff Reporters

With public opinion polls showing support for the Labour on the decline, leaders of the Liberal/Social Democratic Alliance will meet at Mr David Steel's home in Scotland tomorrow to decide on a new strategy dealing to establish the Alliance as the only alternative to a Thatcher government.

The meeting, according to Mr Steel in Aberdeen yesterday, was "quite simply to reassess strategy in view of the collapse of the Labour Party".

Mr Roy Jenkins, the Alliance leader, said in Glasgow, Highland: "I have never seen the like of it in the 11 general elections I have fought. The Labour Party is dying before our eyes."

"It is disintegrating as a major challenger during the campaign itself. Its leaders are at odds. The manifesto is in shreds. Mr Foot has manifestly lost control."

"This election is now a contest between Conservatives and the Alliance. There can be no hope of Labour winning".

At the Alliance's press conference earlier yesterday Mr Steel had maintained, despite opinion polls showing support for the Alliance steady at 18 per cent, that tactical voting could change the position drastically by polling day.

People would realise that Labour "are not only incapable of forming a government, but are also incapable of forming an effective Opposition".

Mr Steel said that, after the disintegration of its campaign through disagreements on fundamentals in its manifesto, Labour seemed to be "out of the running". It was going downhill rapidly because of the "open warfare" which had broken out in its leadership.

Tomorrow the Alliance leaders will helicopter into Etrick Bridge in the Borders to discuss detailed tactics. They have decided on the main strategy, to concentrate the attack on the Conservatives. They will go for the Tories on their record and the "lack of hope" in the present manifesto.

Dr David Owen, the former Labour Foreign Secretary, said at the press conference that Labour was "clearly busted" and although they would continue to highlight Labour's shortcomings, "it is now necessary to focus our attention on Thatcherism".

Mr Steel said that despite the lack of movement in the opinion poll figures on Alliance support, he and other campaigners had detected a groundswell of new backing in the constituencies. He expected that to show in the polls over the weekend.

The turnout at meetings and open-air events had been much larger than the Liberals had expected. Continued on page 4, col 2

Record damages of £4m against video film pirates

By Frances Gibb, Legal Affairs Correspondent

Two men involved in mass production and sale of pirate and counterfeit video cassettes of popular films were ordered to pay record damages of £4m, with interest, in the High Court yesterday.

The damages, the highest ever awarded in the film piracy business, were ordered against Mr John Barnham of Tolworth, Kingston upon Thames, and Mr Neil Rivers, of West Drayton, Hillingdon, London.

They were ordered to pay a total of more than £4,360,000 to the film company wronged by their piracy of films such as *E.T.*, *Life of Brian*, *Alien*, *The Elephant Man* and *The Empire Strikes Back*.

The sum, based on the film companies' loss as a result of nearly 60,000 blank cassettes known to have been supplied to the organization, the men worked with, could be followed by a further large award.

Mr Justice Warner ordered an inquiry into any further damage the film companies might have suffered as a result of other infringements of their copyright. "This award was a result of just one supply", a lawyer said.

But the film companies, all top American film makers, are unlikely to obtain their money. Neither of the two men is in a position to pay. The judge remarked to the companies' counsel: "I suppose you will now bankrupt them both".

The court action was brought by Universal City Studios, makers of *E.T.*, on their own behalf and for other members of the Motion Picture Association of America, and for members of

the British Videogram Association (BVA).

Mr Robert Abbott, chief executive of BVA, said: "The damages are astronomical; the highest I know about previously were those in an action last year of £750,000."

Mr Peter Duffy, of the Federation against Copyright Theft, which has now taken over most of the court actions pending against video pirates, said: "It is very pleasing to see what the courts think of film piracy."

The sum would deter pirates "in a big way", he said. "It will certainly assist us in our campaign."

Injunctions were granted against the two men in the High Court which effectively ban video piracy, or unlawful copying of films in breach of copyright, and counterfeiting, or packaging of pirated films to resemble the genuine product.

Neither man had filed a defence. But the action is continuing against two other men and a company, who have put in defences.

The operation, the court heard, was carried on from premises at York Parade, the Great West Road, Brentford, west London.

After "search and seize" orders last September it was discovered that the organization had been supplied with 60,000 blank cassettes which, counterfeited and sold would mean a loss of £4,137,980 to the film companies.

The British Videogram Association said yesterday that there would now be many more criminal prosecutions.

Heidemann held on suspicion of fraud

From Michael Binyon Bonn

Herr Gerd Heidemann, the Stern reporter who persuaded the weekly magazine to give him over DM9m (£2,340,000) to buy the forged Hitler diaries, has been arrested by Hamburg police on suspicion of fraud. This follows an admission by Herr Konrad Kujau, the Stuttgart dealer in Nazi memorabilia who supplied him with the diaries, that he forged the 62 volumes himself.

Herr Heidemann, a Stern staff member for almost 30 years, was described by the magazine only a month ago as its "ace sleuth reporter", but was immediately sacked after the discovery of the forgeries. Herr Henri Nannen, Stern's founder and publisher, has taken legal action against him alleging fraud.

Two weeks ago police searched Herr Heidemann's flat and the rented rooms where he kept his large collection of Nazi documents and memorabilia, finding "extensive material". Herr Kujau, long known to historians of the Third Reich as a dealer in forgeries and dubious Nazi documents, fled abroad as soon as the forgeries were revealed, but gave himself up to police on the Austrian border two weeks ago.

He denied at the time that he had had anything to do with the forgeries. The prosecutor's office confirmed yesterday, however, that he had since admitted forging all the documents himself.

In its latest issue, Stern admits that it spent DM10,840,000 altogether on the diaries.

Trade falls £180m into red

By Frances Williams Economics Correspondent

Britain's balance of payments on current account plunged into the red last month and new figures confirmed that the country has become a net importer of manufactured goods for the first time since the industrial revolution 200 years ago.

The figures released yesterday by the Department of Trade are highly embarrassing to the Government in the run-up to the election. Opposition politicians lost no time in claiming that they proved Mrs Thatcher's economic policies had failed.

The balance of payments swung from a surplus of £265m in March to a £180m deficit last month. While exports sagged, imports surged to record levels, sucked in by Britain's tentative economic recovery.

Over the past three months exports have risen by 3.5 per cent in value and 3.5 per cent in volume and 1.5 per cent in value. But imports have jumped by much more - up by 8.5 per cent in value and 3.3 per cent in volume - as industry has begun to meet record consumer demand in the shops.

Lord Cockfield, the Trade Secretary, insisted yesterday that exports were doing well, but admitted that higher imports of finished manufactured goods were "less welcome".

He said: "This reflects industry's inability to meet rising demand in this country".

It presented a challenge to industry which must be met. Mr Giles Radice, Labour trade spokesman, said the "appalling" trade figures disproved Mrs Thatcher's "facile optimism" on recovery. But the City shrugged off the bad figures. Sterling closed in London stronger on the day against all leading currencies. Business News, page 11

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At home in the country of Agatha Christie

First published in 1911, *Small Country Houses of Today*, edited by Lawrence Weaver (Antique Collectors' Club, £17.50) takes you straight to the heart of Agatha Christie Land. Or that is the immediate impression. These surely are the very residences of her prosperous and not very imaginative middle class - the Colonel, the Bank Manager, the Retired Indian Civil Servant, the Doctor, the Imaginary Invalid, the Widow with a Past.

One house is singled out as having a "man's room" (not what Americans call a "men's room") for callers one wouldn't wish to admit to the rest of the house - just the place for seeing creditors, revenants and blackmailers. There is even a touch of Tony Perelli, Edgar Wallace's muscled-up gangster in *On the Spot*, about the Birmingham villa specially designed to accommodate an amateur organist.

They are not, however, the kind of houses Poirot cared for. Comfortable? No doubt. But also unbearably fussy. It is just as if a number of these capable architects, otherwise perfectly respectable, had got together to see which could produce at once the most trivial and the most self-assertive design.

Not for them the unpretentious but satisfying simplicity of, say, an early eighteenth-century farmhouse (roughly the same size as many of these particular Edwardian concoctions), agreeable even when taken from a pattern book, as most of them probably were.

The Industrial Revolution had intervened. Now it was Arts and Crafts time. The revolt against the machine-made was at its height, and it was to be some time before there arrived the conception of the house as a machine for living.

Meanwhile there was a well-meant but sentimental preoccupation with detail, with the superiority of objects made by



Jan Stephens

hand (of course by people who had a gift for it), the exploitation in unsuitable circumstances of forms admired in ancient cottages, and the rather higgledy-piggledy combination of a number of unlikely elements to make "such a pretty house".

Emerging from Agatha Christie Land we come upon some real houses, and it is reassuring to find that Weaver, too, has his reservations. Medieval ideas are too remote from modern life to be a lasting inspiration, except in the proper use of materials: "We are moving in the direction of another eighteenth century". Sure enough, there are some excellently formal buildings, besides a spirited, idiosyncratic one by Lutyns.

It may be observed that not all architects of the time had such complacent clients or were so fortunate in their builders. I know a large house in Buckinghamshire built in 1901 for a new and virtuous baronet. He was particularly fond of a certain hill, and caused the whole plan to be swung to the south-east in order that he might feast on the view.

For each house recorded by Weaver he adds photographs of the outside from various aspects and of some of the rooms. He notices with approval the revival of the ancient "house-plant" - a central living room also used as a dining room which has again come into fashion. He pays attention to staircases and fireplaces. There

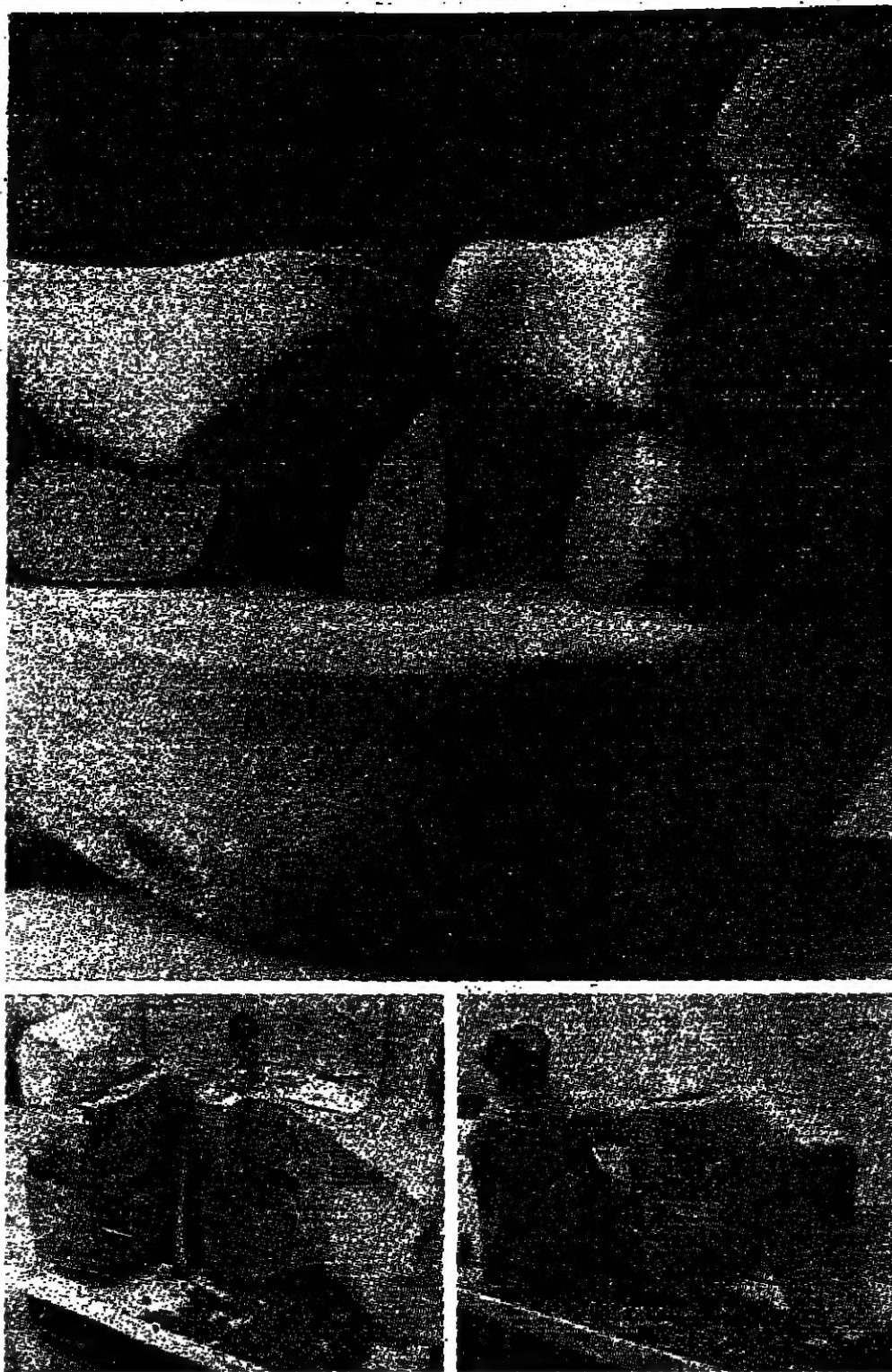
are also ground plans and often itemized costs.

The Edwardian purchaser seems to have had good value for his money. The house with the "man's room" mentioned above also contained three sitting rooms and five bedrooms and cost less than £2,000. A thatched cottage in Wales, which "though it has three sitting rooms of adequate size, yet it may rightly be called small, as it was designed for a lady with one servant, and has only four bedrooms", cost under £800.

At the price of the Lutyns house we can only guess. A handsome one at Wimbledon, practically a mansion, in 1903 cost £5,080. Compare these prices with the £56,000 that may be asked and obtained today for one of a row of 20-year-old bungalows that seemed to me expensive at their original prices of under £4,000. Yet in the 1930s money would occasionally go farther than before the First World War.

Early in the decade friends of mine, seeking to economize, sold their much-loved family home, but found instead a tolerable substitute in Norfolk. This consisted of a striking Georgian Gothic "cottage" with three or four sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, stables and lodge, together with 20 acres of parkland for... £3,000. Of course it still required what we now call a "staff" of four to run it, so that opportunities to economize were limited.

As late as 1953, if you kept your eyes open, you could find almost unbelievable bargains. Thus an advertisement in *The Times* might (and did) lead to a beautiful and unspoiled early Georgian farmhouse containing three sitting rooms, four or five bedrooms and such delights as a spiral staircase to the attic, together with an acre and a half of land for £2,500. It was loved at first sight with me, and I've never stopped loving it.



Reclining Figure: Holes (top) and (below) in preparation, included in the latest volume of the complete catalogue of Henry Moore's work: 1974-1980 (Lund Humphries, £17.50)

Soothing face of a savage thriller

Crime writing has two faces. Or rather backside. There are the spreading hips of the cosy, and there are the lean buttocks of the hunter. An example of the cosy is *Puppet for a Corpse* by Dorothy Simpson (Michael Joseph, £7.95), a whodunit in the fine tradition of the puzzle game, if with more of real human dilemmas in it than, say, most of Agatha Christie.

William McIlvanney's *The Papers of Tony Veitch* (Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95) takes us to the underworld of Glasgow where rumours of a fine haul to be made effectively stir the muck and bring into thoughtful action once again the eponymous detective of his first thriller, *Laidlaw*. And it is in the character of Laidlaw that perhaps the secret of the strength of the attraction of the book lies. He blends at once the tough and the aware, even the sensitive.

So we get all the frisson of adventure, making our way not through jungles but, as hazardous, through "Glasgow on a Friday night, the city of the stars", but still have the comfort of knowing that for us the stars will not be followed by the knee in the crotch and that the motive behind the stars will be laid out for our understanding. To us softies what could be more agreeable?

Yet a suspicion half-raises itself in my mind: is this combination of the tough and the sensitive a true fusion or is it simply a successful temporary combination like oil and vinegar in a dressing? Here is an example (a down-and-out is talking): "See that Sigmund Freud? Ah coulda learned him about people". It's a good one. It says something about Glasgow (and, incidentally, it exemplifies McIlvanney's skill in transliterating the patois) but isn't it a tiny bit of a fraud itself? Or is it? Sometimes I think I detect a similar sleight-of-hand in Raymond Chandler, a faint falsity, a hint of poeticizing. But for most people Chandler works. And I find no difficulty in bracketing McIl-



H. R. F. Keating

vanney's tale of treachery and revenge in the Scottish city with Chandler's tales of corruption and brutality in Los Angeles.

Nat Hentoff's *Blues for Charlie Darwin* (Constable, £6.95) is set in Greenwich Village, New York, perhaps not the city's toughest area, but quite tough enough thank you. It recounts a few days in the existence of a local precinct detective, Green, and neither lives nor property are safe in it for one minute. We get, in fact, a clear-eyed view of a murky world, and this straight setting down of the unpalatable facts is its great virtue.

It is all told, too, in splendidly demotic dialogue that will not be followed by the knee in the crotch and that the motive behind the stars will be laid out for our understanding. To us softies what could be more agreeable?

The Book of the North Wind, by Nicolson Freeling (Heinemann, £7.95).

Freezing gets more idiosyncratic by the book. Here an evocative, irritating prose tells of Commissioner Castang confronting violence crimes galore. *The Hand of Glass*, by Jennie Melville (Macmillan, £8.50). Up, up and away into a whirling romantic world, nervily darting, unabashedly snobby, where murder was done in a Kent village once.

Seymour, Sweet Seymour, by James Melville (Secker & Warburg, £7.95).

Crime amid the culture clash (vide title), as fascinating core-samples of Japanese life are hauled up. Wouldn't mind a bit more story, though.

Mr Kipling's high and far-off times

After insulting Rudyard Kipling last year with some brash picture-book versions of four of the *Just So Stories*, Messrs Macmillan have now made proper amends by reprinting the whole collection as it ought to be, with the author's own indispensable illustrations.

These *Tales of the High and Far-off Times* (£9.95) make tough competition for today's storytellers, but here are a few Stute Fish somewhere behind the Whale's right ear.

Among picture books worth a look are: *Spot's Birthday Party*, by Eric Hill (Heinemann, £4.50). Hide-and-seek is a natural theme for one of those books where you lift up chunks of the page to see what's

underneath. Eric Hill adds some nice repartee.

Stanley Bagshaw and the Twenty Two Ton Whale (Hamish Hamilton, £4.75) is a joyous lark by Bob Wilson, more or less in the metre of "Sam and his Musket".

With Phoebe and Joan Worthington's *Teddy Bear Gardener* (Warne, £3.25) one begins to wonder what can stop the Misses Worthington taking Teddy Bear through every occupation there is. (He's already been a coalman, a baker and a postman).

More traditional offerings include *The Chicken Book*, by Garth Williams (Patrick Hardy, £4.95), a picture-book adaptation of the rhyme about daisy



Brian Alderson

chicks who need to get scratching for their breakfast.

Despite some stage Welsh "boy-bach" - *The Silver Cow*, a Welsh Tale (illustrated by Warwick Hutton, Chato, £4.95), is a fine rhythmic retelling by Susan Cooper of a story of overweening greed and its consequences. Hutton's pale pictures do full justice to the damp landscape.

An old legend is expanded in *The Golem*, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (illustrated by Uri Shulevitz, Deutsch, £4.95) into a short novel. It tells how 10 sacks of clay go to make up a giant to save the Jews of Prague from persecution.

SUSPENSE FROM MACMILLAN

ELLIS PETERS THE SANCTUARY SPARROW

The Seventh Chronicle of Brother Cadfael
'Impeccable twelfth century background. Holmes Doyle and historical Doyle in one.'
H. R. F. Keating, *The Times* £6.95

SARA WOODS CALL BACK YESTERDAY

'The plot is as intricate as a fiend's maze. A page-turner.'
Matthew Coady, *The Guardian* £6.50

PETER FOX KENSINGTON GORE

'Grips like a marginal-by-election.'
Christopher Wordsworth, *The Observer* £6.95

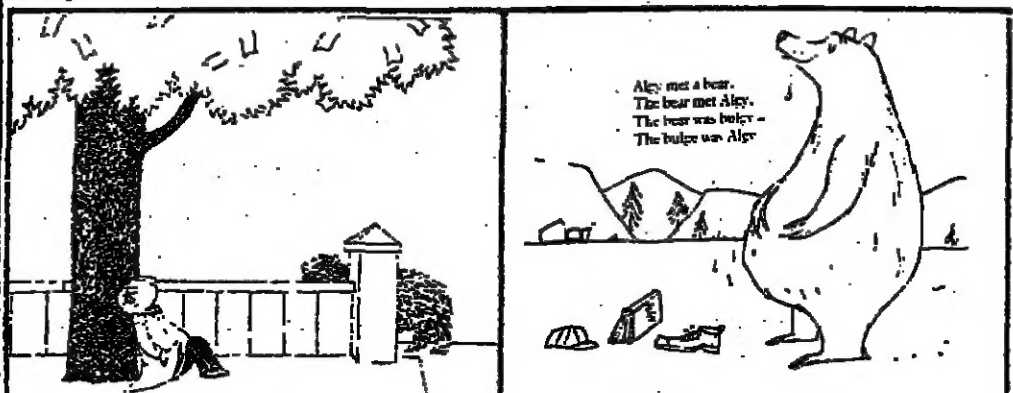
DAVID FLETCHER RAINBOW IN HELL

'Creepily claustrophobic, grips like a vice.'
Michael Hickling, *The Yorkshire Post* £6.50

PAULA GOSLING THE WOMAN IN RED

'Super, swift-sure characterisation, pace, high local colour: Paula Gosling has all the gifts.'
John Coleman, *The Sunday Times* £6.95

MACMILLAN LONDON



Treehorn, whose shrinking caused so little dismay among his family, returns (left) with a tree which grows dollar bills. Treehorn's Treasure by Florence Parry Heide, illustrated by Edward Gorey (Kestrel, £3.95). The bulgy bear (right) is one of Colin West's drawings from Cohen's Cornucopia of jaw-breaking tongue-twisters collected by Mark Cohen (Patrick Hardy, £4.50). Colin West has also compiled a comic anthology of his own: *The Land of Umic Nonsense* (Hutchinson, £3.95).

PETER EATON
Illustrations of the 25th Anniversary Edition of the *Just So Stories* by Rudyard Kipling. The book is a beautiful edition of the original *Just So Stories* with new illustrations and text. For a list of new titles visit our website. The book is available at a special price of £10.00. Visit our website for more information.

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'Waterhouse is an anthropologist and linguist as well as a comedian; and his brilliant eye for social particulars is at its sharpest in this outrageously nostalgic, cheerfully chauvinistic joke about the battle of the sexes at Festival of Britain time.

IN THE MOOD'S Yorkshire mill-town Grippenshaw positively shimmers with period detail... it's a 'Fifties feast... funny to start with and still funny by the end!

HERMIONE LEE,
The Observer
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مكتبة النور

Dealer ordered to repay purchase price of Ingres copy with interest

By Geraldine Norman, Sale Room Correspondent

A firm of London art-dealers which sold Mrs Catherine Curran a photographic copy of an Ingres drawing in 1970 as a genuine work, was ordered in the High Court in London yesterday to repay the purchase price of \$18,000 (£11,250).

Hazlett, Gooden and Fox was also directed to pay interest over the 13 years, calculated at \$23,000 (£14,625) and legal costs estimated at £10,000.

Hazlett had offered to repay the purchase price, to Mrs Curran, an American collector, of Chester Square, Belgrave, as soon as its mistake was discovered in 1981, but balked at the idea that it should be liable to pay interest on the sum irrespective of the time that had elapsed since the sale.

Its case was based on the Limitation Acts and its counsel argued that its responsibility lapsed after six years.

"We felt we were fighting for a principle," Mr Jack Bagg, managing director of Hazlett, said yesterday. "Heaven knows what this is going to mean for the art market. We all make mistakes, and this means we are to be held responsible for them in perpetuity. Think what it could mean to Sotheby's and Christie's."

Mr Joe Och, Sotheby's legal adviser, said: "I do not believe

you can have a correct attribution for postscript on any work of art." He pointed out, however, that Sotheby's operated a five-year guarantee.

Mr Paul Whitfield, of Christie's, also emphasised his firm's obligations of sale, as constituting an important part of the contract.

Mr John Baskett, president of the Society of London Art Dealers, said that he would have to study the judgment, but it was "worrying" and it could be necessary for dealers to hedge their attributions with legal disclaimers.

Mr Justice Webster in his judgment noted the limitations of what he had been asked to decide. The Limitations Act, 1980, made an exception to the six-year rule where a mistake was discovered after a long delay, but only where the plaintiff could not have discovered it earlier by using "reasonable diligence".

The case turned on the definition of "reasonable diligence". The judge concluded that it was impossible to devise a meaning which could be generally applied in all contexts. In this case, he decided it to mean "that which an ordinary prudent purchaser of a work of art would do, given all the circumstances".

The evidence showed it was not normal practice when a purchase was made from a reputable gallery for the purchaser to seek a separate authentication.

Mrs Curran has shown diligence in that she had checked the catalogue of the Petit Palais exhibition in 1967-68 and has an independent appraisal from Mrs Stephanie Maison, and she had asked Sotheby's to make a valuation within six months of purchase.

Mrs Maison is a drawings dealer who advised Mrs Curran and is now a partner in Hazlett.

He suggested that Sotheby's might have shown negligence in failing to identify the reproductive copy when they made the valuation of Mrs Curran's collection in 1976. He had heard evidence from Mr Stephen Somerville, the art dealer who had discovered the mistake over the Ingres in 1981.

Mr Somerville had stated that it was his normal practice to consider authenticity when making a valuation. He said that that was not a universal approach in the trade. Sotheby's had not noticed that the drawing was a copy.

Judge says 'dungeon cell' not unlawful

By Frances Gibb, Legal Affairs Correspondent

The detention of two men on remand in a windowless police cell measuring eight by six feet for eight days was not unlawful or inhuman treatment, the High Court held yesterday.

Mr Justice Stephen Brown said the conditions were "far from satisfactory" but were not such as to give rise to a finding that the detention was unlawful. Sitting with Mr Justice McCullough, he dismissed an application for a writ of habeas corpus by two brothers, Hari Nahar, aged 34, and Sarinder, aged 21, who were remanded in custody on drug charges at Crampton Green magistrates' court, in South London on May 20.

The case had implications for some 300 remand prisoners held in police cells because of overcrowding in prisons. Lord Gifford, QC, for the men, said the "dungeonlike" conditions breached the European Convention on Human Rights, which prohibits "inhuman treatment", and as such was unlawful.

The worst feature of these cells is that they have no access to natural light. They are, in effect, dungeons, from which the defendants cannot escape even for periods of exercise. For security reasons that took place in an enclosed space without natural light.

There was no certainty when the confinement would end, it

might not be for weeks or months, he said.

But Mr Justice Brown questioned whether, although the conditions were far from ideal, they could really be said to constitute "inhuman or degrading treatment".

He said there must be some minimum standards which would render the detention unlawful, but he did not consider that the European Convention to be appropriate in this case.

Mr Justice Stephen Brown said: "Not satisfactory."

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Mr Justice Stephen Brown said: "Not satisfactory."

Museums to be open on Monday

By Christopher Warner, Arts Correspondent

In contrast to the closed doors of museums and galleries on May 2 for the May Day Bank holiday, most of Britain's showplaces will be open to tourists and holidaymakers on Monday, the spring Bank holiday.

On May 2 those wishing to visit public amenities, particularly the dozens of museums and galleries in London, on a wet Bank holiday found them shut. In letters to *The Times* readers asked why.

The simple answer is that the May Day Bank holiday has not sufficiently impinged itself in the calendar, and that with many places normally closed on Mondays, the administrators would be doubtful whether there would be enough visitors to make opening worth while.

The extra cost of paying staff on the Bank holiday and the fact that, with union blessing, most staff wanted the day off, made it more difficult.

Thus the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Tate, the Hayward, the Victoria and Albert and the National Gallery of Scotland were among the many closed. All those and more will be open on Monday.

The Greater London Council determined to bring the arts to the people, keep its houses, such as Kenwood and the Ranger's House at Blackheath, open on May Day.

Reservist survives bomb attack

From Richard Ford, Belfast

A police reservist who was slightly injured in an ambush a few months ago survived an attempt by the Provisional IRA to blow up his van yesterday, in the latest in a series of terrorist attacks in Northern Ireland.

The reservist was driving to a factory in Warrington, co. Armagh, where he works as a foreman, when terrorists lying in wait set off a bomb at a junction of the road. The van was taken to hospital suffering from shock and slight arm injuries.

The terrorists, who had held a family hostage in Lurgan before taking their car, detonated the device by a command wire as the man drove past, and then fled, abandoning the car in Lurgan.

In January the reservist was driving in co. Armagh when he was ambushed by two gunmen as he stopped to pick up workmates, but he suffered only flesh wounds.

Yesterday's attack confirmed a trend of increasing violence by the Provisional IRA, as the general election campaign begins in earnest in Northern Ireland. This week there have been three bomb explosions using more than 2,000lb of explosives, including one in west Belfast which caused £1m of damage and injured 15 people.

A reservist has been killed as part of the violence which began in the week the election was announced, with the discovery of a 500lb bomb in west Belfast, and a device of similar size at Crossmaglen, co. Armagh.

Earlier this week the Royal Ulster Constabulary warned people to be alert during the two weeks before polling day, and are tracing themselves for further attacks. Mr Gerry Adams, vice-president of the Provisional Sinn Féin, has said there is no link between the attacks and the IRA's election campaign.

Police to pay £800 to an 'engaging scoundrel'

By a Staff Reporter

Winston Churchill Millington, described by a judge as "an engaging scoundrel", was awarded £800 damages against the Metropolitan Police in the High Court in London yesterday. The award was for his unlawful detention for 41 hours at Gypsy Hill police station, in south-east London.

Mr Justice Forbes said Mr Millington, of Tinsdale House, Salisbury Road, Edmonton, north London, could only be described as "an engaging scoundrel who has no conscience with reality and is a romantic and hopeless as a witness of truth".

But Mr Millington should have been released from detention at least 12 hours earlier than he was after his arrest in February, 1978, on suspicion of trying to use his van to obtain access to a car by making a false statement. They were both subsequently cleared at Inner London Crown Court.

The police, who denied unlawful arrest and detention, were also ordered to pay interest on the award.

Mr Millington's "devious behaviour" at the station was a

reasonable ground for the police thinking he might try to connect an alibi if released before inquiries were completed and he had been charged, Mr Justice Forbes said.

But the inspector in charge, "a most impressive witness and a fine officer", had been misled by the regulation dealing with the right to detain suspects, the judge said.

The judge rejected Mr Millington's allegation that he had been detained in a badly ventilated cell with dirty bedding because it so happens that the police film unit was making a recruiting film at the station, which had been made spoofs for the occasion.

Dealing with Mr Millington's age, the judge said he claimed to have been born in 1893, but his passport gave 1905. There was also evidence that he had been born in 1919. "He looks to me about 65."

Mr Millington has also claimed to have served in the British West Indian Regiment during the 1914-18 war in Palestine and that he had a "notorious acquaintance" with General Allenby.

Girl lured to barracks and assaulted

From Our Correspondent, Winchester

A judge criticized security at an Army base yesterday when he heard how three soldiers who had fought in the Falklands lured a girl aged 19 to their barracks.

The girl was enticed into a room by three gunmen in the 4th Regiment, Royal Artillery, stationed at Lifford Barracks, Aldershot, Winchester, Crown Court, was told. Her legs were tied to a bed with parachute cord and she was stripped and sexually assaulted.

The three men, Anthony

O'Leah, from Lagos, Nigeria, aged 21, Trevor Ramsey, aged 20, from Manchester, and Michael Haughton, aged 20, from Castle Town, Jamaica, admitted indecent assault.

O'Leah was jailed for nine months, Ramsey and Haughton were sentenced to nine months' youth custody.

O'Leah was one of four soldiers in the guard room who turned a blind eye when the girl was allowed into the camp, the court was told.

Mr Justice Paine said: "This is

quite absurd. Here is a chap on guard duty doing what he is supposed to be preventing others from doing."

Mr Michael Hubbard, for the prosecution, remarked: "This case again highlights the ease with which girls go to barracks. There is inevitable danger. It does not take much imagination to think of the consequences if, in fact, there had been a substitute for the girl that night on some far more evil purpose for entering the barracks."

The return of cheap transatlantic flights



High-flying executives: Mr Burr (left), president of People Express, and Mr Pareti, managing officer, after their arrival at Gatwick airport.

People Express flies in

From Rupert Morris, New York

It was an intoxicating experience, flying from London to New York yesterday by People Express - not just because of the free champagne (inaugural flight only) and not just because at £99 one way every passenger was saving at least £76 compared with the cheapest standby ticket.

There were only 51 of us in a Boeing 747 with 433 seats, which left Gatwick at about 10.30 am and arriving at Newark Airport, New Jersey, seven-and-a-half hours later.

With 13 cabin staff to look after us, we were spoilt. But there was a shared excitement among staff and passengers, all of whom had booked their tickets in the previous 22 hours and were tackling the journey in a true pioneering spirit.

Booking opened only on Thursday afternoon, as soon as the Department of Trade had granted People Express its operating licence.

Mr Mark Elvidge, aged 24, a Canadian who had spent two years travelling around the world said: "The first thing I do in any town is find out the good spots to buy tickets. You can get tickets on charter flights from London to New York for £109,

but there is nothing cheaper than this."

Even more excited were Mr Howard Wright, aged 23, and his sister Lovelace, aged 24, from Thornton Heath, Croydon, who were travelling to a cousin's wedding in Brooklyn, New York. They had been resigned to missing the trip because they could not afford the normal fare, but now they were going to make a surprise appearance at the wedding.

The staff of People Express had so much going for them they need hardly have bothered, but they were solicitous almost to the point of overkill.

They called themselves "customer service managers", and when asked to explain how they differed from ordinary airline stewards and stewardesses they said: "We are all cross-trained. We manage ourselves."

People Express employees do not work within a conventional hierarchy. They take it in turns to be flight managers. No one is "above" anyone else.

Even Mr Donald Burr, the company president, who travelled in "the premium class" at the front (an extra £192 for wider seats and the right to pay

for a "gourmet buffet"), is known by his Christian name.

Staff flexibility is the key to the success of People Express, which has no ticket office and minimal bureaucracy. Passengers check in at a British Airways desk at Gatwick and pay on the plane, mostly by credit card. The main computer that deals with ticketing was programmed by one of the company's pilots.

The entire operation is impressively streamlined. People Express has only one Boeing 747 sporting its cream, brown and orange livery, having been restricted to five return flights a week for the first two years of operations.

Earlier yesterday morning the People Express Boeing had landed at Gatwick airport with just over a hundred passengers, including Mr Donald Burr, president of People Express, and Mr Harold Pareti, its managing officer. Mr Mark Antonitis and his wife Susan, both aged 26, had flown over to spend their honeymoon in Britain.

Advanced bookings for the People Express service rose to 35,000 last night.



Honeymoon passengers: Mr and Mrs Mark Antonitis (Photographs: Tony Weaver).

Jail order is made on Joe Bugner

Joe Bugner, the heavyweight boxer, could be jailed for two months the next time he arrives in Britain, unless he pays his former wife £14,000 unpaid maintenance within the next 28 days.

Judge Garfitt made the order yesterday at Cambridge County Court after Mr Bugner, aged 32, failed to turn up. His former wife, aged 31, of Wyton, Cambridgeshire, is now called Malcolyn Car. She says the money is owed in maintenance for their three children between 1978 and 1981.

Judge Garfitt said that in failing to turn up, Mr Bugner had also forfeited the right to challenge the claim. A request from Mr Bugner's solicitors to be released from the responsibility of representing him was refused.

Judge Garfitt said that Mr Bugner was due to challenge the claim, but was still in California. "He has treated this court with complete contempt and has clearly demonstrated his failure to meet his obligations to his children."

Footballer freed of rape charge

A player in the first division of the Football League walked free from Highbury Magistrates' Court, in north London, yesterday after having been accused, with his brother of raping a girl, aged 21 in Holloway, north London in the early hours of March 2.

Mr Anthony Wells, for the Director of Public Prosecution said that the prospects of conviction were not sufficient.

Improved hunter sub joins Navy

Britain's latest nuclear-powered submarine, the £180m Trafalgar, was commissioned into service at Vickers shipyard at Barrow-in-Furness yesterday.

The vessel, the first of a new class of hunter killers, will not be able to leave the dockyard for another month because of an electrical fault.

Four more submarines of the class are on order at Barrow. They represent important advances on hunter killers used in the Falklands conflict.

Tory takes Russians on a sight-seeing tour

From Our Correspondent, Cheltenham

A delegation of 20 Russians yesterday spent the day touring Cheltenham as guests of Mr Dudley Aldridge, a Conservative councillor. The delegation, which includes a judge, teachers and manual workers, were from Sochi, the Black Sea resort twinned with

the Cotswold spa town for the past 25 years.

However, because Cheltenham council suspended official twinning links with the Soviets three years ago after the invasion of Afghanistan, the delegation was denied official status and a council reception.

Instead Mr Aldridge held a reception at his home before the group went on a sight-seeing tour, with perhaps the most interesting local landmark being the Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ). Mr Aldridge, a former

mayor, said: "I went to Sochi on a visit five years ago and had a wonderful time, and I thought it was wrong to ignore the delegation, because our links go back so far. The most sensible thing to do is to show them what life is like in Britain."

We have to admit it. We have made it very difficult now for our competitors to come even close to matching Townsend Thoresen's cross-Channel performance. Try as they will.

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between Dover and Calais, the fastest way to take your car by ship to the Continent. And if that wasn't enough, our routes, all seven of them, happen to be in just the right places, wherever you might be going. So if you add it all up, for all-round value, Townsend Thoresen is undeniably miles ahead of the rest. That makes it easy for you when it comes to choosing the fleet you are going to sail with. Tough on our competitors, though. Mind you, they do keep saying they're determined to raise their standards...

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Strictly for the hale and the hardy, Richard North maps out a journey of invigorating and visceral delight

Rediscovering the splendour of Britain's rugged north

You know you are in the north country when the postmen have Land Rovers and the police stations sprout notices telling householders how to mark out their back paddocks for the helicopter bringing them supplies in the event of a snow-m. And the time to go north is when contingency plans like these might at any moment be put into operation: anywhere between autumn and spring, when a blizzard may come hurtling down the valley or glen without announcement, whitening over what had been wistly sunned-over minutes before.

There are only two ways to go north. One is sublime: overnight sleeper from King's Cross, with the frisson of waking the next day, with the rattle and glamour of the train as your alarm, somewhere around Aviemore. Or the cheaper, slower approach: we chose the latter: a gaggle of friends, in search of the saints (they concentrate the mind) and some of the unique wildland wildernesses (they need all the friends they can get) of Scotland. We plodded up the A1 in a motorhome (comfortable sleeping for four, though you had to be chums indeed, since the accommodation consists solely of double beds).

Tacky caravans beside the road offer you bacon sandwiches and gossip about CB radio and Smokey Bear. The A1 is for greasers and truckers and people in search of an unreconstructed Britain. Turn left off it anywhere after Sheffield and you are in high country.

We decided to shoot away into the valleys of Yorkshire or Durham. But which? Wharfedale? Wensleydale? Airedale? Teesdale? Weardale? Wensleydale, for the excitement of Askrigg Falls.

Further west and north, dropping down into the Lake District is like wandering into a stage set: we were granted a blazing sunset and clear-eyed sunrise after overnighting at the marvellous Quiet Site (decent bar, facilities) high in the lee of Little Mell Fell (just over the back fence), by Ullswater.

There is something about the early morning in a camp site,

car park or lay-by. Something about its suddenness, its abrupt intrusion on your dreams. Enough to say that we walked along a lakeside as morning gathered itself and the scenery was as lovely as those crayon-etched scenes on the Derwent pencil-tin lids. There is a fine dry sherry quality to the autumn lights in lakeside woodland; the grass and reed tundra beside them recall pictures of Africa.

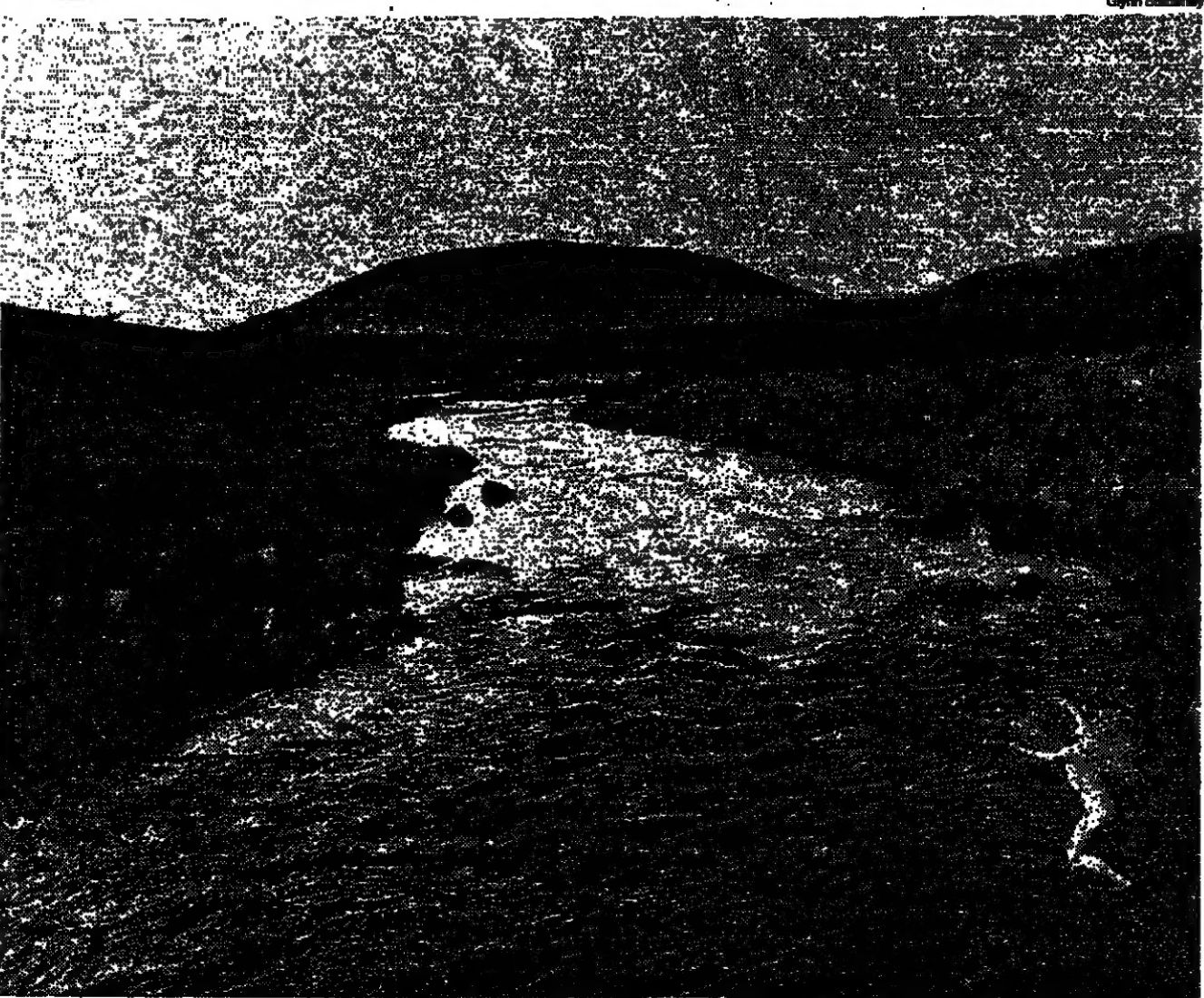
We bought free-range eggs from Sarah Chaplin whose back-side farm, in St John's in the Vale, is open for bed and breakfast. She says the guard-geese soon leave you alone: in which case the place is probably heaven.

To Carlisle where the dour castle sticks up like a stump of brown chalk. The cathedral boasts lovely medieval paintings and even the last resting place of Canon Hardwicke Rawnsley, friend of Tennyson and founder of the National Trust.

And Glasgow, where the traffic wardens are so friendly they answer inquiries by all but walking with you, hand at elbow, to your destination. They were putting up the Christmas decorations in St George's Square (this was November 1), and we were in no mood for towns anyway, so we scuttled on and did not stop till Crieff, a steep little town where the bars are at first floor level: we picked the one where the young and not-so-young hang out and swap stories about the days when they ran away and lived in London, Glasgow or New York.

I had wanted to see St Filian's Well, by Loch Earn's almost English charms, but a local told me it was just a dull spring on a hummock in a golf course. We hightailed it.

Then cross-country to Loch Tay and Aberfeldy, and Killin, where autumn was going berserk in the trees. We walked the Caledonian Pine woods at Rothiemurchus, on bouncy heather beside wide shallow streams, and sought out Inver, where, dogged as ever by



Travelling light: The author prepares to sample Silver Flow, Clatteringhaws, in Dumfries and Galloway

stunning, ill-deserved luck, we saw the first Whooper Swans of the year arrive, on a great soggy tongue of reed-fringed water, one of the finest feulands in the country; and did momentary obeisance to two exquisite chapels, one of them named Swan Chapel in immemorial honour of the beautiful visitors: bleak, bright, small places, one of them built on a crop of rock lapped by Loch Inch.

And so on to Inverness, where a travelling companion

introduced two respectable ladies to magic mushrooming out on the moorland. They rather primly out-picked him, once they knew what to look for, about three to one, and wondered what effect this native flora would have, and should it be taken with, or instead of, whisky. Instead, said the itinerant sage.

We walked the high glenside of Loch Ness at Abriachan, the terrain where St Columba, who is said to have subdued the

Monster, stomped about bullying the locals into Christianity. Below us, high-density clouds powered down the Great Glen like smoke from proud steam trains as the sun hauled itself into the sky and the wind tried to tug us from the cairn.

Coffee and whisky with Lorna Lumsden, who runs a business for people seeking to rent highland properties; anything from a croft to a full-blown lodge. She had to be brought down from re-roofing her own

croft in Black Fold north of the Great Glen to tell us where the bottle was. Woodstoves and a microwave miles from the nearest cottage: an instant welcome for the traveller. What people, these highlanders!

A zigzag across the country to Clais Moss, a great soggy peatland you must rent a boat at Daledia Pier (it's a jetty) to see it: across Loch Shiel, where Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stewart was rowed to Glenfinnan, to raise his father's

standard, on August 19, 1745. St Fintian's Isle is a miraculously still ruin of a chapel and graveyard in mid-loch. We bog-stomped and swam: a cold, grey, exhilarating day.

The A9 cuts an almost balletic swathe through the highlands, with, after Inverness, oil rigs holding a candle in the sky to seaward. At Helmsdale we turned North, past great Neolithic souterrains in rubble, the Grey Cairns of Camster, into the badlands of Caithness, a desert of abandoned crofts and probably disastrous forestry. For a crazy afternoon we romped on Eilean Nam Fohaling, a primordial bog so huge that entire lochs are tucked away. A place of shattering loneliness.

We were booked on a ferry for the Hebrides, out of Ullapool. There is a wonderful quality to being stormbound in such a place: the Seaforth Hotel has a bar, presided over by three tough, kindly girls who mop up round the fallen, victims of the all-day drinking that nearly claimed our party. Just across the road is the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen where you go to sober up and eat and repair the soul and watch the storm pick up handfuls of loch water and throw them into the sky.

There are more seagoing taxi firms than land-based, scurrying among the foreign factory ships, called Klondikers. Scruffy men in big Mercedes conduct their business over walkie-talkies and pass the time of day over cigars and whisky (Seaforth) or bacon rolls. Quartz halogen lamps make the wharf bright half the night.

I forget how many days passed. When the ship was ready to leave we made sure of brandy and seasick pills: the last time she left port she had to shelter at the end of the loch for half a morning before making a dash for it. We were tossed across the North Minch in fine shape and arrived in time for all-night, riotous dancing and earnest discussions with high-minded, anxious, sturdy, high-stepping island people. Friday night in Stornoway is glorious.

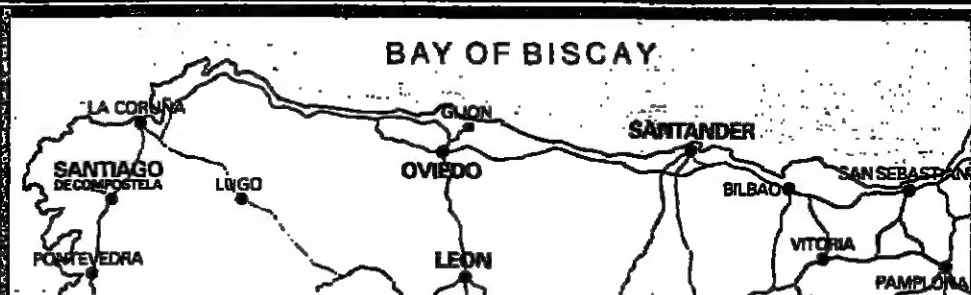
We had driven hundreds of miles and seen a great deal of the most beautiful country in the world. But nothing prepared us for the loveliness of the south of Harris. We had to borrow a car for the last stretch: the sheep had come into Tarbert's streets to shelter in doorways, and we did not dare drive the van in such a gale.

The streams were being blown back from the roads' edges, like a schoolboy's unruly quiff. We nudged down a C road built like a roller coaster. Out to sea, the wave-mountains were queuing up to pound into Loch Beacraig. And so on to the peninsula of land running out to Toe Head. The wind was so high we were not sure we dare even leave the car.

"Chapel (ruins of)" it said on the map, and that dragged us on. The sand and seaspire were being driven horizontally at our eyes: the moorgrass had given in, lying in one near-flattened mass at our feet.

The chapel's walls were almost as thick as the tiny space they enclosed. There was no roof. One window - a slit - looked out to sea. We drew breath in a perfect symbol of this island of saints (Columba among them) and wished we could stay forever.

The Quiet Site, Cove, Watnall, Ullswater, Cumbria (Pockley Bridge 337); Sarah Chaplin, Lowther Road, End Farm, St John's in the Vale, Keswick, Cumbria (Threlkeld 248); Scottish Holiday Homes (Lorna Lumsden), Wester Aulhouse, Abriachan, Inverness, IV3 6LB (Dochgarroch 247); self catering properties of every sort. Caledonian Macbrayne, the shipping company, run a host of stunning ferry routes around the Scottish Isles. The Ferry Terminal, Gairloch, PA19 1QP (Gairloch 33755); four-bed motorhome (depending on season, up to £250 a week all in, no mileage charges) from Apex Leisure Hire, 64 Albert Embankment, London SE1 (735 5555).



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If you think you know Spain, think again.

SPAIN

Contact your local travel agent or The Spanish National Tourist Office, 57 St. James's Street, London SW1. Tel 01-499 9001.

Rod, wine and fishcakes, up in castle country

Shona Crawford Poole, Travel Editor, begins a series on short holidays with a visit to the Borders



Striding across a grouse moor, kicking up a few birds though there are plenty of their catkin droppings in the heather, is a fine way to dispatch city cobwebs. No grander though than standing in the sparkling Tweed, ears and neck well-scrubbed against the fishing equivalent of an owl-gal from an ineptly cast fly.

If invitations for weekends in Scotland are scarce just now, I know of a duke who will be happy to put you up for a consideration at one of his country places.

Three miles upstream of the junction of the Tweed and Teviot rivers is Sunlaw, a country house on the Duke of Roxburgh's estate. Last year the Duke and Duchess turned it into a hotel of which they are the proprietors. Wine and fishcakes from the big house, Floors Castle, add colour to the gustatory proceedings, and hotel guests have free admission to the castle during its open season (May 2 to September 30).

When I stayed at Sunlaw not long after it opened the furnishings were unscuffed, catalogue bright, and the service on tip-top. All should mellow well, as should the planting in the huge conservatory where, prudently so far north, tea is taken. Allan and Frances Hobkirk (he is everywhere and she cooks nice, slightly old fashioned food) run Sunlaw with a sure hand, and the local help is shy and pleasant.

The house has its own beat on the Teviot for salmon (February to November 30), and trout (April 1 to September 30), and driven pheasant days can be arranged on the Roxburgh estate (November 1 to January 31).

The local tourist authority, justifiably aggrieved that so few visitors to Scotland take breath in the Borders as they hurry northwards, is making strenuous efforts to snare them. It produces an excellent range of literature on healthy outdoor and cultural pursuits.

I went walking with a countryside ranger who pointed out the sights that city slickers can miss - pixie cup lichens, eyelash fungi, and a spider carrying its egg sack. Cheviot sheep are an especially picturesque-looking breed.

I cycled round the country lanes on one of the sturdy bikes issued by Scottish Cycling Holidays and turned cold on a sunny afternoon at the macabre sight of 160 moles hung up to dry on a barbed wire farm fence. That was just the biggest catch, there were several others, and rooks too hung up in trees as an awful warning to others.

I learned how to cast a wet fly under the watchful, encouraging eye of Ted Hunter of Angler's Choice in Melrose, and how to return young fish to the river with minimum damage and another notch on the learning curve.

Then there was the pale stone and oak panelling of Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's home near Selkirk, and tea with Mrs Patricia Maxwell-Scott who has especially good raspberry jam and well behaved dogs. I cannot

get interested in Rob Roy's gun and artefacts of that ilk, but the house itself, built to Scott's wishes, is a splendid period piece.

And, of course, there is Floors Castle, begun in 1721 by William Adam, father of Robert. A painting by William Wilson in 1809 shows the rectangular Georgian original before William Playfair's extravagantly conceived alterations and additions transformed it into the flamboyant castle that stands today. Playfair's Gothic bird-room, full of stuffed birds in various states of repair, is immensely stylish, and the catalogue of paintings, furniture and objects worth a second glance is long.

Do stop to admire the view of the Tweed from the windows, and if the damp rising on one or two silk curtains is a puzzle, resist a polite inquiry about the castle's maintenance problems. One of her ladyship's dogs has not yet heard of Barbara Woodhouse.

Sunlaw House Hotel, Kelso, Roxburghshire TD5 6JZ, Scotland (057 35 351). Bed and full Scottish breakfast, including service and tax, from £42 a night for two sharing a double room. Singles from £26.50 to £30. Dinner, bed and breakfast, double, from £88. Dogs £1 a night. Hire cars can be arranged to meet guests arriving at Newcastle or Edinburgh airports, or at Berwick upon Tweed railway station.

For general information on accommodation and activities in the area write to the Tourism Division, Borders Regional Council, Newton St Boswells, Roxburghshire (St Boswells 23301 ext 213). Also for details of the ranger-guided walks. Scottish Cycling Holidays, Mr K. Tod, Bailmuir Post Office, Blairgowrie, Perthshire (Bridge of Cally 201).

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Foreign press reaction ● Medway view on jobless ● What makes a candidate

ELECTION JUNE 83

British campaign lights few fires among the foreign press

By David Hewson

"My observation," said Mr R. W. "Johnny" Apple, "has always been that if there is a great gap in the perceived standing of the parties, what you usually get is a lot of people yelling at each other. That is certainly true this time round and it just adds to the cacophony. Frankly, it is not a very British election."

More than most of the foreign correspondents now hitting the British election trail, Mr Apple should know. His journalistic career has taken him to elections in Vietnam, France, Germany, Spain and Britain in the past, and included a spell as the political correspondent for the *New York Times*, the paper he now represents as a London bureau chief.

Like most of his colleagues from papers abroad, Mr Apple is not particularly impressed by the way this election campaign has progressed. "I think it is all a bit mindless. When Foot makes a speech saying that the Tories are nothing but lies, I am afraid I start to think that your elections are becoming more and more American."

"I always enjoy an election - I am a political animal - but I am finding this one a bit testing. The manifestos are further apart than at any time since 1945. We are carrying five or six stories a week at the moment, which is a lot, but I do not think it is as intrinsically fascinating as, for example, the last Spanish election."

In the London headquarters of Tass, the official Soviet news agency serving 4,000 papers and periodicals, Mr Bity Chuksev, the bureau chief, is one of the few foreign correspondents who has been fired to new enthusiasms by the campaign.

"I find it far the most interesting election since I came here 11 years ago. There is a quite new element, a new factor, which has set it apart: the anti-nuclear movement, which has never played a part before. It is a new development in political life here generally and it is reflected in the campaign and in our coverage."

"I find the British electorate

June 9 is a black day in the diary of Mary Griffin, one of the *Times* panel of voters.

It is the last day her husband will be in full-time work. The day after the general election he will be collecting his cards from Chatham dockyard, where he started work as an apprentice iron caulker 26 years ago.

The dockyard has shed half its 7,000 workforce since the government's decision to close it in June 1981 and will continue running down until March 1984. It is a focal point for anger about rapidly rising unemployment in the Medway towns. More than 300 men, like Mary Griffin, who is 41, will be leaving in June.

For Mary Griffin, this is the prime reason for voting Labour. "I voted SDP in the local election, but will vote Labour in the general election. To vote SDP is to take votes from Labour and it is time to get Mrs Thatcher out."

Mrs Griffin, who has three school-age children, is a part-time youth worker. "I hear the views of these out of work youngsters at the youth club and they have no hope for the future," she said. "I worry about my own children."

Unemployment in the Medway area, which has risen from 5.6 per cent to 16.5 per cent is well above the national average. It has brought *The Times* voters' panel to an early majority decision. Two-thirds agreed it was the most important issue in the election campaign.

But translating that experience into votes for Labour, as in the case of the Griffins, is far from automatic.

A significant minority of Labour voters, and a substantial majority of "undecideds" on the panel said the main blame did not rest with the Tory Government. According to Labour voters, Albert Medhurst, aged 69, a retired planner in parts in an engineering firm, "Mrs Thatcher did not cause unemployment. The world recession has got a lot to do with it."

A common fatalism about unemployment was expressed by dress machinist, Rose Holyoak, aged 32, an undecided voter, who said none of the parties had impressed her with policies to deal with unemployment.

Lawrence Carley, an unemployed road construction fore-

man, is an example of the problem Labour may have, not just in the Medway area but throughout the country, in getting across its key campaign message that it is the party to deal with the mass unemployment caused by Mrs Thatcher.

Mr Carley, aged 51, sitting in his high-rise council flat, disconsolately scanning the paper, said he was depressed at being out of work.

"But you cannot blame Mrs Thatcher for the job situation. There is nothing wrong with the Government. I have not decided yet, but I'll probably go back to the Tories this time," he said.

A majority of the unemployed on *The Times* panel say they will vote Labour, but others who have started unemployment in the face are less easily shaken from their party allegiances. Maureen Abbott, a housewife aged 44, struck to her Tories faith despite her husband losing his job and the prospect of not being able to afford to send her daughter to college.

"When my husband was made redundant from his job as a machine setter-operator we had at the time as many people round here: 'Well you put her

(Mrs Thatcher) in there," Mrs Abbott said in the front room of her neat terrace house.

"I would not blame Mrs Thatcher for unemployment. I do not blame her for the closure of the dockyard. I think people often bring these things on themselves through strikes," she said.

Stephen Dunn, aged 26, a skilled mechanical fitter and tanner, who has been made redundant twice since 1979, once from the dockyard, and now works for the gas board "literally digging roads," does blame the Tories for "throwing people out of jobs to better the country's economic situation and literally ruining people's lives," but plans to vote SDP to give a third party a chance.

The frequently encountered conservatism of the working class and even the unemployed in this depressed part of the relatively prosperous South-east comes as a shock to people bred in the Labour strongholds of the north, such as Hilary Lewis.

"I am appalled when I see the Tories do so well in an area such as this. A similar constituency in the north would be solid Labour. People there with the same housing, the same jobs

and the same problems would never vote Tory," Mrs Lewis, aged 30, said. She is head of biology at a local secondary school.

But there is some indication of progress for the Opposition parties in the decisions of two formerly undecided panel members, who both cite as reasons for their choices the level of unemployment.

Les Lockyer, aged 21, a fabrication welder who has decided to vote SDP, said: "I believe in most of the Conservative policies but unemployment is the cost of those policies. It would have gone up under Labour, because of world trends. Labour have not got the answer."

Annette Rooney, aged 19, who left school at 16 without qualifications, has done office work but has now been unemployed for a year. She has decided to vote Labour. "The Conservatives seem more concerned about ratepayers than about the unemployed. I do not understand Mr Foot's policies, but I have worked out for myself that Labour will do more for the unemployed," she said.

Amanda Haigh



The new face of Tory Britain: Mr Patrick McLoughlin, aged 25, a miner at the Littleton colliery in Cannock, is the Conservative candidate for Wolverhampton, South-east. He is a member of the National



Union of Mineworkers, a district and county councillor in Staffordshire, and national vice-chairman of the Young Conservatives. He has to overcome an 8,000 Labour

Steel rules out ban on hunting

By Hugh Clayton

Environment Correspondent

Supporters of hunting said yesterday that Conservative and SDP-Liberal Alliance leaders had promised not to interfere with their sport while opponents called for strong support for Labour. The Conservative assurance was not surprising, but that from the Alliance was given against a background of widespread Liberal opposition.

The Liberal programmes agreed almost a year ago stated: "We are opposed to the hunting of animals for sport." But the Alliance manifesto does not mention hunting. The British Field Sports Society said yesterday that it had been told by Mr David Steel, Liberal leader and Alliance campaign chairman, that if the Alliance gained power it would not try to ban hunting.

Mr Stephen Hastings, Conservative MP for mid-Bedfordshire until the dissolution and chairman of the society, called the Labour manifesto pledge to ban hunting "electronic cynicism" based on "comprehensive ignorance of wildlife."

But the Animal Protection Alliance, a federation of animal welfare groups, called on its 500,000 supporters to vote Labour in all but a few constituencies where they were advised to vote for Liberal candidates who had the best chance of beating Conservatives.

The federation which includes six societies opposed to vivisection, hunting and factory farming, named 15 seats where it thought that Liberals had the best chance of defeating Conservatives. They included North Cornwall, Chesham and Essex and Cheltenham.

Healey hits out at 'dole dictatorship'

By John Winder

Mr Denis Healey last night launched an attack on the dictatorship by dole, fear, and poverty which he said Mrs Thatcher had imposed on the British people.

He told a meeting at Gants Hill in Essex: "Labour will end her dictatorship. We shall create jobs and give back to all the British people the self-respect and freedom which Thatcher has tried to take from them, because having a job means having the right to make the life you choose for yourself and your family."

Britain was a rich country and Labour would use Britain's money to give jobs to the millions of Britons who wanted to work and use their skills.

The speech came at the end of a day spent by Mr Healey in walking around markets and shopping centres across the North side of London. On several occasions he showed his gift of languages, speaking to voters in Spanish, Italian and Polish.

Parties keep to their pledges

By John Young

Agriculture Correspondent

Despite efforts by animal welfare activists to bring the issue into the forefront of the election, the main political parties have not by and large responded with great enthusiasm.

Labour is standing by its 1978 policy statement, *Living without Cruelty*, reissued last year. It promises that a future

Labour government will turn the Farm Animal Welfare Council into a standing Royal Commission on Animal Protection, and will urgently review the Cruelty to Animals Act, 1876, which is still the basis of contemporary law.

It will give "high priority" to research into alternatives to laboratory experiments on live animals. It will over a period of five years phase out all "extreme" livestock systems, and will introduce legislation to ensure that animals are slaughtered as near as possible to the farms where they are reared. It will also forbid the export of live food animals, except presumably for breeding purposes.

The Alliance is still more succinct, promising no more than a standing commission on animal welfare, which would "keep under rigorous examination" all issues of experimentation, farm animals and transportation.

The Conservatives state that since the time they were elected in 1979 they have been working to achieve a unified European agreement of animals. They have also introduced measures to improve the wellbeing of animals being transported to market of shipped abroad.

The last Government's White Paper on Animal Welfare, published on the eve of dissolution, was generally welcomed, as was its ban on the sale of pet animals in street markets.

A future Conservative government is ready to introduce legislation to update the 1876 Act to ensure more humane treatment of laboratory animals in scientific and industrial research.

On Monday: Trade Unions

New breed of candidate dominates the list of Tory hopefuls

By Mark Mitchell

The Conservative Party's list of election candidates shows marked differences between those who were MPs in the last Parliament and those who are fighting for the first time.

The chances are that a Conservative candidate who has not been an MP will be a man, aged about 37, educated at a provincial university, married, with two children and a legal background; he may well have sat on a local council.

The average Conservative MP is 51, and there is an even chance that he will be an Oxford or Cambridge man. He will be on a board rather than at the Bar.

If Mrs Thatcher gets her

landslide, expect to see rows of relative youngsters on the Tory benches. The majority of the 291 hopefuls on the list are aged between 31 and 40. During the last Parliament most Conservative MPs were aged between 40 and 60; 65 per cent of the 300 named on the list.

Fifty one per cent of MPs on the list went to Oxford and Cambridge; a mere 21 per cent taking degrees or higher qualifications in London or the provinces. The new boys are more likely to have gone to a redbrick university, polytechnic or college. London is popular, many graduating from the London School of Economics.

The public school contribution to the Conservative Party has, not surprisingly, declined. Of the listed MPs 37 went to Eton and 11 to Harrow, along with a smattering from Westminster and some Catholics. Eleven hopefuls went to Harrow, but the number of old Etonians is down to 12.

The law is a popular background for new candidates; 22 per cent declare a legal interest, although many have other interests in the fire. Assorted management, administrative and other white-collar occupations trail at 20 per cent with directorships and board membership coming in third on 17 per cent. Of the

MPs, 24 per cent hold directorships, 15 per cent are in finance (merchant banking, stockbroking and so on), and 16 per cent have a legal background.

However, many of the new type of candidates are fighting in seats which they will not win. Mr Tom Peet, for example, is standing in the safe Labour seat of Birkenhead held by Mr Frank Field with a majority of 5,909 in 1979.

Mr Peet was educated in Wigan and at St Helens Mining and Technical College. Born in 1942, he is a shift charge engineer at Goldbrook Colliery. There were nine listed women MPs in the Conservative Party in the last Parliament, and 28 more are to be fielded - 10 per cent of the hopefuls on the list. In the 25 constituencies which Labour could most easily lose to the Conservatives, only one is to be contested by a woman, Mrs Elizabeth Peacock in Batley and Spen.

Otherwise the pattern holds in these 25 marginals. The average candidate's age is 39. He stands a one in four chance of having studied at Oxbridge and of having a legal background. Thirteen of the candidates have previous political experience - 11 on local councils and two as MPs.

Senate confirms Reagan special envoy to Central America

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Mr Richard Stone as President Reagan's special peace envoy to Central America.

The President nominated Mr Stone, a former Democratic senator from Florida, to be his special envoy as part of an agreement last month to win congressional approval of \$30m (£19m) in military aid for the El Salvador Government, which is fighting left-wing guerrillas.

Mr Stone made clear during his confirmation hearings he would play a supportive role in peace negotiations to be worked out among Central American leaders. The Senate confirmed him by voice vote on Wednesday night and he may be sworn in next week.

Meanwhile, Pentagon and State Department officials declined immediate comment

From Mohsin Ali, Washington on a report in the *New York Times* that the Reagan Administration had gained approval from Honduras to triple the number of US military advisers there and open a training base for Salvadoran soldiers in Honduras.

The front-page story in *The New York Times* yesterday said the training plan ran contrary to a non-binding policy statement adopted by the Senate foreign relations committee earlier this year. This stipulated that future US training of Salvadoran troops should be done at installations in the United States.

The Reagan Administration has an agreement with Congress not to station more than 55 American military advisers in El Salvador.

President Reagan has repeatedly blamed the Sandinista



Six die in night express crash

Rescuers sifting through the wreckage of an overnight express train which plunged into a landslide at Grosskönigsdorf, near Cologne, yesterday. Six people were killed and 22 seriously injured as the engine and first four coaches of the train, on route to Vienna from Ostend, left the rails.

Emergency services spent more than five hours pulling people from the twisted steel and mud, AP reports.

A German Railways official said the train was travelling at full speed. The landslide was caused by torrential rain which has hit the region for several days. Two Britons were among the dead.

Grosskönigsdorf, a small town on the Rhine, was under a flood alert at the time of the crash. It was not known whether the train driver had received any warning of the landslide.

Contadora tries to defuse powder keg

The foreign ministers of El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Costa Rica and Nicaragua begin a three-day meeting in Panama City today to defuse mounting tension in their region.

The meeting, organized by the Contadora group, will be seeking ways to avert the outbreak of armed conflict between Nicaragua and Honduras. War is becoming daily more likely as Honduras persists in providing open support for a military base for the CIA-backed Nicaraguan counter-revolutionaries trying to overthrow their country's left-wing Sandinista Government.

A war between these two countries, many Central American analysts believe, could set off a chain reaction, which the four members of the Contadora group - Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela and Panama - are desperate to avoid.

From John Carlin, Mexico City "If the frontiers dividing the Central American countries disappear, I don't think anybody can guarantee that the frontiers of the other Latin American countries, and I don't mean just Mexico and Panama, but further south, would be respected," Señor Hector Dada, a former Christian Democrat Foreign Minister of El Salvador, said.

The views of Señor Dada, now living in exile, is shared by many other Central American "moderates" in Mexico City.

Committed to what he calls "a national solution" to the Central American problem, Señor Dada is backing the peace-making efforts of the Contadora group as well as calls made by the United Nations, France, Spain, Brazil and Argentina.

However, like many other politicians, diplomats, academics and rebel leaders in the

Greeks resist Socialist Bill curtailing right to strike

From Mario Modiano, Athens

A draft Bill severely curtailing the right to strike for about 220,000 Greeks employed in the public sector has triggered a fierce controversy between the Socialist Government and the Opposition, both Conservative and Communist and unleashed a fresh wave of protest strikes.

The restrictions which the Opposition denounced as undemocratic, even totalitarian, were incorporated in a Bill providing for the "socialization" of all state-controlled corporations, banks and public utilities.

Mr Andreas Papandreu, the Prime Minister, who announced the government initiative, explained that socialization meant

the active participation of the state, the workers, and local government in the management of public enterprises.

He did not go into the details of the provisions on industrial action, but claimed that the Bill inaugurated a new era of harmonious labour relations.

The Opposition criticized the Bill because, in the name of the democratic rule of the majority, it makes it well-nigh impossible for the staff of public enterprises to go on strike.

The decision to strike must be taken by the general meeting of unions and federations by an absolute majority of registered members, otherwise the strike is illegal.

The Government has been very disturbed by a recent wave of Communist-inspired strikes in public transport and hospitals, and its efforts to defeat them by various judicial means were not always successful.

The Government's move could terminate its pro-Soviet Communist Party which controls the militant trade unions and fears that the new Bill is designed to neutralize its reactions in case the Government decides to sign the agreement that will allow American military bases to continue operating in Greece.

On Monday: Trade Unions

Wreck at the top of the world

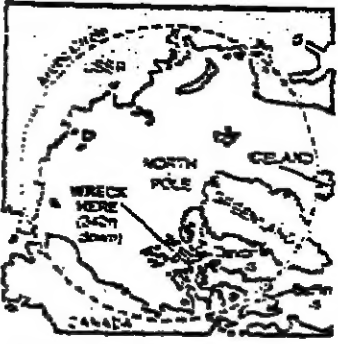
Divers discover explorer's ship under the icecap

From John Best, Ottawa

The wreck of a ship lost on August 12, 1853, while searching for the British explorer Sir John Franklin in the Canadian high Arctic has been located and inspected by divers.

The well-preserved wheel of the three-masted sailing vessel, *Breadalbane*, was put on display at the National Geographic Society in Washington, this week, three weeks after being retrieved from the wreck.

The wheel is now back in



Ottawa where it has reposed, along with pieces of wood and iron from the *Breadalbane*, since the historic discovery. It is in the custody of Canada's preservation unit, being cared for as an archaeological treasure.

The National Geographic Society and the Canadian Government both contributed funds to the expedition which found the *Breadalbane*. The ship lies 340 ft under the Arctic icecap 60 miles north of Resolute in Canada's far north. It is believed to be the furthest north that a shipwreck was ever found.

The fascinating story of the discovery was told by Dr Joseph MacInnis of Toronto at the Washington press conference where the wheel was unveiled. Dr MacInnis, a physician and explorer with extensive experience of diving in the Arctic, had been single-



Arctic treasure: Left, the wheel of the *Breadalbane*; centre, an 1853 sketch of the ship; and, right, Sir John Franklin.

mindedly pursuing a search for the *Breadalbane* for many years.

In 1980 he enlisted the help of the Canadian coastguard. A coastguard icebreaker, the *Sir John A. Macdonald*, sighted the ship's final resting place with a sophisticated sonar device.

Two later expeditions organized by Dr MacInnis were foiled by danger-

ous conditions. Another attempt had not been planned until next year, but an exploratory visit to the site in March found conditions just right. Ice was 6 ft thick and unbroken.

A scramble ensued to get all the equipment, which had to come from as far away as Aberdeen and Vancouver, in place before the ice shifted.

An ice camp was set up

April 23 and preliminary dives made. The main inspection and retrieval operation was carried out on May 3, 4 and 5 by two divers, Mr Douglas Osborne and Philip Nyttén, after two holes had been cut in the ice: one for the divers, the other for a robot vehicle carrying cameras which photographed every detail of the deep water operation by remote control

from the surface.

Dr MacInnis, who kept in touch with the divers from his surface ice camp, described his feelings when they reached the *Breadalbane*. "It was a terribly emotional experience to reach back through the century to feel the spirit of those guys (*Breadalbane's* crew), who I think were the astronauts of their generation", he said.

The wooden-hulled *Breadalbane* went down after being killed through by a shifting Arctic ice pack. Her crew of about 20 scrambled to safety across the ice.

Sir John Franklin and his two ships, *Ernest* and *Terror*, had been lost in 1845 trying to locate the fabled North-West Passage. They have never been found.

Colonial courtesy sets scene for the Williamsburg summit

From Bailey Morris, Williamsburg

President Reagan will open the West's ninth annual economic summit meeting today by greeting heads of state at the opulent governor's palace, official residence of seven royal governors who upheld the power of the Crown in this colonial Virginia city from 1706 to 1776.

With military precision, heads of state will be arriving in reverse order of protocol every 30 minutes in horse-drawn carriages, complete with footmen and coachman in livery.

Billed as "an informal summit", this ninth meeting of Western heads of state will nonetheless have the trappings and formality of an earlier era when Britain's royal governors ruled while revolutions fomented in the nearby House of Burgesses.

The revolutionary spirit still exists in some quarters of this restored colonial city whose inhabitants live very much as they did in the 1770s.

The *Virginia Gazette*, the local weekly newspaper, ran a warning in five languages to Mrs Thatcher telling her not to try to regain England's former power. "We make no apology for breaking away from the mother country", the newspaper said.

Heads of state of the seven summit nations and the EEC will spend more time together here than at any previous summit in the historic residences and buildings of Williamsburg where they will be housed in eighteenth century houses in part of the old city on Francis Street.

The leaders will lunch and dine together five times over the Memorial Day weekend, using these private sessions to discuss political issues such as the Middle East, arms control, and East-West relations.

Mrs Thatcher, who is second in order of protocol and arrives

in the afternoon just before President Francois Mitterrand is situated only steps away from the Governor's Palace, a white clapboard house with a stucco porch.

It was here that Colonel John Chiswell, who built it in 1750 for his bride, Elizabeth, hanged himself in order to spare his friend from the unsavoury task of prosecuting him for murder.

President Reagan has prepared for this summit more strenuously than for any other international meeting, according to White House aides, and is taking his role as host seriously.

For six months, Mr Reagan has been in effect going to school. To prepare the President, White House officials organized weekly briefing sessions for Cabinet officials and others well grounded in the difficult and intricate problems which will be discussed, includ-

ing the world's crisis, high interest rates and big budget deficits which may retard economic recovery and growing protectionism and erratic exchange rates.

At a pre-summit briefing, a State Department official said that although the summit will put a big burden on the President, as both host and participant, he is up to the task.

"He's very well organized and quite a good notetaker. I think the past six months have prepared him for anything which might come up" the official said.

Mr Reagan, who has fought for a more personal informal meeting, will be the principal notetaker at the private political sessions and thus responsible for reporting the substance of these talks to the foreign ministers.

Some European officials have expressed grave doubts about

the advisability of heads of state meeting alone to discuss important political questions.

They cited the bitter dispute which erupted in 1962 between Britain and France after disagreements about what actually was decided in a private meeting between Mr Harold Macmillan and President de Gaulle.

At the formal summit sessions on economic matters tomorrow afternoon and on Monday, the heads of state will be joined by their foreign and finance ministers.

Tonight, heads of state will dine at the Governor's Palace which last held a British governor on June 8, 1775, when John Murray, the fourth Earl of Dunmore, hastily left in the night to board a nearby British man-of-war after he became concerned by growing hostility among the colonists.



Guarding the great: Virginia state police being briefed for their four-day stint.

EEC heads for July cash crisis

From Mario Mediano, Athens

Mr Piet Dankert, the Socialist President of the European Parliament, predicted here yesterday that unless the problem of increasing the EEC's financial resources was solved at the Stuttgart summit next month, the Greek presidency of the community in July might run into a full-fledged crisis.

"We are running out of cash," he told a news conference here after talks with Greek leaders on the problems of the EEC presidency, which Greece assumes by rotation for the second half of this year. "This means serious trouble," he said. "If there is no breakthrough during the German presidency, the Greek presidency will have a particularly tricky time."

He was surprised to find that Dr Helmut Kohl, the West German Chancellor, had come out against an increase in contributions. "This indicates a shift of position," he said. There was evidence that the larger countries were insisting on a fair return. This, he said, was creating problems in view of the need to stimulate the economies of the southern member countries.

Duke 'snaps' Queen with space camera

From Christopher Mossey, Stockholm

On a cold, windswept day the Swedish west coast port of Gothenburg, with its functional, modern city centre overlooking a grey North Sea, bears a distinct resemblance to outer space.

So it was perhaps appropriate that this seemingly inconspicuous venue should be chosen yesterday for a meeting between the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and American astronaut Dr Edwin "Buzz" Aldrin.

It took place at the Hasselblad camera factory where Dr Aldrin presented the royal couple with a replica of the camera he used on the Moon.

The Duke then used it to take a picture of the Queen, the end product probably ruined by a barrage of flashes as the Swedish press corps recorded the event for posterity, or at least today's editions.

Later the Royal couple visited nearby Helestad farm for a dressage display by Mrs Yvonne Malmqvist and a demonstration of the art of driving a four-in-hand by Colonel Bengt Blomqvist. One of the four horses, a four-year-old gelding as yet unnamed, was later presented to the Queen on behalf of the Swedish Bloodstock Association. It will be shipped to

England next week. The Queen and the Duke were guests of honour at a banquet held by the municipality in Gothenburg city hall. They visited the city at their own request because of its historic links with Scotland.

After flying back to Stockholm in an Andover of the Queen's Flight, the Royal couple met Björn Borg at a reception on board the royal yacht *Britannia*, after a dinner given in honour of King Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden and Queen Silvia.

Today the Queen and the Duke leave Sweden in an RAF VC10.

Begin briefs Peres on Bekaa crisis

From David Bernstein, Jerusalem

Mr Menachem Begin, the Israeli Prime Minister, called in leaders of the Opposition Labour Party yesterday to brief them on the explosive situation between Israel and Syria in the Bekaa valley in Lebanon.

The highly unusual meeting, which was attended by Mr Shimon Peres, the Labour Party chairman, Mr Yitzhak Rabin and Mr Haim Bar-Lev, two former Chiefs of Staff, and Mr Moshe Arens, the Defence Minister, underscored the growing concern in Jerusalem that the rising tension in the Bekaa valley between Syria and Israel could lead to a serious conflict.

Israel political and defence officials have been going out of their way over the past 36 hours

to emphasize that Israel has no interest in starting a war with Syria, while at the same time issuing warnings that if fighting does break out, Israel could give no assurance that it would remain localized. They have been making it plain that Israel has no intention of being drawn into a costly and inconclusive war of attrition.

Accordingly, the Israeli defence forces have been closely monitoring developments not only in the Bekaa, but also along the Golan Heights front, making certain that should the large-scale Syrian army exercise now taking place between Damascus and the Golan develop into a full-fledged offensive, Israel will not be taken by surprise as it was in October 1973.

Argentina offers 'dirty war' amnesty to 300

From Andrew Thompson, Buenos Aires

Argentina has released the text of a draft law of "national pacification", which concedes an amnesty for some political prisoners and members of the security services involved in criminal acts.

The text, which some political leaders have rejected as an "auto-amnesty", is the Government's second step in an attempt to prevent full court investigations of the responsibilities of the security services in the so-called "dirty war" in the 1970s.

The first move was the publication last month of the "final document on the war against subversion and terrorism", which said that the "disappeared ones" - the thousands of people kidnapped for political reasons - should be considered dead "for legal and

Bulgarians blame CIA for inventing Pope plot

From Roger Boyes, Warsaw

With carefully scripted indignation, a leading Bulgarian official yesterday tried to reassure the Polish and Western press that Sofia had no connection with a plot to kill the Pope, who is due to visit Poland next month.

Mr Boyan Traykov, head of the official Bulgarian news agency, said he thought the US Central Intelligence Agency had orchestrated a campaign against Bulgaria, had influenced the decision to arrest the Bulgarian airline executive, Sergei Antonov, on suspicion of complicity in the plot, and was now trying to distance itself from the affair before "the so-called Bulgarian connection becomes a purely Italian scandal for lack of evidence".

Mr Traykov's news conference, attended by many Polish and East European journalists, came only three weeks before the Pope arrives in Warsaw and seemed designed to soothe any suspicions in Warsaw about the Bulgarian role.

Mr Traykov said there seemed to be three Western motives in pinning the blame for the 1981 assassination attempt on Bulgaria: first, the Western secret services were trying to deflect attention from US missiles being placed in Europe; second, it was part of a broader, anti-socialist crusade launched by President Reagan; and finally it was supposed to destabilize Poland and "create negative findings in certain parts of the Polish nation against friendly socialist nations".

The main piece of evidence presented by Mr Traykov related to motive. He said the West had alleged that the would-be assassin, Mehmet Ali Agta, was freed from prison with the knowledge of the Bulgarians in November 1979 in order to be trained to kill the Pope, who was supporting Solidarity.

Police defended: General Czeslaw Kiszcak, the Polish Interior Minister, has defended the police against allegations of brutality but accepted that they could make mistakes under pressure and even sometimes commit "acts stemming from ill-will".

The comments, made in a speech on Thursday and published yesterday, take on extra significance because of the death of a schoolboy, Grzegorz Przemyski, shortly after his release from police custody.

Walesa questioned: Mr Lech Walesa, leader of the outlawed Solidarity union, reported to police headquarters in Gdansk yesterday for questioning, Reuters reports.

Turks crossed border into Iraq to hit Kurdish separatists

From Rasit Gerdik, Ankara

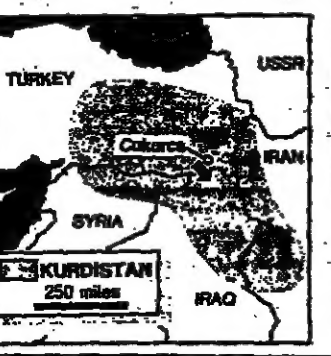
The Turkish Foreign Ministry confirmed yesterday that "a military operation of limited scope" had been carried out by Turkish troops across the Iraq border. The object had been to pacify the area "which had become one with no peace and security where armed bandits were roaming at will".

The Foreign Ministry spokesman noted: "No resistance was encountered and objectives were completely realized without any losses." It added: "Before anything, Turkey seeks peace and security in its region and has no other aims".

The statement did not make clear whether the Turkish troops - believed to be at least two brigades strong. Some reports even mentioning a force of 40,000 - and withdrew.

The reason for the operation, apparently started on Wednesday evening, was that "certain armed groups, continuously violating the border, have been trying to entrench themselves on Turkish soil, coercing the population, confiscating their property and organizing large-scale smuggling".

The "armed groups of bandits" an obvious reference to Kurdish guerrillas fighting the Baath regime in Iraq and remnants of Kurdish nationalists.



milicians whose organizations were crushed in Turkey after the army coup of September 1980, had become bold enough to mount armed attacks against Turkish border patrols, the statement added.

It cited an incident a fortnight ago when a patrol was ambushed. Three Turkish soldiers were killed and two others, as well as an officer, were wounded.

Diplomatic observers here considered that the operation obviously had the consent and full blessing of Iraq, which had been unable to exercise its authority in the region against tens of thousands of well-armed Kurdish separatists.

Two elite Turkish units, a commando brigade based in Bolu, north-western Turkey, and an airborne brigade from the central Turkish town of Kayseri were reliably reported to have taken part. The attack was said to have been launched from the mountainous terrain near the town of Cukurca, in Hakkari province, some 300 miles from here.

As to the extent of their penetration into Iraq, unconfirmed reports vary between 18 and 50 miles. While others mention instructions to carry out the pursuit up to 125 miles if necessary. An Iraqi army corps stationed in the area was reported to have withdrawn further south before the Turkish attack was launched.

● Iraq silent: Official Iraqi news media made no comment, Reuters reports. Most of Turkey's eight million Kurds live in south-eastern Turkey. The rest, estimated to number up to 25 million, live mostly in north-west Iran and northern Iraq.

Leading article, page 9

Peace group documents are seized

From Richard Owen, Moscow

Soviet customs officials yesterday confiscated documents from an American member of the Greenham Common women's group, which has just visited Russia, saying they were "damaging to the Soviet state".

The group - Mrs Karman Cudler, Mrs Ann Pettit, both from Wales, and Miss Jean McCollister, an American student - left Moscow for London yesterday after a week of talks with Soviet peace officials.

Miss McCollister, who is from Seattle, is a student at Somerville College, Oxford. The Greenham Common group visited Russia in order to prepare a visit to Moscow by a larger delegation of up to 30 women peace campaigners.

Zia hopes to return to the fold

By Henry Stanhope, Diplomatic Correspondent

Soundings are being made in the diplomatic world about the possible return of Pakistan to the Commonwealth after 12 years self-imposed "exile".

But reports of Indian objections are prompting caution, not least in Islamabad, where General Zia-ul-Haq has made clear that he wants his country to return "with honour" only.

The late President Bhutto marched Pakistan out of the Commonwealth at the end of 1971, in protest against the recognition of Bangladesh as an independent state after the Indo-Pakistan war. Attempts to bring it back into the fold began soon after General Zia came to power in 1977.

Australia, Canada and Britain, and even Bangladesh, are said to be keen to see Pakistan return and careful lobbying is now under way.

Pakistan has not yet made a formal application to rejoin.

Mugabe visits London

By Our Diplomatic Correspondent

Mr Robert Mugabe, Zimbabwe's Prime Minister, arrived in Britain yesterday for an overnight stop on his return from visiting Eastern Europe.

Senior officials from the Foreign Office were waiting at Heathrow to greet him, but a spokesman said that the visit was private and that there would be no official talks.

Nor were there any plans for him to meet Mr Joshua Nkomo,

his old political rival, who fled to Britain 11 weeks ago, after claiming that his life was in danger. An aide of Mr Nkomo said that as far as he knew a meeting between the two men was unlikely.

The Home Office recently agreed to let Mr Nkomo stay in Britain for a month after May 12. The Zimbabwean opposition leader has repeatedly said that he plans to return to his country soon.

Nigerians accused of bombing Chad

Nijamena (AFP) - Towns in the Lake Chad region have been under heavy bombardment from Nigerian aircraft since Thursday, according to sources here yesterday.

Three MIG aircraft were said to have bombed the town of Bousso, leaving several dead and wounded and 20 people drowned after their boat was sunk by aircraft fire.

The Chad-Nigerian border, which was closed by the Nigerians after bloody clashes between soldiers of the two states last month, was reported to have been reopened under an agreement between Nijamena and Lagos.

Nine killed in firework blast

Beaton, Tennessee (AP) - An explosion ripped through an illegal fireworks factory at a worst farm here, killing nine people. Witnesses said the explosion could be heard 20 miles away. The blast destroyed the farm.

Japan tidal toll

Noshino, Japan (AP) - Forty-seven people are known to have died and 55 were still missing after a full day of air and sea searches along coastal areas of north-west Japan, which were devastated by tidal waves on Thursday. The victims included at least 12 children.

Runaway verdict



Walter Polowinski, the 15-year-old boy who ran away from home rather than go back to the Soviet Union with his family, can be returned to his parents' custody if they come to the US to get him, the Illinois Supreme Court ruled. The Federal Immigration and Naturalization Service has, however, issued an order barring the boy's departure from America.

Nile hopes fade

Cairo - Egyptian rescue workers, who have recovered 194 bodies after Wednesday's fire on board a Nile ferry, said there was "little or no hope" of finding 120 people still missing. More than 300 survived.

Campus clash

Hyderabad (AFP) - Three policemen were shot and 120 students were arrested when the police and students clashed at a university in Hyderabad.

Italy on strike

Rome (Reuters) - A general strike by about 15 million employees halted industry and public transport in Italy for four hours. The stoppage was called by the three main trade union groupings.

Call to Soares

Lisbon - President Eanes has formally asked Dr Mario Soares to form the next Portuguese government, after 18 months of caretaker rule. The delay has been caused by prolonged negotiations to form a coalition.

Bombing blame

Dair es Salaam (AFP) - The African National Congress of South Africa has blamed the "ultra right wing racist movement" for the bomb explosion in Bloemfontein on Wednesday.

Etna barrier

Calamia (Reuters) - A new barrier will be built on the slopes of Mt Etna to try to contain renewed flows of lava. A natural cooling basin, which held the lava for the past 10 days, has collapsed.

Andes killings

Lima (Reuters) - Peruvian security forces killed 26 suspected guerrillas in clashes in the Andean province of Ayacucho, according to military reports. Army casualties are not known.

Loser eaten

New York (AP) - A county sheriff's deputy has been suspended for eating a live mouse after it bit a race in a tavern, where minor races are held once a week. The mouse, had earlier won three races.

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THE ARTS

Television

Spirited splendour

Plays for Today may have run into the sand, but there are heartening signs of life in other sectors of the television drama metropolis. Last night saw the first in a new series of ghostly chillers from Granada, *The Lady's Maid's Bell*, adapted by Ken Taylor from the story by Edith Wharton.

Did I miss the point, or did the story really end on an inscrutably mysterious note? For those who did not see it, it offered a housemaid's eye view of a tragedy involving an unhappy *grande dame*, her resentfully brutish husband, her nervously refined lover, and the ghost of her devoted ex-maid. I am reliably informed that the husband was the fly in the ointment, but the delicately poised images on the screen seemed to hint at subtler things.

No matter. This was a flawless piece of television, a perfect hour. Under John Glenister's assured direction the tired old paraphernalia of *Upstairs, Downstairs* and *Rosie* Dahl pot-boilers came up looking fresh as new. Norma West and Joanna David led the

cast, aristocratic grace opposite homely simplicity, with every other role given its due weight.

The idea behind David Clough's *Belles* was equally substantial. A drag double act found themselves booked into a club for genteel oldsters, the strain in their private relationship interacted with the strains of the evening until one 'freaked out' and exacted sadistic revenge both on his audience, and by implication on the hypocrisy of 'straight' society in general.

Unfortunately, it was just not dramatic. The characters were stereotypes: that would have been acceptable if their interaction had not been equally predictable, but it did not take much ingenuity to guess which way the cat would jump. Moreover, other cats had jumped that way before, and in some cases better: there was a sense of raw, untreated emotion being hurled out through the screen as though the author had a point to make and would be damned if anything got in the way. The script needed cutting; the photography was excellent.

Michael Church

WEEKEND CHOICE

A hugely diverting edition of *The South Bank Show* (tomorrow, ITV, 10.30pm) is devoted to the Czech choreographer Jiří Kylián and his new work *Symphony in D*, danced in fragments and in rehearsal by students at the Royal Ballet School, then totally and on stage by the Nederlands Dans Theater. Judging by this one ballet at any rate, Mr Kylián is a very serious creative artist with a highly developed sense of fun. His jokes spring directly from the tradition of classical ballet instead of being merely stuck on (like the *Swan Lake* burlesque in the Barbra Streisand musical *Funny Girl*). The music is Haydn's, played straight. The mockery is all on stage or in the rehearsal room, and it is brilliantly sustained. For the viewer, though certainly not for the dancers, this is the apotheosis of ballet without tears.

It is clear from episode one of the five-part Austrian/German television film of Thomas Mann's novel about an ingratiating opportunist, *Confessions of Felix Krull: Confidence Man* (tonight, Channel 4,

9.00pm) that much time, money and talent has been expended on achieving the right balance between the visuals (supercinematic and philosophizing) and the philosophical (supercinematic and philosophizing).

The dubbed English voices do not fit the German lip movements but they do fit the characters, which means that the dubbers have at least got their priorities right. A noteworthy operatic occasion tonight: the recording of the Covent Garden production of Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* goes out not only on BBC 2 (7.30pm) and simultaneously in stereo on Radio 3 but — for those lucky enough to be able to pick it up — on the BBC World Service too. It is, I believe, the first triple musical event of its kind. The BBC 2 transmission also marks the debut of Humphrey Burton as a director of a television version of a staged opera. And there is another notable 'first' connected with this production of *Manon Lescaut*: Giuseppe Sinopoli making his conducting debut in a British opera house.

Peter Davalle

Radio

Gasping for air

Shortly after 6pm on Friday last week, I reported as asked to a cheerful little restaurant in Church Street, Twickenham. The occasion was the twentieth edition of *Any Questions?*, going out live at 8.30 that evening, and what should have been a fairly routine event to mark the opening of 'Twickenham Week', had been transformed by the announcement of a general election. Now the implacable rules of balance must apply: if one party is represented, the other two must be as well.

Geoffrey James, producer of *Any Questions?* and his assistant, Annette Clements, emerge from the back of the shop. Gradually the place begins to fill: David Jacobs is there and a producer from *Today* with his wife; then Alan Ashton and Mrs A — he, who normally produces Radio 1's *Newsbeat*, will do the warm-up. But where is the team? I notice Geoffrey paying some attention to the door. At last, at about 6.30, the first performer walks through it: Teddy Taylor, representing the Tories, and he is soon followed by Donald Treford, Editor of *The Observer*.

We sit down to eat. "What if the other two don't show?" I ask. "We shall have to do some quick work on the telephone," says my host.

At 7.30, looking preoccupied, he goes off to the hall accompanied by Annette and Alan Ashton. Fifteen minutes later, when I follow, there is still no Tony Benn, no Shirley Williams. Forty five minutes to go.

David Wade

Opera

Voices carry the evening

Don Giovanni
Royal Opera House

Covent Garden's current *Don Giovanni* is a cumbersome affair, its heavy scenery obscuring the vital entrances on stage right up to and including the fatal arrival of the stone guest himself. Lumbered with such an unwieldy old pantomime of a production, the house has wisely cast the present revival from vocal strength. There are no weak links in the new team and one or two very strong members indeed for Mozart's *dramma giocoso*.

Samuel Ramey in the title role, for a start, in his first London appearance as *Giovanni*. Physically he is a little slight for the part, so he turns *Giovanni* into more of a gypsy tearaway — shoulder-length curly black locks, golden earring — than Spanish grandee. But the sense of the predator is there, the menace of the man who challenges all and gives a fig for nobody. Mr Ramey's bass-baritone has been growing in quality and power rapidly over the past few years, as a steady flow of opera sets testifies, and this *Giovanni*, like and dangerous, is conspicuously well sung.

It has taken a long time for Stafford Dean's Leporello, familiar from Glyndebourne, Scottish Opera and any number of European houses, to reach Covent Garden. It arrives a



Samuel Ramey's gypsy tearaway with Kiri Te Kanawa

little below best vocal form — that wait has been excessive — but admirably characterised. Dean's Leporello for this staging is a whey-faced, lank-haired creature, the suspect servant of a very suspect master. The male trio of newcomers is completed by Eberhard Buchner from East Berlin's Staatstheater. His Otavio is cleanly sung within the limitations of his smallish tenor, which he uses with experienced musicianship.

And so, after noting accomplished performances from Roderic Earle (Masetto) and John Tomlinson (Commendatore), to the ladies. Here, all ears were craned to Rosalind Plover in her first major Mozart

role at Covent Garden, Donna Anna. Miss Ploverright has certainly burrowed her way inside this cold creature to portray an auburn neurotic whose chill and staid exterior scarcely conceals the passions bubbling beneath. And that is how Anna should be. Vocally, too, Miss Ploverright was pretty close to the part. Insufficient sianston or perhaps a lack of true top notes — the voice seems much stronger at the bottom these days — prevented her doing full justice to "non mi dir", but this was an exciting portrayal. Kiri Te Kanawa has tempered the wild Elvira demanded from her when the production was new, but in Mozart, as in Puccini earlier in

the month, she is careless with her words. Marie McLaughlin remains an ideal Zerlina, pretty, flirtatious and bewitchingly sung.

It was a pity Zubin Mehta, the conductor originally scheduled, was not here to take over a cast with a number of thoroughbreds in its midst. His replacement, Rolf Reuter, from East Germany, has too much of the *Kapellmeister* in him. The evening goes to the singers and it is heartening to know that next season, Covent Garden will concentrate on new productions, begged, borrowed and home-grown. There are too many bad old ones about at the moment.

John Higgins

Theatre

Bugsy short of mark

Bugsy Malone
Her Majesty's

He's a nice guy, little too popular with the 'broad'. Though he's 14, he only comes up to (at a rough guess) half-way up my chest. The broads attracted by his blue eyes and cute smile, though they wear their cloche hats and Marcel waves as though to the manner born, range from 10 to 15 or so. They have all been practising their dance like mad for the West End's latest show, for whose singing numbers they invariably mime.

Someone has misconceived a musical out of Alan Parker's hit film, spent a mint on a smashing Ralph Koltai set and, as we all know from press reports, combed the right age group with a Herod-like thoroughness for auditions.

So many kids go to dance classes: but who does dialogue? Anyone who remembers the film as witty may be interested to see how flat, in this show, pseudo-wisecracks fall without adult expertise. ("Blouse Brown" asks the hero, "Sounds like a stale loaf of bread.")

The kids are mostly very small, regardless of age, which gradually robs the struggle of Fat Sam's good guys against the dreaded spurge sun that constitutes Dandy Dan's secret weapon, of any connection it may once have had with

gangland massacres, and reduces the final shoot-out to the level of a Christmas party.

While I was glad to be spared the desperate professional energy that New York babes and sucklings would have brought to it, that was probably what it needed.

Surprisingly, even the character parts do not take off, excepting Lee Ross (Fat Sam), who, at least 12, seems confidently set on a career of roly-poly bullies, and Gail McLean (Tullulah) whose vampish confidence and dancing bravura downstage only have their effect slightly blunted by the unknowing smile that shows her age.

Paul Williams's songs are few, pleasant, and instantly forgettable.

I cannot speak for next week's cast, but Jeremy Gilley's tiny blonde Bugsy, dwarfed by his fawn felt hat, and his nightclub heroine (Joise Waller), with the profile of a Peggy Ashcroft Juliet, do what charm can to dominate London's second musical house.

So does little black Fizzy (Scott Sherrin, only 10), who spends most of the evening cleaning Mr Koltai's set and grabs his solo dancing spot with a heartfelt excitement that makes you wish you could hear a voice from one of the performances on stage.

Anthony Masters

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THE TIMES DIARY

Falklands salvo

The events which the opinion polls suggest are giving the electorate the confidence to re-elect Margaret Thatcher continue to cause alarm and despondency in academic and diplomatic circles. In the latest issue of *The Round Table*, Sir Cyril Pickard, former High Commissioner in Pakistan and Nigeria, maintains that: "The Falklands crisis has undermined our confidence in the Government's capacity to follow a consistent national policy in our foreign relations." Sir Cyril argues that foreign policy has been subordinated to domestic political considerations; that after years of consistent ministerial rejection of a Falklands policy, it is now the policy to which the Government is committed; and doubts whether the policy can hold. "We sailed a few bomb fuses away from disaster in the Falklands," writes Sir Cyril. "In other fields risks of this magnitude could be the prelude not to Exocet but a nuclear holocaust."

Paper profit?

At their Sunday summit, called on the presumption that Labour's campaign is falling apart, the Alliance will still have one or two details to pull together themselves. Like how much to charge for their manifesto, for example. Buy it from the SDP shop in the basement of the National Liberal Club and it costs 75p. Liberal Publications Department on the first floor sells it for 50p.

Lip service

The presentable young woman who got into all the papers yesterday planning a big kiss on Michael Foot should be warned. In Rio de Janeiro police have taken to interrogating José Alves Moura, nicknamed The Kisser, when important people come to town. The Kisser's job is to kiss as many important people as possible. His last conquest was the Governor of Rio, on the day he took office. Moura's greatest ambition is to kiss Queen Elizabeth, but he spent last Wednesday in the care of the Department of Special Investigations - to stop him kissing the King of Spain.

BARRY FANTONI



I've got some top-secret government documents that reveal Michael Foot is leader of the Labour Party

Barren ground

Two of radio's most popular programmes are at war. The Eddie Grundy Fan Club of *Archers* addicts is organizing a boycott of *Woman's Hour* next month. The ill will is over a piece called *The Rise and Rise of Eddie Grundy* prepared by a trainee producer and offered to *Woman's Hour* to coincide with the fans' National Eddie Day. *Woman's Hour* said they liked the presentation but were "sick and tired of Eddie Grundy." Hence the boycott which the Eddie fans say "will hit the programme and should produce an apology."

Going West

Christie's will auction the books, paintings and furniture left by Dame Rebecca West, who died in March. The sales, mostly in October and November, will be a major event in the auctioneers' calendar, for during her long and much-travelled life West, who turned film actress in her nineteenth year for *Reds*, amassed a huge library and considerable collection of furniture, French, Viennese and Russian. The paintings, mostly modern British and French impressionist, include several Dufys and a Gainsborough drawing. Christie's will not speculate yet on the total value.

Holy war

Urged to produce a computer game program with a religious theme by his father, who is general editor for the United Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and its children's magazine, *Orbit*, 10-year-old Tam Richmond quickly complied. It is based on Luke 19. 1-9. Tam explained: "Zacchaeus was a little man. He climbed a tree to see Jesus. The graphics you see are the tree. The moving blob is Zacchaeus. Suddenly he loses his grip and falls. See if you can shoot him before he hits the ground!"

The Company of Veteran Motorists, whose V-sign badge has proclaimed good roadmanship in Britain for 50 years, has changed its name for fear of being thought a bunch of old dodderers. The new name is Guild of Experienced Motorists, because, they say: "To young motorists, the word 'veteran' no longer retains its true definition of experience. As with veterans cars, to them it simply means 'old'."

PHS

Renaissance English, Manhattan flash

Last week the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the "Renaissance at Sutton Place" exhibition in the sixteenth century mansion near Guildford in Surrey. This was the triumphant culmination of a year's active promotion of this new cultural centre. Enthusiastic articles have appeared in almost every newspaper and glossy magazine extolling the taste and munificence of Stanley J. Seeger, the American millionaire who has established and endowed the Sutton Place Heritage Trust. Rather less press coverage has been given to the recent public inquiry about unauthorized alterations to this listed historic building. This inquiry begs questions which have yet to be answered about the quality of and the motive behind the venture.

The Sutton Place Heritage Trust was launched in June 1982, when a press release announced that Sutton Place "is experiencing a new renaissance that recaptures its former sixteenth century glory as a centre of social and cultural influence." The glittering list of trustees includes Henry Moore, Sir Peter Scott and Dame Margaret Forster, and a programme of cultural events has been organized under the direction of the executive trustee, Roger Chubb, who formerly ran Sotheby's now defunct branch in Turkey. At the centre of the enterprise is Mr Seeger's own art collection, which has been installed in the house.

Sutton Place had been sold in 1980, four years after the death of J. Paul Getty, who had bought it from the Duke of Sutherland in 1959. The sum of £8m was paid for the house and its 1,000 acres by the Eagle Trust and Management Company, who bought it from Anglo-Texas property, formerly the Sutton Place Property Co. About 330 acres and the house were leased to Mr Seeger, who then established the Heritage Trust. Meanwhile another 68 acres were sold to Messrs Sainsbury for £6m to build a superstore outside Guildford and more land may be sold for housing, which suggests that the Sutton Place venture is not pure cultural philanthropy. Nor could it be, for huge sums have already been spent there.

Most has been spent on the new landscape garden which is undoubtedly the most impressive and most successful achievement at Sutton Place since 1980. This was designed by Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe, and is gardening on an eighteenth century scale unparalleled in twentieth century Britain. Huge amounts of earth have been moved to create a lake and, nearer the house, walls, hedges, urns and ponds have been disposed with wonderful ambition

and subtlety. A surrealist walk through a wood ends with an extraordinary wall by Ben Nicholson and there is a Miro pool. All of this enhances the character of the old house.

The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of the work carried out within Sutton Place itself. The house was built by Sir Richard Weston in the 1520s. The exterior is particularly beautiful because of the combination of weathered pink brick with the rare ornamental terracotta used for the windows. Because it was lived in by the recusant Weston family for four centuries, Sutton Place remained remarkably unspoilt with, as in the most interesting houses, each century leaving a contribution. Naturally the present owner wishes to leave his mark, but this seems to have involved eliminating much of the work of earlier occupants and has been done with markedly less sensitivity. In the great hall, panelling has been removed and a sixteenth century chimney piece replaced by another from elsewhere. Victorian heraldic stained glass has been taken from the staircase.

The Getty legacy is similarly belittled. The famous pay-telephone installed by that mean multi-millionaire have gone, although they would have been an entertaining relic, and Mr Chubb pours scorn on the glass-fibre ceilings installed by Getty. These are, in fact, perfectly elegant, harmonious and convincing in style, which cannot be said for the self-consciously avant-garde redecorations carried out since 1980. Walls have been painted white while a seventeenth century staircase panelling has been decked out in pink, grey and blue. Not even the interior decorators employed by the National Trust have ever dared treat an historic house so cavalierly.

Sutton Place is, naturally, a listed historic building and alterations to listed buildings require planning permission. This, for certain works, the trust's architects neglected to secure. The recent public inquiry, which has yet to report, occurred because Working District Council bravely challenged the painting and removal of panelling and the removal of the stained glass. The council also opposed the displacement of one of the original terracotta windows to allow for a temporary fire escape. This was brave because they were faced by an intimidating phalanx of expert witnesses drawn from the trustees: Sir Roy Strong, Lord Norwich and Sir Hugh Casson. Sir Hugh's presence at the inquiry was not unexpected, for it is his firm, Casson, Conder & Partners, that has carried out the alterations in

From the outside, Sutton Place, J. Paul Getty's Surrey home, looks very much as it did 400 years ago. Inside, the new occupant is making changes which have the support of leaders of the artistic establishment. Gavin Stamp takes a more critical view



Sixteenth century panelling, twentieth century decor

the house. The essential purpose of these has been to accommodate Mr Seeger's art collection, which is presumably solitary grandeur, assisted by the staff of 60. It must be a wonderful job to have. We are left to assume that, for tax reasons, Mr Seeger has to spend most of his time on his yacht in the Mediterranean. Yet Mr Seeger has recently bought a flat in London in the building overlooking St. James's Park designed by Sir Cedric Luard and this is being done up by Patrick Gwynne, another vintage modernist.

Why did Mr Seeger set up the Sutton Place Heritage Trust in the first place and to what extent, and for how long, is he prepared to subsidize what is evidently a non-profit making enterprise? And what is the financial connexion between the trust, Mr Seeger and the company which bought the whole Sutton Place estate in 1980? All these questions were asked at the opening press conference last year and secured no direct answers.

Perhaps such cynical questions are out of place. Sutton Place has found a new use which is not a drain on public funds; the landscape and grounds are beautiful and the events there will give pleasure to those who can afford them. For the very rich to secure social prestige through art and munificence is an old, honourable and valuable practice, while in the US, thanks to advantageous tax laws, cultural ventures like the Sutton Place Heritage Trust are common; but it is somewhat rum to find such an expensive and confident combination of old and new in modern England.

(© Times Newspapers Limited, 1983)

Did Bernard Levin let Wilson in?

Mike Randall, former editor of the *Daily Mail*, recalls the column that may have tipped the balance in the 1964 election



Emmwood's election-day cartoon in the *Daily Mail*, October 15, 1964

reject any article in its entirety. It is, however, agreed that this right shall never be exercised capriciously or unreasonably, and its possible exercise will in every such case (if any) be discussed first with Bernard Levin, provided the latter is both available and sober, in which connection Associated Newspapers shall make every effort to get in touch with him and he shall make every effort to become sober if he is not."

On June 29, 1964, the first Levin column appeared, with this opening paragraph: "These have been vintage days for students of lunacy. In Southern Rhodesia an African demonstrator who threw stones at a police dog was promptly shot dead, thus indicating that someone had taken rather too literally Madame Roland's celebrated dictum: 'The more I see of men, the more I admire dogs'."

Students of the fantastic were also about to gather vintage material. Came the general election and Bernard asked if he could write four consecutive columns, the first three to be examinations of Tory, Labour and Liberal policies and personalities, the fourth to be published on polling morning and to be a personal explanation of why Bernard Levin would vote Tory/Labour/Liberal.

On the morning of Thursday,

Rothermere went to the table, picked up the envelope, looked at it and strode back to Hammond saying: "This is for you," and left the room.

Hammond opened the letter which was, indeed, addressed to him in Rothermere's handwriting. It said:

The letter said: "Dear H. For the first time in the history of Associated Newspapers a member of the editorial staff has given his political opinions in the columns of the *Daily Mail* without the consent or even the knowledge of the proprietor. Such an event is intolerable and demands the resignation of everyone concerned in the matter. I would remind you that when I saw the *Daily Mail* in the Board room in your presence, I told him that the *Daily Mail* had to support the Tories not only in the leading article but also throughout the newspaper. My instructions have been flouted and I am not prepared to tolerate such action. Yours sincerely, R."

By the time Hammond had digested the letter and decided on a policy of silence, Rothermere returned and the two sat down to lunch. No mention of the letter was made during the meal. Nor was the matter raised until the next evening, shortly before Hammond was due to drive back to London. As he was about to take his leave he said to Rothermere: "That letter. Shall I deal with it in my way?" "Yes," said Rothermere - and that was all he said. Hammond's way was to send for me and tell me not to do it again.

We can only guess at Rothermere's motive for the letter. His instructions had not included, and could not include, a columnist who had the right to express his own opinions. Possibly somebody had convinced Rothermere that, but for Bernard Levin and the *Mail*, Harold Wilson would not have scraped through to No. 10. Surviving the incident, I felt more secure in the editorial chair. How wrong I was in another story. The author was editor of the *Daily Mail* 1963-66.

(© Times Newspapers Limited, 1983)

Fair winds for Williamsburg

JUNE 24 '83

Jock
Bruce-Gardyne

Intrusion into private grief is properly deplored and commentaries on public humiliation - I speak from small experience - are not much less de trop. And

Michael Foot is, by common consent, the most civilized, cultivated, kindly and amusing boss the Labour Party has had in years. Moreover, the calamities at present afflicting his campaign are in large part the legacy of the way his party had been run by his two immediate predecessors. Yet one of them cannot miss a chance to drop another pot of paint on his successor's head. Michael Foot must be sorely tempted to repeat to Jim Callaghan Hilaire Belloc's advice to Lord Lundy's grandiose butler, who was cautioned "not to play the old master's night and day."

Politicians in a general election campaign live in dread of thunderbolts. The Tories back in 1964 thought that they were sunk by the revelation of an £800m balance of payments deficit (which needless to say was largely revised away by subsequent recalculation). Harold Wilson blamed his fall in 1970 on a bunch of bought-in jumbo jets which queered the trade returns in mid-campaign. In February 1974 the hapless Campbell Adamson, then Director-General of the CBI was supposed to have blown the election for Ted Heath by an off-the-cuff complaint about the Industrial Relations Act of 1971.

In retrospect it seems wildly improbable that any of these unexpected pratfalls made much difference to the outcome of the campaigns in which they featured. And so, I suspect, it is this time. True, neither Alec Douglas-Home in 1964, nor Harold Wilson in 1970, nor Ted Heath in 1974 had to undergo the experience of having his principal party organizer announce in mid-campaign that his campaign committee had just identified him as party leader. But two days before Jim Morimer's obliging clarification - and 24 hours before Sunny Jim saw fit to put the boot in - I was told a woeful tale of Labour canvassers in a solid north London constituency having doors slammed in their faces with the cry, "Vote nothing but a bunch of Commies!"

What has been rather special about Labour's predicament is that it is entirely of their own devising. Over defence, as over so many other aspects of their policy, they tried to build a bridge of verbiage, in this case between the scrap-all neutralism of their national executive and the reluctance of Denis Healey to face the charge of planning to go "naked into the conference chamber."

Not, of course, that Healey was worried about the possibility of having to eat his words were he ever to reach the Foreign Office - his digestion is made of sterner stuff than that. His worry was that the

average shopfloor voters would be turned off in droves. When those fears proved amply justified as soon as canvassing began, then naturally he tried to rewrite the manifesto - only to come up against the awkward fact that his leader is a unilateralist who genuinely believes in it.

I know the feeling. In October 1974 I was met, at doorstep after doorstep, with the bleak response, "We're not wanting back to a three-day week." In desperation I signalled headquarters for an unambiguous statement that a Tory government would not embark upon another kamikaze battle with the unions. It was not forthcoming, since that was not at all how the events of early 1974 were seen on high. Come polling day my majority vanished down the plughole.

So who is to be the beneficiary of this everyday story of militant folk? By rights it ought to be the Social Democrats. Shirley Williams claims she knows it. Judging by the opinion polls she's whistling in the dark. There is no sign as yet of lift-off for the Jenkins heavier-than-air machine.

The trouble with the "Alliance" is not, I suspect, as we are often told, that they have no policies - they have plenty. Their trouble is those policies seem so out of date as to be virtually irrelevant. They hanker for a return to the heyday of Butskellism. Mrs Thatcher's message, throughout her first premiership, has been that that was tried and tried and ultimately found wanting, and she has won that argument.

So she departs for Williamsburg with the opposing troops at home apparently in terminal disarray. Her electoral prospects could carry one clear message to her partners, and first and foremost to her host: and it would be vastly to the advantage of all of us that she should.

The message is this. If Britain today is better placed than almost any other participant at the summit to enjoy a period of both sustainable recovery and more stable prices - as we are - then that is very largely because in 1981 Geoffrey Howe was brave enough to cut his Budget deficit even at the cost of raising taxes.

If that is the message that comes through at Williamsburg, the Prime Minister could be forgiven for repeating - more or less - the claim of William Pitt the Younger, that Britain, having saved herself by her exertions, will save the West by her example.

The author, *Economic Secretary to the Treasury*, was Conservative MP for *Knutsford*. He is not seeking reelection.

Monday: Barbara Castle

Paul Pickering

Sorry, Hector, you must stay inside

Hector the talking raven of London Zoo tried yet again to murder the penguin in the next cage with his beak and, laughed disbelievably. Despite his marathon sponsorship, making him the richest raven in England, he is still displaying the psychopathic traits which had him banished from the Tower of London, where he had happily waged war on American tourists.

"Perhaps you should get him a psychiatrist to put him back on the straight and narrow," suggested a friend. Hector doubled up and nearly fell off his perch.

But it was an idea with possibilities. Like former public enemies Jimmy Boyle and John McVicar, a reformed Hector might one day hop free through the gates of Regent's Park and become the subject of a Channel 4 documentary. The new darling of Hampstead intellectuals, he would probably get his own column in a left-wing magazine and dine on steak tartare in the Gay Hussar with former Labour ministers.

So I decided to sound out my old tutor, Dr Uli Weidmann, a distinguished animal behaviourist who now teaches at the University of Leicester's psychology department: the very place that used to mark McVicar's social science essays when he was incarcerated. Hector's problem, thought Uli, could be sexual.

"He will be more aggressive at this time of year because of the male hormone flooding the bloodstream," he said. But, according to his keeper, all Hector ever does is talk to his girl friend Doris and nothing else. "Even if he does not actually mate he will still be territorial if people try to interfere with him," added Uli. It seems I have a sexually repressed raven on my hands.

"One of my students is doing a thesis at the moment which shows that it is not the strongest mallard drake which gets the mate, it is the most beautiful. The female rates the male on beauty," said Dr Weidmann. Perhaps Hector should improve his appearance with a bow tie. Ravens have always been conservative dressers.

"Hand-reared birds like Hector tend to have no fear, and if they get angry they might attack. A wild bird does not do that. It is very unusual for a wild bird to do that," added Dr Weidmann who, though he has calmed many a deviant duck, could not offer much hope.

At the Hawk Trust, which is also interested in other birds of prey, Mr John Richman sympathized. "It is

not a curious request," he said. "We had a phone call the other day from a chap worried that his kestrel had changed sex. We were able to reassure him. Personally I think Dr Russell Coope of Birmingham University is your man, he's a bit of a specialist in these birds of prey."

But Dr Coope said: "From what I have heard about Hector he sounds to be incorrigible. Once they have a personality trait like this built in they will never be trustworthy. I should keep well away. You can't hit a bird with a rolled-up newspaper as you would a dog."

Anyone trying to hit Hector with a copy of *The Times* would become a grim statistic in the next day's paper. Even a broom, his keepers say, is not good protection.

"If you were to punish a raven he would just become more cunning," said Dr Coope. "They are highly intelligent and like to see that their antics are getting a response. I had a jay once who fought with me after people they would wave their arms about. If they didn't panic and run away he got bored and left them alone."

"Ravens have great memories. In Hector's case he might have been injured or insulted in some way, and he would remember an injury or insult. They are the brightest of birds, more intelligent than parrots, and love to tease people."

"A raven I knew made a pouch in a perch bound round with sacking and used to take money from people and put it in the pouch. A few like Hector do develop bad habits: one raven I saw used to hammer at ladies' painted toenails when it was fashionable to have shoes with open toes."

"But these are the exception," Dr Coope emphasized. "Ravens have had a bad press through the ages, being regarded as birds of ill omen. The best way to see them is in the wild doing acrobatics. They are one of the few birds to turn upside down just for the joy of it."

"Unfortunately Hector is one of the exceptions and should remain in protective custody."

But when I went to see Hector to tell him that he faced a lot more "bird" he just cocked his head on one side like Jack Nicholson in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and said: "Hello, I'm Hector," in his most cheerful voice. Bonkers he may be, but since publicity has brought a steady stream of fans to his cage he is happy as a lark, though he confides that he would still like his own chat show.

دکتر الیاس



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THIS LEARNING BUSINESS

No British Secretary of State could conceivably face the kind of spectacle recently presented to M. Alain Savary, the reforming education minister in the Mitterrand government. There is in our institutions of higher education ("university" is the qualifying adjective in the Conservative Party's manifesto) a solidity among both staff and students that will always deflect the passions which produced the latest events in Paris and provincial French cities. Yet a concomitant of British academic quietude is a disappointing passivity: why have not dons and students been more angry as, over the past three years, both government and University Grants Committee have pursued a policy of not entirely justifiable cuts in spending and student numbers?

There has been a stoic acceptance of higher education policy as given by ministers and a Department of Education and Science whose senior men are still by no means convinced that all the academic "far" has been stripped away. This attitude goes hand in hand with a disarming conservatism - for example, about the shape of degree courses, the length of long vacations, the amateurism of academic management - shared by staff, students and the employers who give them jobs on the strength of their degrees.

Aspects of the universities' conservatism are of course valuable: they exist in part to conserve and transmit knowledge. It is to their credit that during the period of great expansion after Lord Robbins's report they were able to sustain high standards and pass them to the newly-created institutions.

But in another sense they were too conservative, expanding without breaking from the old framework of three-year honours degrees, fully grant-aided students, unmethodical research,

unrestricted tenure and expensive autonomy - which still prevents universities barely miles apart from cooperating over libraries and joint courses. As generations of well-educated Scots will testify there is no God-given virtue in highly-specialized three-year honours degrees.

On the campuses there is all too evident an attitude akin to that of the ninth-century clerics who withdrew to the monasteries to keep the flames of scholarship alight during the dark ages - as now symbolized by spending cuts and an unsympathetic government. In fact responsible ministers, Sir Keith Joseph himself, and Mr William Waldegrave, have indicated that after the financial turmoil there must now be a period of stability; the Prime Minister, an enthusiast for scientific research, might yet be prevailed on to agree that the nation's research and development capacity depends on the general health of the universities and polytechnics. But the corollary of some stability in university financing must not be stasis but change in tenure arrangements, in retirements, in faculty organization, in the division between teaching and research, in the inflow of "new blood" in the disciplines.

What is needed is not some rewrite of Lord Robbins's report of twenty years ago, but a sequence of experiments: what university will have the courage to respond to Sir Keith's recent imaginative proposal for an experiment in university budgeting? The great merit of the final report of the Leverhulme programme of study into the future of higher education, published yesterday, lies in its tentativeness. It proposes certain changes in the rules of the game (for example on tenure where it wisely says the existing employment protection rules would form a strong barrier against intellectual persecution) and invites response to a set of

proposals, to be adopted in part or by individual institutions.

This is altogether a praiseworthy effort, paid for by Leverhulme money and conducted by Professor Gareth Williams of Lancaster University with commendable awareness of the boundary between higher education and the economy. The contribution of such men as Sir Adrian Cadbury is worthwhile for its own sake and also to scotch any suggestion that corporate Britain can afford not to care about what goes on in the colleges.

Leverhulme's suggestions are many, and will repay study by the new men coming in at the head of the UGC and the DES as well as those ministers taking up their seals after June 10th. The headlines have been captured by the proposal for a two-year degree course plus a two-year limit on student grants, but as important are the report's emphases on professionalizing university management, separating budgets for teaching and research and creating some academic body external to the universities to monitor standards and academic competence. The latter proposal has a bureaucratic ring about it, but must appeal to anyone who has ever picked up the compendium of research in the social sciences.

The Leverhulme report rejoices in the diversity of universities and colleges and even in the sometimes uncomfortable overlap between the universities and the polytechnics. It is thus no document for a British Alain Savary (next Thursday looks unlikely to produce any candidate for the role). It speaks instead to those academics who might be tempted to retreat into their specialisms for the duration: its remedy for excessive specialization by undergraduates deserves consideration by all who are concerned by the course of economic life for the rest of this decade and into the 1990s.

NOBODY'S KURDS

By two actions this week the Turkish authorities have drawn attention to a problem which they usually like to keep as far out of the limelight as possible - to the point sometimes of denying its existence. On Tuesday the mass trial of 574 Kurdish separatists, which had been going on in Diyarbakir for two years and a month, concluded with thirty-five death sentences, twenty-eight life sentences (ten of them commuted to a mere twenty-four years because those convicted were minors at the time of the crime), 333 other prison sentences ranging from three to thirty-six years, and 178 acquittals. On Thursday, in a move also clearly directed against Kurdish militants, two brigades of Turkish troops penetrated about twenty miles into Iraqi territory.

There may be no direct connection between the two events. The militants condemned in Diyarbakir belonged to the Kurdish Workers' Party (PKK), a group seeking to set up an independent Kurdish state in what is now eastern Turkey. Those who were pursued into Iraq could also be Turkish citizens but could equally well be members of one or other of the Iraqi Kurdish groups who are fighting for autonomy against the Baghdad regime, but often also fighting each other. Such inter-Kurdish fights have been known to spill over into Turkey before. The Turkish government understandably does not like

that, especially when, as happened on May 10, three Turkish soldiers were killed and three wounded by gunmen, believed to have been Kurds firing from the Iraqi side of the border.

Why would Iraqi Kurds be firing on Turkish soldiers? Without more information it is impossible to say. They could have been involved in arms smuggling, or just about any other sort of smuggling, and the soldiers might have been pursuing them across the frontier. Alternatively they might have been pursuing their local enemies across the frontier and the Turkish troops might have got in the crossfire. Or they might not have been Iraqi Kurds at all, but Turkish Kurds trying to take refuge in Iraq.

Whatever the background, the use of Turkish troops on such a scale in cross-border operations must be embarrassing for the Iraqi government. At very least it draws attention to the inability of that government to assert its own authority in the mountainous regions of Iraqi Kurdistan. At worst, it will reawaken old irredentist passions on the Turkish side, and corresponding fears on the Iraqi side, with a mixture of hopes and fears among the Kurds.

Neither Turks nor Kurds have forgotten, or ever fully accepted, the incorporation into Iraq of the Ottoman province of Mosul, whose population was predominantly Kurdish with a large

Turkish-speaking minority, by an act of British imperial power. The Turks argue that under the terms of their National Pact it should have been part of Turkey.

Last year an article in the *New Statesman*, alleging the existence of a Turco-Arabian plot to seize northern Iraq, aroused great interest and anxiety in the Arab world. Such a notion seems extremely far-fetched, given the amicable cooperation existing between the Turkish and Iraqi governments, and it is most unlikely that what happened this week has anything to do with such a plan. But it does remind us that some hitherto unthinkable things might become thinkable in the event of a complete collapse of central government in Iraq.

A reunited Kurdistan certainly comes into the category of the unthinkable for the moment, and an independent one even more so. In Turkey the authorities have set their face not only against independence but against any form of autonomy and even against the Kurdish language, the use of which in public has become a finable offence. To discourage separatism is one thing. To deny the national aspiration of eight million people is another. It can be done for a time by force so long as the population is backward, ignorant and tribal. It cannot be done indefinitely in a country which aspires to be seen as a European democracy.

UNDERCOVER: OVERDONE

Mr William Casey, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, and Mr Thomas Enders Assistant Secretary State for Inter-American affairs, have been reported as having told Congressional committees in secret hearing that there was a prospect that anti-Sandinista "contras" with "covert" US support, might overthrow the Nicaraguan government before the end of the year. Later, an ABC *Washington Post* poll revealed that six out of seven Americans were opposed to such US involvement. Six out of seven Americans may well be right.

The previously stated aim of this part of United States policy was to interrupt the flow of arms from Nicaragua to El Salvador though its effectiveness to that end is doubtful. Congress was assured that it was not designed to bring down the Nicaraguan government or to cause a war between Nicaragua and Honduras. Despite later denials, it now appears that the earlier limited ambitions are giving way to higher stakes in a more dangerous game. This provokes both scepticism and alarm.

Do such operations have a chance of overthrowing the Sandinistas? A combination of former Somoza troops from Honduras of Miskito Indians

from the Atlantic coast and Edean Pastora and other dissident Sandinistas from Costa Rica do not look promising material for a well-co-ordinated "pincer movement". The Sandinista government may not be universally popular or competent, but it is materially and psychologically prepared to face attacks.

Many of its members and supporters fought Somoza. And though not entirely isolated, they are by no means wholly reliant on Cuba, let alone the Soviet Union, to come to their material aid. A quick victory against them does not look probable.

The result of escalating harassment, leading to invasion look more like being the: a radicalisation of the Sandinista government, a greatly increased risk of regional war in Central America, starting with a conflict between Nicaragua and Honduras but not stopping there, and no swift end to death and destruction in El Salvador or in Nicaragua itself. In the rest of Latin America, "covert" activity on the large scale required - and United States rhetoric makes all such activity the more visible - will be universally repudiated as unjustifiable intervention in breach of the regional order the United States ostensibly supports. It will weaken Nato by

strengthening anti-American feeling in Europe, and provide fine propaganda for the Soviet Union. It is unlikely to produce a "stable" central America of viable client states, and may therefore involve the United States in prolonged and costly distractions in a region where its genuine strategic interests could be better protected by other lines of policy.

The United States deployed 200 ships to blockade Cuba in 1962, it would be better now not to raise the stakes as it was then, but to limit the damage before that stage is reached. One of the difficulties about achieving a reduction in tension is that much of the American debate about Central America is now not so much about Central America, but more about the domestic party struggle and considerations of global prestige in the context of the East-West argument.

Nobody wants to send combat troops, a consensus that makes current policy the more understandable. The Administration appears to seek total victory using a variety of surrogates and diplomatically putting it alone. Failing that, it wishes to put the blame on Congress. It is unlikely to succeed with either aim.

High wages and unemployment

From Lord Harris of High Cross

Sir, Mr Peter Shore looked unusually pleased with himself on television last night when he said that there was nothing to do with unemployment. His "proof" was to say that if low wages helped then African and Asian workers would be fully employed.

But even the most shadowy of shadow chancellors should be able to grasp that wage comparisons can be sensibly made only in terms of cost per unit of output. If trade unions had not spent decades keeping output down, British wages could be higher without pricing our workers out of employment.

Anyway, how does Mr Shore square his view with the Labour manifesto which promises "employment subsidies to firms linked to agreements with them to preserve and create jobs"? Why would employers be needing subsidies if labour costs per unit of output were not too high?

The unbearable truth is that almost everything British trade union leaders have done has helped to inflate labour costs and so to depress employment prospects. Having spent half their time restricting efficiency, they have devoted the other half to forcing up labour costs. This they have done directly through unrealistic wage demands, and indirectly by pressing for socialist policies that have burdened employers with non-wage costs, including rates, taxes and other costs of complying with multiplying statutory obligations.

Having willed the means, they cannot now escape blame for the resulting unemployment. Since the Law Pay Unit is no more than a trade union device, it is not surprising it is playing the same game. But so long as it insists on trying to price more workers out of jobs, we should think of it as the No Pay Unit.

Yours faithfully,
RALPH HARRIS,
General Director,
Institute of Economic Affairs,
2 Lord North Street,
Westminster, SW1.
May 25.

A change of tune

From Mr Martin Knapp

Sir, Can there be anything more incongruous than the singing of "Abide with me" before a Cup Final? There must be many for whom the words of this splendid hymn bring a very special message of comfort and strengthened faith. They must find it almost blasphemous that what is part of their religious experience immediately precedes the kicking of a football crowd and has become an integral part of the annual ritual.

The singers, I suspect, are happy to bathe together in a warm sea of schmalz. Might not one of the more popular sentimental Victorian ballads be just as effective, just as relevant and run no risk of offending those who regard the verses of H. F. Lyte with some degree of reverence?

Yours sincerely,
MARTIN KNAPP,
15 Broomfield Barn,
Ashington,
Totnes, Devon.

Liberal food policy

From Mr W. A. N. Jones

Sir, Mr David Steel is certainly right to raise the question of the cost of the British shopping basket but he is unlikely to reduce the cost of food to the British consumer. The Liberal Party, regrettably, has abandoned its historic commitment to the principle that taxes should not be levied on food imported into Britain.

Under the Common Agricultural Policy of the EEC heavy import duties are levied on many foodstuffs and the importation of some foods is virtually prohibited (cheese from New Zealand, for example). The EEC levy on wheat imports doubles the price of the wheat consumed in Britain. We are back in the old days of the pre-Cobden corn laws with a vengeance.

The CAP is a major factor in forcing up the cost of living to consumers everywhere in Britain and the EEC. It greatly reduces our ability to produce goods at competitive prices. It is a direct cause of much of the present high unemployment. It is a major handicap to any British government trying to solve the problems of the 1980s.

Yours faithfully,
NEWTON JONES, Chairman,
W. H. Jones and Co (London) Ltd,
Tower House,
17 Oakleigh Park North,
Weststone, N20.

Reporting Lebanon war

From Mr Gai Eaton

Sir, You have come in for some flak on account of your recent editorial ("Friends beyond the need," (May 19)) and, with becoming modesty, seem to have refrained from publishing the letters of approval which you must surely have received. The voice of British Jewry had been heard, loud and clear, but I believe it is time to take note of the fact that there are between three and four times as many Muslims in this country as there are Jews.

The Muslims are no less sensitive to criticism and certainly feel no less strongly on this issue. If their views seldom find expression in your correspondence columns this is, I suspect, largely due to the fact that they have not learned to express their anger in the urbane and superficially "moderate" tone required.

Nevertheless, Muslims and Jews have to live together in this country, and the anger and sense of injustice which I see building up in the Muslim community on account of the over-representative of Jewish opinion in the press does not augur well for the future. The mildest criticism of Israel provokes a

Economic agenda for Williamsburg

From Mr Sydney Shenton

Sir, In view of the possible influence on the outcome of the election it is to be hoped the Prime Minister may be persuaded to be somewhat more ambitious in her approach to what can be achieved from the economic summit conference. Whilst there is every reason to understand the limited expectations Mrs Thatcher and her team have expressed, they must surely be aware that the biggest threat to the long awaited recovery is the desperately feeble state of world demand and the financial problems giving rise to such weakness in the developing nations.

Mr Heath has perhaps asked for too much in calling for the Prime Minister to urge upon President Reagan measures necessary to bring about an expansion of the world economy. Trade liberalization becomes much easier once recovery is firmly under way, but the objective is correctly discerned. There are still many more limited and practical measures that our team can sponsor at Williamsburg and which we should be seen to be advocating.

President Mitterrand's appeal for some fixed exchange rate system is unlikely to be attainable, but much can be done to obtain a far greater degree of currency rate stability, using the IMF for example. The chairman of Lloyds Bank has tabled several useful mechanistic and procedural changes which should be generally acceptable. Other steps should be of help to the developing

world with commodity price stabilization, loan restructuring and technological collaboration.

In a separate field the appropriate encouragement for President Reagan in some reduction of his vast and troublesome budget deficit. This could ensure the progressive and long awaited essential interest rate reduction at home.

It will be right and proper for our urging upon the conference pursuance of programmes of inflation reduction and financial rectitude, and we can well be pleased with our continued success. The myth however that as inflation falls all else will follow is utterly and completely exploded, and we must cease now in such over emphasis both at home and abroad.

The Government has been perversely unaware that British industry for some time has had available first-class competitive products, just no one to buy them. Management of manufacturing industry realize full well that just as hard an effort to obtain the benefits of recovery must be made as has been applied to survival. They, and the nation, are entitled to expect some similar exceptional efforts with some concrete results from Williamsburg.

Sincerely,
SYDNEY SHENTON,
95 The Crescent,
Davenport,
Stockport,
Cheshire.
May 20.

Calke Abbey's future

From Mr A. M. Alexander

Sir, I have read with interest your article (May 25) in relation to the difficulties surrounding the offer to the Nation of Calke Abbey which you have published under the headline "Funds threat to historic homes".

Being involved in the negotiations with the various government departments in connexion with this offer I am bound to say that the difficulties which may emerge seem to be, not so much the availability of public funds to enable this property to be handed over to the nation, but the question of the actual will of the Government to have the property taken into public ownership. As your reporter made clear, Calke Abbey, its contents and sufficient agricultural land to provide an adequate endowment fund were offered by the trustees in lieu of tax.

The Government indicated that whilst it would be prepared to accept the Abbey and its contents in lieu of tax, they could not accept the endowment fund. This despite the fact that, but for technical reasons because the property is held in trust, the deceased both before and after his death could have put the endowment fund into a maintenance fund - which has been actively encouraged by successive governments since 1976 - and achieved total tax exemption on his death.

Effectively, therefore, by accept-

ing the house and its contents, but denying the National Trust the funds to support it, the Government is showing a quite different face when dealing with the actual heritage situation, from when dealing with the academic principles, where lip-service is being paid to the importance of the preservation of the heritage.

This is not a case when the Government is being asked to expend funds of its own, but a case where the owner of this important house and its contents is asking to settle his bills to the Nation, by handing over the house and an endowment fund to keep it, in lieu of tax. This from a desire to preserve our heritage, which it was confidently believed was the like aim of the Government.

Unless there is a change of heart, the result in this particular case, and no doubt in others in the future, must be the break up of collections of particular importance in the context of our history, and the export of our greatest treasures.

If the Government is really serious about its wish to preserve the heritage, with Calke Abbey they have an opportunity, at no cost to themselves, to give a token of good faith of their intentions.

Yours faithfully,
A. M. ALEXANDER,
Roya Barfield, (Solicitors),
2 Crane Court, EC4,
May 23.

A brother's death

From Lady Willoughby de Eresby

Sir, May I seek the hospitality of your columns to deal with a matter of private concern but also, your readers may agree, of some public concern.

On the night of Monday, August 19, 1963 my brother Timothy, aged 27, drowned in the Mediterranean. He and a friend had planned to cross from Cap d'Antibes to Calvi by moonlight and they arrived in the South of France on the 18th. The Mistral which was blowing subsided and, ignoring repeated warnings that it could recommence, they left on the evening of the 19th in a small Chriscraft quite unsuited to rough seas and were never seen or heard of again.

The violence of the storm that night destroyed a number of boats anchored off the coast, drowning their crews. An air and sea search was mounted by both the French and Italian police but no

trace was ever found. Our doctor kindly joined me in the search and wrote a detailed report of the investigation.

My brother's death devastated my parents who never fully recovered from it. During their remaining years great distress was caused by the continuing and baseless speculation in sections of the press that my brother was still alive, but as he was in fact dead no legal action could be taken.

The most recent article appeared within two days of my father's burial in April and its contents dishonoured his memory as well as my brother's. I hope that this simple statement of the facts will dispose of further speculation or rumour and allow my brother to rest in peace.

Yours faithfully,
JANEWILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY,
Grimsthorpe,
Bourne,
Lincolnshire.
May 23.

Sound and fury

From Mr Richard Macrory

Sir, As Andrew Green rightly points out (May 25), the law does indeed lay down strict standards for the noise emitted by motor vehicles when being ridden. The real problem with the controls is that the regulations go on to prescribe a procedure for measuring noise levels so complex that the Noise Advisory Council was led to describe it as "presenting insurmountable difficulties" for enforcement.

It might surprise your Jewish correspondents to be told that the majority of Muslims would regard *The Times* as "pro-Zionist". This is not only because you accept, as a principle that is beyond argument, Israel's right - *de jure* as well as *de facto* - to nationhood in Palestine, despite the fact that the Muslim world was virtually unrepresented in the United Nations when that country was voted into existence, but also because your columns seem to them to be heavily loaded on the Zionist side of the scales. One wishes that Jewish supporters of Israel would acknowledge how fortunate they are.

Be that as it may, the courage of your correspondent in Beirut and the relative even-handedness of your leader have done something to redress the balance. As apologising, however, for the use of the term "expatriate", you have missed the opportunity to comment on a point of some importance.

Those of us who have always appreciated the role of British Jewry as a haven in Anglo-Saxon dough

can only deplore the fact that in recent years so many Jewish Englishmen have gone out of their way to behave as though they were expatriates, owing their primary loyalty to another country, a country, which, by its ambitions and its policies, makes impossible the accord between the West and the world of Islam upon which the future of all of us may depend. If the cap fits (as I believe it does) they should at least wear it proudly.

Yours faithfully,
GAI EATON,
35 Riddlesdown Road,
Purley,
Surrey.
May 21.

From Mr Alan Sillitoe

Sir, If to state one's faith in the hope of Israel to resist all attempts at extinction by certain of its Arab neighbours means being referred to as an expatriate in one's own country, then so be it. Count me in.

Yours sincerely,
ALAN SILLITOE,
21 The Street,
Wittersham,
Isle of Oney,
Kent.
May 23.

Manifestos and electoral law

From Mr Charles Rowlett

Sir, A paradox has emerged in this election. The undecided voters want to read the Party manifestos, but are obstructed by the electoral laws.

These booklets cost a significant sum to produce. Lawyers advise that if distributed by constituency parties, their value should be included in the election expenses of the local candidate. These expenses are limited by statute to a level that would allow only one manifesto for every seven voters (at a unit cost of 50p in a metropolitan constituency of 60,000) and no other campaign expense would be allowed. There could be no posters, no pamphlets, no halls. In effect, candidates are prevented from presenting their detailed platform to the electorate.

Central parties, with no limit to their expenses, are reduced to selling the manifesto direct to voters, or resorting to the vagaries of commercial outlets. The first requires massive resources, and the second is prone to bias.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES ROWLETT,
10 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.
May 25.

Election issues in NI

From Mr Enoch Powell, Official Unionist Party candidate for South Down

Sir, In your "John Bull's Other Election" (Leader, May 25) you complain that the election here will not be fought under the same party labels on the same party issues as on the mainland. That is not our fault.

As long as the actions of Government and Parliament continue to cast doubt upon our future status as part of this Kingdom, the question of the Union itself has to take precedence over all others. I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ENOCH POWELL,
Unionist Election Headquarters,
Newcastle,
Co Down.
May 27.

Devolution and SNP

From Mr G. A. Fisher

Sir, Lord Home of the Hirsel really should try to remember the facts (your report, May 26). Particularly is this true when the facts, as on the previous occasion of Canon Collins (Letters, May 9, 14 and 18) are about himself.

It was Lord Home himself, in February 1979, who intervened in the referendum debate to say that Scots should vote "No" because the Tories, he promised, would bring in a better Bill when returned to power. True, the Scots rejected his advice and 52 per cent of the votes cast were in favour; this failed to bring devolution because of the remarkable 40 per cent rule (which had been rejected by a majority of Scottish MPs).

But to say four years later, with no devolution Bill from Lord Home's friends to carry out his promise, that devolution cannot happen while the SNP has independence in its policy; these are weasel words. The SNP has always had independence as its main policy, and it was so in February, 1979. That didn't stop Lord Home promising a better devolution Bill then, and it forms a totally inadequate excuse now for a broken pledge.

Yours faithfully,
G. A. FISHER, Chairman,
Scottish National Party,
Devolution branch,
6 Claygate Road, W13.
May 25.

Striking an attitude

From The Right Reverend F. H. West

Sir, Mrs Daphne Fitton Brown asks (May 25) "Would anyone, use the word 'headmaster' to designate a character in the public eye?" The answer is yes. Archbishop Lord Fisher was often so described on account of his manner and methods when he was Primate of all England.

Yours etc,
FRANK WEST,
11 Castle Street,
Aldbourne,
Marlborough,
Wiltshire.
May 25.

Tied in knots?

From Mr J. M. Dutton

Sir, Sir Charles Mott-Radclyffe suggests today (May 25) that Lord Irwin was wearing a wrong tie in *Gandhi*. Contrariwise, another Viceroy portrayed in the film appeared to be correctly dressed in this respect. Lord Chelmsford (as he later became), who was the Viceroy at the time of the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre, was indeed an Old Wykehamist; it was just bad luck that the particular pattern of the tie which he sported was not introduced until the 1950s.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. DUTTON,
Cockermouth,
Tynedale Wood,
Leatherhead, Surrey.

Racing fixture

From Mr Paul S. Butler

Sir, I was delighted to read your headline "India to fit Exocets to Jaguars" (*The Times*, May 16). Having spent the past 10 years grappling with the often maniacal driving habits of our European partners as well as, in recent weeks, attempting to cross frontiers blocked by enraged French farmers, I should be grateful to learn whether these missiles can also be fitted to my Mercedes, thereby providing the ultimate deterrent.

Yours faithfully,
PAUL S. BUTLER,
13 Am Bourne,
Rammeldange,
Grand Duchy of Luxembourg,
May 17.



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THE TIMES 28 MAY-3 JUNE 1983

Sandals, swimming togs and suntan lotion may be enough for some. Not for Philip Howard, for whom only a good book can relieve the boredom of the beach. But how to choose it? Can P. G. Wodehouse singlehandedly combat the tedious terrors of Torremolinos? Herewith some tips for trendies, hints for hedonists, wrinkles for workmen, and simple thoughts for intellectuals

How to book a holiday

Holidays can be hell. Since they have become a national institution, a national right, and almost a national religion, we expect too much of them. We start planning them in January, gloating over the polystyrene prose in the travel supplements. The annual expedition to Corfu, or Devon, or Benidorm, is going to change everything, bring new romance and zing into our lives, make us new people. In fact what it usually does is give us sunburn, heartburn, hangover, *taedium vitae*, and some blurred snapshots of bodies on a beach as proof to somebody (ourselves) that we really had a smashing time on holiday. (Parenthesis: somebody ought to write a monograph on the lunacy of holiday photography. If it is pretty pictures that you want, the highly coloured local postcards are always better. But what we want is pictures of ourselves to prove that we have performed the annual rite of passage to nowhere successfully once again.)

This is not a new thought, though the zeal for holidays is more fanatical than it has ever been. Voltaire defined holidays in his *Philosophical Dictionary* as: "Certain days set apart by the church to be spent in holy idleness, which is favourable to piety". The safest way of passing such days is to sit and yawn your head off. As in so many others of the little disturbances of life, the cure for holiday boredom is reading. They say that holidays are the thing, but give me a good book every time.

The question is, what? Let others fuss about Ambrose Bierce, the Alka Seltzer and the snapshots, and golden Yammi who teaches the girls water-skiing. The most important survival kit for any holiday is an adequate supply of the right

books. There are various approaches to the matter. One school of book-worms holds that one should read something completely different from what one reads for the rest of the year. For example, the clergyman should take thud-and-blunder thrillers, the politician moral philosophy, the journalist poetry (the *Metaphysicals*, I think), the harassed housewife with small children the *Bhagavad Gita*, the banker highly coloured historical romances. We might call this approach to holiday reading the Lydisian school, named after fresh books and authors new. Its most conspicuous exponent is my friend Erich Segal, who during the working year is a professional classicist specializing in ancient comedy, particularly Plautus, and on holiday reads, and indeed writes, romances such as *Love Story*.

Another approach to holiday reading is the self-improvement or Emile Coué sect: every holiday in every way I read something that is going to make me a better and a wiser person. Such a holiday reader sets himself or herself some great literary or intellectual project. This summer I am going to read the *Iliad* of Homer in three days, or get to grips with the Russian novelists, or understand Einstein, or find out whether there is anything other than flatulent jargon in sociology. I dare say that this instinct derives from childhood memories of holiday tasks.

We all of us have black holes in our reading, even the best-read of us. Holidays are a good time to get rid of them. I incline to this sect myself. Last summer I read Gibbon. What will it be this summer? How about *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*? Or the works of George Eliot? Can one tackle Kant again? Or should it be another heroic assault on the mist-covered

battlefields of Structuralism? To the barricades, Levi-Strauss and Chomsky.

I had one of the last of the old-fashioned gent's classical educations, which was magnificent but possibly a little narrow. I remember a parent complaining to the Sixth Form Greek master that it was possible for a boy to spend five years at the Old Coll without having read a word of Shakespeare or Dickens other than passages that he had been invited to translate into Greek or Latin prose, Latin elegiacs or lyrics, Greek iambics, or, if he was good, for a change, Greek lyrics. Dear R.C.M. replied, with the refined elitism of Plato: "The boys can read all that in the holidays." The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. There are gaps in our reading, and we shall fill some of them this summer.

Another school of holiday readers, the Richard Babley or King Charles's Head school, always reads the same old favourite book on holiday. I have a friend who, when reading for pleasure rather than business, says that he never needs anything other than the works of P. G. Wodehouse; and, indeed, he has a point. The Mr Dick syndrome can affect Literary Editors in their daily avalanche of new books. It is sometimes tempting to say that enough good books have been published to keep us reading until we are called to the Heavenly Carrel by the Great Librarian in the Sky, and that we need no more new books, only the familiar old ones. It is unadventurous though. And it is a pitiful abdication from life not to read the books written by one's contemporaries. We are missing something important about being alive in 1983 if we do not read the poetry and fiction, the history and philosophy, the drama and biography



being written by the brightest and best of our fellow-readers.

The opposite of the Mr Dick or "Who needs anything other than Wodehouse?" school is the Neophilic approach to holiday reading, which wants to read the latest and trendiest and top of the best-seller list (whatever that means). Journalists, who work in a neophilic trade, incline to this school. It is, of course, silly as the other schools when carried to ex-

tremes as a policy for reading. The book that is the lead review in all the heavies this week can be quite boring and forgotten next week. The only motive for reading it may be to swank about it at literary cocktail parties, which is a wet and wimpy reason.

Best-seller lists are, by definition, inaccurate, guess-work, old-boy-network, misleading, and deeply boring. Anybody who is stampeded like a

Gadarene Swine into reading a book because it appears on some spurious best-seller list somewhere is an idiot.

All bookish people have all these instincts in some degree. We all have an urge to branch out into some completely new genre, previously hidden from us. Perhaps this summer I can find something in Science Fiction that I can enjoy and not find silly. We all have the Coué urge to self-improvement, in-

creasing our knowledge and wiping out the black holes. We all have our old familiar favourites, with which we are at ease. From Wodehouse to Dante. We all have the Neophilic urge to read the latest book and see what all the fuss is about.

The consequence of this, I suppose, that we should take on holiday something old and something new, something completely different and some-

thing intellectually demanding, something entertaining and something improving, some poetry and some fiction, some classics and some frivolities. Even if we can find them all in paperback this is going to make the canvas sausage suitcase intolerably heavy. I dare say it would be as easy to take one's holiday at home in one's familiar arm-chair, and a great deal more comfortable than all that nasty foreign travel.

Mann or Murdoch? Why not take . . .

A suitcase packed with old and new

I am not sure that there is a lot of point in advising other people what books to take on holiday. One man's meat is another man's poison. One woman's Jane Austen is another woman's Barbara Cartland. You must find your own holiday reading, my dear. But, for what it is worth, here is a list of those I should take of the books published so far this year, if I had room enough in the suitcase, and time enough to read after building sand-castles with Jamie.

A very strong year so far for your higher (or whatever inadequate epithet you choose: "serious"? "intelligent"?) fiction. I must read the new Iris Murdoch. *The Philosopher's Pupil*, and the new John Updike, *Beach to Back*. I have read the latest William Trevor, *Fools of Fortune*, a beautiful and terrible love story about the Anglo-Irish connexion, but I should be pleased to read it again on holiday. I like the sound of *Jumping the Queue*, a first novel by Mary Wesley. I can live without *Deadeye Dick* by Kurt Vonnegut, and Gore Vidal's *Duluth* sounds an antidote to holiday pleasure. Anita Brookner's *Look At Me*, about an intelligent woman on her own, sounds as clever and subtle as her previous two; which means that it is up near the top of the First Division.

As an exotic curiosity I commend to your attention *A Coin in Nine Hands* by Marguerite Yourcenar, which was originally written in 1924 by the Grand Lady of French Literature, but has been extensively revised. It is formally about a pathetic attempt to assassinate Mussolini in Rome, but, being by Yourcenar, it is also a novel of heroism, a meditation on love, and a garden of Gallic symbolism.

Then there is the new D. M. Thomas, *Ararat*, by all accounts a complicated and ambitious tangle of stories within stories. Our reviewer found it powerful in parts and distasteful in other parts. I must try it. It would be a shame to miss the successor to *The White Hotel*. Lisa St Aubin de Teran's second novel, *The Slow Train to Milan*, I read, enjoyed, and commend as holiday reading. There is not a lot of what you could call plot, but it is a finely written novel of atmosphere and feelings.

Conveniently for holiday readers, in February the Book Marketing Council ran one of its promotional wheezes, with the absurd concept of the 20 best young British novelists: a value judgment over which no two readers in the United Kingdom are going to agree. But it had two merits. It sold a lot of good novels to people who would not otherwise have bought them. And it means that the books of some of our brightest and best young novelists are available in paperback for carrying to some crowded beach that is forever England. You can take your pick from Will Boyd's *A Good Man in Africa* to Andrew Wilson's *Who Was Oswald Fish?* and be sure of finding something to please you, depending on your idiosyncrasy and tastes.

"Providence sees to it that no man gets happiness out of crime," so wrote Vittorio Alfieri in his famous study out of *Orestes*. Possibly so, Alfieri; but you cannot have been thinking of crime fiction, which gives many people great happiness on holiday. The big book in crime this year so far has been *The Little Drummer Girl* by John le Carré, though he will not thank us for typocasting it as crime. Writers like le Carré write nearly as seriously about human motives and the human con-

dition as do writers like Iris Murdoch and William Trevor.

The new le Carré has a characteristically intricate plot not about Smiley and the Circus this time, but about the secret war between Israeli and Palestinian secret services. I have always found le Carré's women, except for grotesques on the edge of things, like Connie, less convincing characters than his men. The heroine of *The Little Drummer Girl* is a pretty wimpy English actress, but the book is as clever and gripping as usual, though you will need to keep your wits and your memory about you, as in reading Proust. Talking of whom, Penguin publish this month in three volumes Terence Kilmarin's translation of *A La Recherche*, which could keep you happily reading on a sunny beach or by a midgeswept loch for at least a day to two.

Or, of other recent crime, I covet for my own reading the new Michael Innes, *Appleby and Honeybath*, and *The Old Verger* by Anthony Price, whose plots always have a key in the past, on this occasion in the Napoleonic Wars.

One should never go on holiday, or indeed anywhere, without some poetry. But one's choice of poetry is more personal even than one's choice of fiction, and other men's recommendations are likely to be even more useless than they are for the other options of life. I suspect also that in poetry one goes back to one's old favourites more than in other branches of literature. Nevertheless, with that resounding qualification in mind, I fancy for holiday Paul Verlaine's *Femmes/Hommes*, Englished by Alistair Elliot; George Barker's new collection *Anno Domini*; and Peter Porter's *Collected Poems*; all published earlier this year. I should

like to take *The Penguin Book of Homosexual Verse*, to see what it means and how they have defined it. And for something strange, unfashionable and romantic, I like the sound of *The Arthurian Poems of Charles Williams*. Apart from that I shall take the new Penguin Classic translation of Horace's *Odes and Epodes*, and I dare say other old favourites, including Horace's original versions.

And what about the heavy stuff, then, Mr Howard: what about non-fiction? Is this going to be the summer for Rousseau or Thomas Mann, for Cardinal Newman or for the new maths? Well, since you ask, I think I should like to take the *Siege of Salsburgh* by David Cressy, already read the latest volume of the *Lyttelton Hart-Davis Letters*, the longest-running literary correspondence in the history of letter-writing, and can commend them to those who want an elegant, undemanding read: a sort of Nigel Dempster gossip column for the literate, but without the malice. This volume deals with the events c. 1960 and slips by without pain.

I am tempted by two other volumes of letters recently published, between Bernard Shaw and Alfred Douglas, and between Shaw again and Frank Harris. But other men's letters don't really count as a proper book. We should be writing our own.

Back to fiction, and I must make room for Stephen Vizeney's *An Innocent Millionaire*, a black treasure hunt for the intelligent. And I have still got to make room for Dickens and Shakespeare and Tacitus, and other old friends. For that section you must pick your own.

More summer books on pages 2 and 3



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Bon appetit, bon voyage and the best of luck!

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At home in the country of Agatha Christie

First published in 1911, *Small Country Houses of Today*, edited by Lawrence Weaver (Antique Collectors' Club, £17.50) takes you straight to the heart of Agatha Christie Land. Or that is the immediate impression. These surely are the very residences of her prosperous and not very imaginative middle class - the Colonel, the Bank Manager, the Retired Indian Civil Servant, the Doctor, the Imaginary Invalid, the Widow with a Past.

One house is singled out as having a "man's room" (not what Americans call a "men's room") for callers one wouldn't wish to admit to the rest of the house - just the place for seeing creditors, revenants and blackmailers. There is even a touch of Tony Perelli, Edgar Wallace's muso-loving gangster in *On the Spot*, about the Birmingham villa specially designed to accommodate an amateur organist.

They are not, however, the kind of houses Poirot cared for. Comfortable? No doubt. But also unbearably fussy. It is just as if a number of these capable architects, otherwise perfectly respectable, had got together to see which could produce at once the most trivial and the most self-assertive design.

Not for them the unpretentious but satisfying simplicity of, say, an early eighteenth-century farmhouse (roughly the same size as many of these particular Edwardian concoctions), agreeable even when taken from a pattern book, as most of them probably were.

The Industrial Revolution had intervened. Now it was Arts and Crafts time. The revolt against the machine-made was at its height, and it was to be some time before there arrived the conception of the house as a machine for living.

Meanwhile there was a well-meant but sentimental preoccupation with detail, with the superiority of objects made by



Jan Stephens

hand (of course by people who had a gift for it), the exploitation in unsuitable circumstances of forms admired in ancient cottages, and the rather higgledy-piggledy combination of a number of unlikely elements to make "such a pretty house".

Emerging from Agatha Christie Land we come upon some real houses, and it is reassuring to find that Weaver, too, has his reservations. Medieval ideas are too remote from modern life to be a lasting inspiration, except in the proper use of materials: "We are moving in the direction of another eighteenth century". Sure enough, there are some excellently formal buildings, besides a spirited, idiosyncratic one by Lutyns.

It may be observed that not all architects of the time had such complacent clients or were so fortunate in their builders. I know a large house in Buckinghamshire built in 1901 for a new and virtuous baronet. He was particularly fond of a certain hill, and caused the whole plan to be swung to the south-east in order that he might feast on the view.

For each house recorded by Weaver he adds photographs of the outside from various aspects and of some of the rooms. He notices with approval the revival of the ancient "house-plant" - a central living room also used as a dining room which has again come into fashion. He pays attention to staircases and fireplaces. There

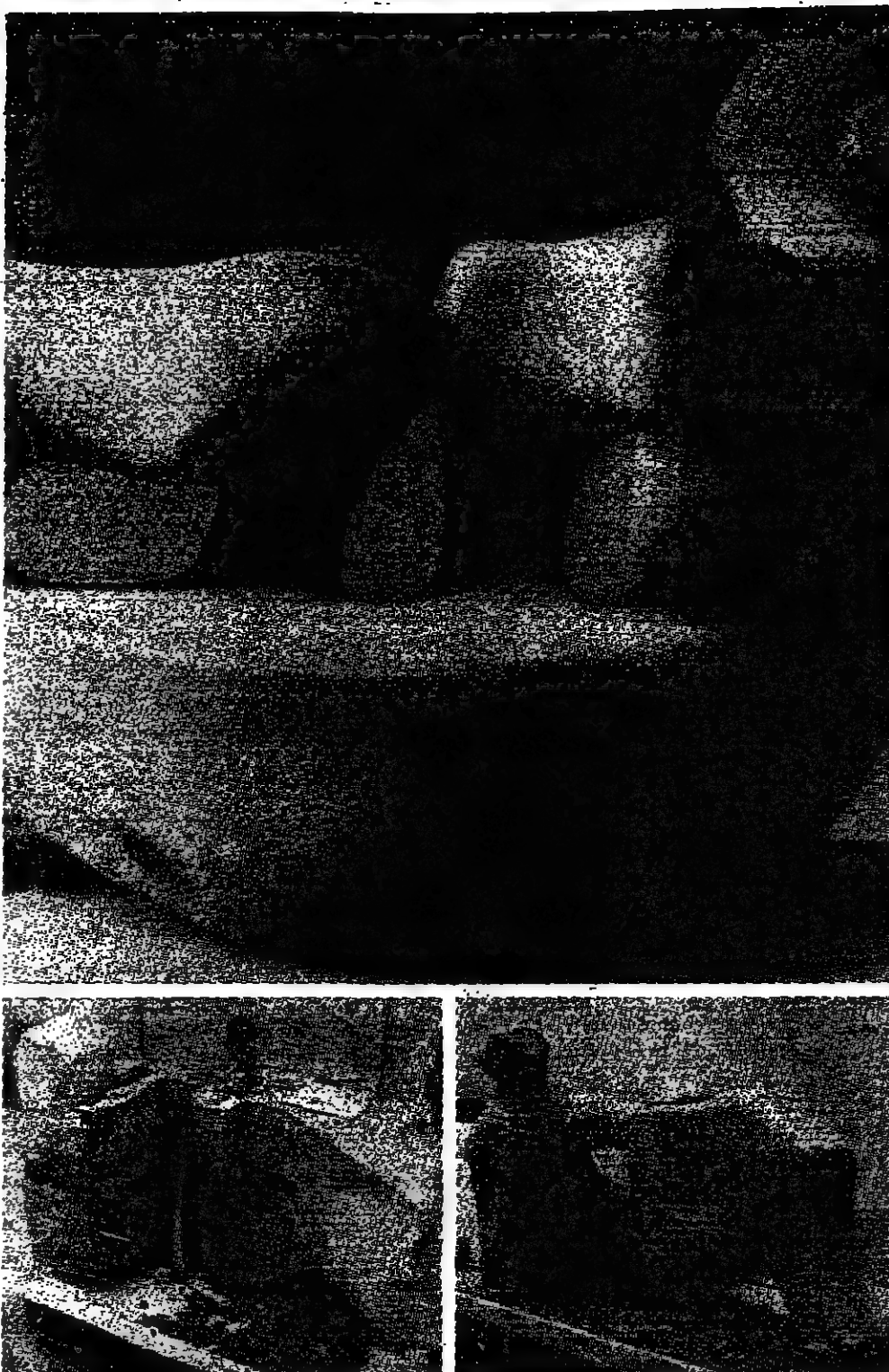
are also ground plans and often itemized costs.

The Edwardian purchaser seems to have had good value for his money. The house with the "man's room" mentioned above also contained three sitting rooms and five bedrooms and cost less than £2,000. A thatched cottage in Wales, which "though it has three sitting rooms of adequate size, yet it may rightly be called small, as it was designed for a lady with one servant, and has only four bedrooms", cost under £800.

At the price of the Lutyns house we can only guess. A handsome one at Wimbledon, practically a mansion, in 1903 cost £5,080. Compare these prices with the £56,000 that may be asked and obtained today for one of a row of 20-year-old bungalows that seemed to me expensive at their original prices of under £4,000. Yet in the 1930s money would occasionally go farther than before the First World War.

Early in the decade friends of mine, seeking to economize, sold their much-loved family home, but found instead a tolerable substitute in Norfolk. This consisted of a striking Georgian Gothic "cottage" with three or four sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, stables and lodge, together with 20 acres of parkland for... £3,000. Of course it still required what we now call a "staff" of four to run it, so that opportunities to economize were limited.

As late as 1953, if you kept your eyes open, you could find almost unbelievable bargains. Thus an advertisement in *The Times* might (and did) lead to a beautiful and unspoiled early Georgian farmhouse containing three sitting rooms, four or five bedrooms and such delights as a spiral staircase to the attic, together with an acre and a half of land for £2,500. It was loved at first sight with me, and I've never stopped loving it.



Reclining Figure: Holes (top) and (below) in preparation, included in the latest volume of the complete catalogue of Henry Moore's work: 1974-1980 (Lund Humphries, £17.50)

Soothing face of a savage thriller

Crime writing has two faces. Or rather backside. There are the spreading hips of the cosy, and there are the lean buttocks of the hunter. An example of the cosy is *Puppet for a Corpse* by Dorothy Simpson (Michael Joseph, £7.95), a whodunit in the fine tradition of the puzzle game, if with more of real human dilemmas in it than, say, most of Agatha Christie.

William Melville's *The Papers of Tony Velch* (Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95) takes us to the underworld of Glasgow where rumours of a fine haul to be made effectively stir the muck and bring into thoughtful action once again the eponymous detective of his first thriller, *Laidlaw*. And it is in the character of Laidlaw that perhaps the secret of the strength of the attraction of the book lies. He blends at once the tough and the aware, even the sensitive.

So we get all the frisson of adventure, making our way not through jungles but, as hazardous, through "Glasgow on a Friday night, the city of the stars", but still have the comfort of knowing that for us the stars will not be followed by the knee in the crotch and that the motive behind the stars will be laid out for our understanding. To us softies what could be more agreeable?

Yet a suspicion half-raises itself in my mind: is this combination of the tough and the sensitive a true fusion or is it simply a successful temporary combination like oil and vinegar in a dressing? Here is an example (a down-and-out is talking): "See that Sigmund Freud? Ah coulda learned him about people". It's a good one. It says something about Glasgow (and, incidentally, it exemplifies Melville's skill in transliterating the patois) but isn't it a tiny bit of a fraud itself? Or is it? Sometimes I think I detect a similar sleight-of-hand in Raymond Chandler, a faint falsity, a hint of poeticizing. But for most people Chandler works. And I find no difficulty in bracketing Mel-



H. R. F. Keating

vanney's tale of treachery and revenge in the Scottish city with Chandler's tales of corruption and brutality in Los Angeles.

Nat Hentoff's *Blues for Charlie Darwin* (Constable, £6.95) is set in Greenwich Village, New York, perhaps not the city's toughest area, but quite tough enough thank you. It recounts a few days in the existence of a local precinct detective, Green, and neither lives nor property are safe in it for one minute. We get, in fact, a clear-eyed view of a murky world, and this straight setting down of the unpalatable facts is its great virtue.

It is all told, too, in splendidly demotic dialogue that fast-moving and real-feeling, if plimply with obscenities. I enjoyed it a lot as I read. The trick worked. It is, paradoxically, fine entertainment. Fine, and safe.

The Book of the North Wind, by Nicolson Freeling (Heinemann, £7.95).

Freezing gets more idiosyncratic by the book. Here an evocative/irritating prose tells of Commissioner Castang confronting violence crimes galore. *The Hand of Glass*, by Jennie Melville (Macmillan, £6.50). Up, up and away into a whirling romantic world, nervily darting, unabashedly snobby, where murder was done in a Kent village once.

Seymour, Sweet Anarchy, by James Melville (Secker & Warburg, £7.95).

Crime amid the culture clash (vide title), as fascinating core-samples of Japanese life are hauled up. Wouldn't mind a bit more story, though.

Mr Kipling's high and far-off times

After insulting Rudyard Kipling last year with some brash picture-book versions of four of the *Just So Stories*, Messrs Macmillan have now made proper amends by reprinting the whole collection as it ought to be, with the author's own indispensable illustrations.

These *Tales of the High and Far-off Times* (£5.95) make tough competition for today's storytellers, but here are a few Stute Fish somewhere behind the Whale's right ear.

Among picture books worth a look are: *Spot's Birthday Party*, by Eric Hill (Heinemann, £4.50). Hide-and-seek is a natural theme for one of those books where you lift up chunks of the page to see what's

underneath. Eric Hill adds some nice repartee.

Stanley Bagshaw and the Twenty-Two-Ton Whale (Hamish Hamilton, £4.75) is a joyous lark by Bob Wilson, more or less in the metre of "Sam and his Musket". With Phoebe and Joan Worthington's *Teddy Bear Gardener* (Warne, £3.25) one begins to wonder what can stop the Misses Worthington taking Teddy Bear through every occupation there is. (He's already been a coalman, a baker and a postman).

More traditional offerings include *The Chicken Book*, by Garth Williams (Patrick Hardy, £4.95), a picture-book adaptation of the rhyme about daisy



Brian Alderson

chicks who need to get scratching for their breakfast.

Despite some stage Welsh "boy-bach" - *The Silver Cow*, a Welsh Tale (illustrated by Warwick Hutton, Chato, £4.95), is a fine rhythmic retelling by Susan Cooper of a story of overweening greed and its consequences. Hutton's pale pictures do full justice to the damp landscape.

An old legend is expanded in *The Golem*, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (illustrated by Uri Shulevitz, Deutsch, £4.95) into a short novel. It tells how 10 weeks of clay go to make up a giant to save the Jews of Prague from persecution.

SUSPENSE FROM MACMILLAN

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H. R. F. Keating, *The Times* £6.95

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'The plot is as intricate as a fiend's maze. A page-turner.'
Matthew Cooley, *The Guardian* £6.50

PETER FOX KENSINGTON GORE

'Grips like a marginal-by-election.'
Christopher Wordsworth, *The Observer* £6.95

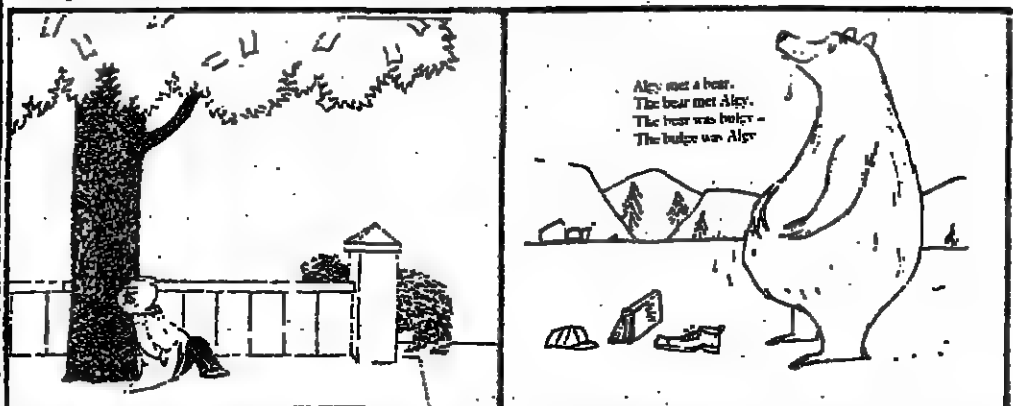
DAVID FLETCHER RAINBOW IN HELL

'Creepily claustrophobic, grips like a vice.'
Michael Hickling, *The Yorkshire Post* £6.50

PAULA GOSLING THE WOMAN IN RED

'Super, swift-sure characterisation, pace, high local colour: Paula Gosling has all the gifts.'
John Coleman, *The Sunday Times* £6.95

MACMILLAN LONDON



Treehorn, whose shrinking caused so little dismay among his family, returns (left) with a tree which grows dollar bills. Treehorn's Treasury by Florence Parry Heide, illustrated by Edward Gorey (Kestrel, £3.95). The bumpy bear (right) is one of Colin West's drawings from Cohen's Cornucopia of jaw-breaking tongue-twisters collected by Mark Cohen (Patrick Hardy, £4.50). Colin West has also compiled a comic anthology of his own: *The Land of Umic Nonsense* (Hutchinson, £3.95).

PETER EATON
Illustrations of the 25th Anniversary Edition of the *Just So Stories*, £11.95. New 1983 edition. The first edition of the *Just So Stories* was published in 1902. For a full list of titles and other information, see the back of the book.

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HERMIONE LEE,

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SUMMER BOOKS

Victorian voyagers to the Levant



Glyn Daniel

How exciting it was in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to speak of the Levant and the Orient, and how we have debased our language and ourselves by talking now of the Middle East and the Near East as though the Foreign Office and the RAF had taken from us the romance of Greece and the Nile!

Many of us read Kingslake's *Eothen* at school but I must confess that I had not read Robert Curzon's *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*, published in 1849, five years after *Eothen*, until it appeared with an introduction by John Julius Norwich, in this excellent series, *Century Travellers*, produced jointly by Century Publishing and Gentry Books (Century, £5.95). Dr G. Hogarth, who wrote the preface to the 1865 edition, said: "While *Eothen* is an essay on the Near East, Curzon's *Monasteries* is a proper travel-book, perhaps the best yet written on that region... Taken for all in all, *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant* makes as good reading as any travel-book ever written."

But there is a book which is better than Kingslake's Curzon, and must be reprinted, namely Palmer's *The Desert of the Exodus*. I must confess to having a private interest in Palmer: he was a Fellow of my college. He wrote he was trying to find out the particular form of the interrogative particle "when": "I inquired of an intelligent Arab with whom I chanced to be walking, 'Supposing you were to meet a man with an axe on his shoulder, how should you ask him when he shot it?' He replied: 'I shouldn't ask him at all because I shouldn't care.' But if you did care, what would you say to him?' I persisted: 'Why, I would say good morning.'"

Gustave Flaubert, stuck in Croisset where his friends had roundly condemned his *Temptation of Saint Anthony*, fled to Egypt with his companion Maxime Du Camp, and travelled in his Orient, which never disappointed him. In 1849 to 1850, Du Camp wrote: Flaubert never wrote a travel book but kept a journal and sent letters to his mother and friends.

Francis Steegmüller has been translating and editing the Flaubert letters and diaries for the Harvard University Press. *Flaubert in Egypt* (London: Michael Haag, £5.95) contains a

selection of them: Flaubert on the countryside, the people, the antiquities, the filth and degradation, and sex. He enjoys himself enormously, especially on the brothels. But he wonders what it is all about. "We take notes, we make journeys, we empty ourselves emptiness! We become scholars, archaeologists, historians, doctors, cobblers, people of taste. Where is the heart, the nerve, the sap?"

Flaubert's Egypt was not mine, a century later, but I agree with him that it is indeed "a funny country". "Yesterday," he writes, "we were at a café which is one of the best in Cairo and where there were at the same time as ourselves, a donkey sitting and a gentleman pissing in the corner. No one finds that odd; no one says anything. Sometimes a man beside you will get up and begin to say his prayers, as though he were quite alone. No one ever turns his head to look, it is all so natural. Can you imagine someone suddenly saying grace in the Café de Paris?"

Amelia Edwards arrived in Cairo about 30 years after Flaubert and Du Camp had left their brothels and their Turkish baths. Her *A Thousand Miles Up the Nile*, reissued with an introduction by Quentin Crewe (Century, £5.95), was first published in 1877 and was a bestseller at once. She came to the Orient *par hasard*. She and a friend were in central France on a sketching holiday. As Nisimes (sic) it poured for a month without stopping... Debating at last whether it were better to take our wet umbrellas back to England or push on farther still in sunshine... Cairo carried it. Never was distant expedition entered upon with less premeditation. We had taken refuge in Egypt one night, turned aside into the Burlington Hotel to get out of the rain. I think this is one of the best travel books I have read.

Howard Carter was a traveller to the past of Egypt. No one of my generation can fail to remember the fantastic excitement of the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb in 1922 and it is good to have available again his popular account, *The Tomb of Tutankhamun* (Century, £4.95). As John Romer says in his preface to this new edition it is "one of the finest works of popular archaeology ever written". What he does not make clear is how much of it was written by Carter and how much by Mace, whose name does not appear anywhere. There was always something suspicious about Carter, and indeed about details of the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb. This re-issue should have taken into account Thomas Hoving's *Tutankhamun: the Untold Story*. The facts are not as Carter wished us to believe them.

We must adjust our history of the opening of the tomb in the light of Hoving's book; and also adjust our picture of Carter and Carnarvon. The Orient has always had its secrets.



Callanish, Isle of Lewis, a circle of 13 stones dated about 1800 BC, from *Holy Places of the British Isles*, by William Anderson, with photographs by Clive Hicks. Published by Ebury Press at £9.95.

Buried in thought or sand?



Anne Barnes

Books furnish a holiday. That last job round the bookshops can be almost as important as buying the travel tickets. Should holiday reading be dignified by deep thoughts or tinged by riotous farce? Perhaps both.

To start with, among the new paperbackbacks, there is Tom Sharpe again. His *Vintage Stuff* (Pan, £1.75) features some dreadful schoolmasters in a preposterous (but not quite incredible) minimal public school which prides itself on its "Assault Course for Overactive Underachievers" which is just about what the teachers and pupils are. When these assault course techniques are mixed with a thirst for adolescent heroism and let loose upon real life, chaos predictably results.

All the characters are unpleasant; most suffer unspeakable humiliations. There is a lot about turds and tampons and people with their trousers down. Readers will laugh wildly, snigger embarrassedly or feel thoroughly ill, but whatever their reaction they won't remember much about it afterwards.

Who was Oswald Fish? By A. N. Wilson (Penguin, £1.95) is a more thoughtful farce with a real satirical edge. The characters may be stereotypes but they are observed with great precision. Fanny is sensual and successful. She had been a pop star and a model and has even been married to a Conservative MP. She has a string of fashionable boutiques devoted to Victoriana and lives trendily in Kensington surrounded by bizarre friends and relatives, including her ghostly children Marmaduke and Pandora.

When she buys small Victorian church in Birmingham, designed by the romantic

who takes over his life in ways both violent and mundane.

This is a novel for people interested in middle class preoccupations about where to live, how to vote, how to treat one's wife, where to send the children to school and how long the Volvo will last. The "hero" lives in Holland Park and has a cottage in Wiltshire. He has two ordinarily noisy children and a family disorganised wife who goes in for tanned ravioli. It is alarmingly familiar and the domestic side of his malaise is elaborated in great detail.

Only when he is effortlessly selected as a Labour candidate in Hackney, and then, having become an MP, he sits down to read Hansard seriously, does the realism begin to falter. Although partly a description of middle aged angst, the book does show some clear insight into muddled values and the narrative is skilfully handled.

A *Woman of her Times* by G. J. Sringour (Pan £2.50) attempts to convey similar insights into twentieth-century attitudes and ideas but it covers much more ground. Elizabeth Wingate, the first sentence tells us, "was not beautiful, but manners, grooming and voice made her seem so". It is not a promising start. Her life not only spans the most turbulent years of this century, it also takes in some of the most dramatic locations. She is the young wife of a British business man in Ceylon in 1914; a young mother in London in the twenties; an older mother in Hollywood in the thirties and a young widow in London again by 1939.

She is busy being a woman of her times which is difficult because nothing quite fits. She is Irish in England and pro-

Gandhi in colonial Ceylon. She believes in the ideals of the Labour Party and despises privilege, yet she canvasses for Nancy Astor at Plymouth and has her daughter presented at Buckingham Palace.

Through these paradoxes she struggles bravely but rather tediously.

A few historical events are set up as signposts but they do not help much, they simply provide further rallying points for incoherent philosophizing. Even the descriptions of Ceylon are rather like damaged news-reels.

It is a relief to go further back, to the sixteenth century in India, which Robin Lloyd Jones portrays in *Lord of the Dance* (Ares, £2.50). In this extraordinary, picaresque novel he describes the adventures of Thomas Coryat, an English surgeon, as he travels through the Mogul Empire towards Agra in search of a cure for his wife, who has leprosy. With him is his absurd friend, Frog, a Catholic priest obsessed almost equally with his mission to convert the heathen and with his unquenchable lust for almost every woman he sees.

Terrific things happen to them. They are caught up in wars and intrigues, they meet princesses and rulers and make friends with travelling players, soldiers and peasants. India seems exotic and wrapped in strange superstitions, yet it is made peculiarly accessible through the personalities of these two Englishmen, who are both frightened and amused by their adventures, feeling alien and yet at home. The writing is simple but the emotions are complicated. This book is almost a holiday in itself.

She is Irish in England and pro-

Trip around world's guiding lights



Contran Goulden

The first package tour operator was probably a Venetian galley owner who, in 1458, provided a round trip to the Holy Land, with subsistence on board, for a fixed sum. Thomas Cook started his continental operations with a trip to the Paris Exhibition of 1855. Pausanias (c. AD 150) wrote a 10-volume guide to Greece, which is still useful. The Crusaders were asked not to carve their names on Jerusalem's holy buildings - but combating vandalism was already a lost cause for Egyptian tourists were doing it on the Pyramids in 1244 BC.

Geoffrey Hindley's *Tourists, Travellers and Pilgrims* (Hutchinson, £9.95) has produced a well and curiously illustrated book in which you can browse with great pleasure, provided you don't mind a completely mixed-up chronology.

Maxine Feiler's France is not, as the title states, *Everyman's France* (Dent, £12.50), but her own. She hops about all over the place and presents a mass of indigestible facts of which the least digestible is the chapter on Gastronomic France.

The book is sprinkled with photographs, plain and coloured, by Harold Chapman. The text is part history, part art, part craft, part "folklore" and part detailed guide-book to a few cities.

It may make you want to go to France, but if you do go, my money would be on the little green Michelin guides where you can find the information properly collated and set out. *Rome* (Harvill Press, £7.95) is a sensational book. The city has been Paul Hofmann's base for 25 years as a foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*. Racielly written, his account of Rome runs quickly from chapter to chapter; these are luckily very short and allow one to regain one's breath in between. It is a story of murder, kidnapping, robbery with violence, drug-taking, scandals in finance, soccer, religion, and political intrigue of every kind.

Greece and its islands are under the developer's banner. John Abdon (*Ebden's Island*, Heinemann, £8.95) knows this and writes about it briefly. One of his Greek friends tells him that his desire to keep Greece unchanged and for himself is ridiculous and that he should realize that tourism means prosperity for the Greeks.

Ebden has written a sensitive, amusing, and earthy account of visits to Karamena, Karpachos and Rhodes. His characterization is good and wholly convincing. He has a real feeling for the country and its inhabitants. The description of a christening towards the end of the book is a riot. The drawings are witty and grotesque.

Dublin, compiled by Benedict Kiely (OUP, £4.50) is one of a series of "small" Oxford books and is a delight to read and to handle. An illustrated anthology of prose, ballad and verse, it contains many notable descrip-

tions of people and places; and anecdotes about both. The collection is based on a bus journey in the company of Benedict Kiely, Dr Muriel McCarthy, librarian of Archbishop Marsh's Library, and some veterans of the Irish Transport Company.

The distance between intellectual Dublin and the line separating the Irish and English speaking people of Donegal can be measured only in time. It is not so long ago that a man's world there was bounded by the distance his legs would take him.

Robert Berner and his wife left city life in the United States to become hill farmers in Donegal. In his second collection of stories where time continues to stand still, clocks have not worked for years and calendars often belong to the year before last. (*The Hill*, Hamish Hamilton, £7.95).

Some of the stories are about his own experiences, some are collected from others. His prose has a timeless and mystical quality which recalls a Norse saga. Berner's friends are people of few words, except that when their tongues are loosened they may talk all night. Their lives are, like his own, bound up with the wild hill sheep and the dogs, often of uncanny understanding, who serve them.

Heat comes from the never-quenched turf fire, and the staple food is tea, bread and butter and spuds. Well before the end of the book I found myself believing in water-horses, sword-nosed dorphos and winged eels.

Melvyn Bragg has two qualifications for writing *Land of the Donegals* (Scribner, £9.95). He was born and brought up in the Lake District and has gone back to make his home there.

In an exceptionally well-designed book where the illustrations match, more or less, with the admirable text, he deals with geology, landscape, history and language.

Hill farmers seem to do it rather better than those in Donegal; anyway they hunt the fox, mainly on foot; they wrestle in embroidered Victorian underwear; they race to the top of fells and back again, and the common man keeps a swift dog for hound-trailing behind a drag. These and rock-climbing are the special sports. Legends abound, both pleasant and unpleasant. In 1662 three people were frightened to death by fairies.

EATING OUT

Winning double for Derby Day

Next Wednesday is Derby Day at Epsom, a popular festival that usually ends in a huge traffic-jam. For those who may be forced to linger in the area, we offer two convenient venues.

YEW TREE RESTAURANT, 98 High Street, Epsom, Surrey (Epsom 25595) Opens noon-2.30pm and 6.30-11pm Mon-Sat. The centre of Epsom is stocked with welcoming hostesses, so drowsing your sorrows or blowing your winnings will be easy. For dinner, the Yew Tree Restaurant will cover either contingency, since it's uncommonly cheap in parts, and yet

equally capable of giving successful punters another run for their money. Unlikely to win any classics, the Yew Tree nevertheless seems a good each-way bet.

The wood-paneled, beamed-ceilinged, horse-brass interior gives it the look of a tea-shop and there's a cosy familiarity about the customers - bank managers, florist-hatted ladies, "Hello, Ken, have a G and T" estate-agents. They are drawn by the combination of cheap Anglo-Italian fillers (whitebait £1.65, ravioli £1.65) and more traditional French cuisine.

In between, there's simple safety in grilled lamb cutlets (£3.60), calves' liver (£3.50) or sauteed chicken alla Romana (£4.40). The richest offering is beef Medici (strips of fillet in tomato with red peppers, £5.50); however, while the meat was tender, the sauce was rather mushy.

PARTNERS 23, 23 Stonecut Hill, Sutton, Surrey (644 7743) Opens 12.30-2pm Tues-Fri, 7.30-8.30pm (last orders) Tues-Sat.

If you grind to a halt in the post-industrial area, the A24 in Sutton, you might look around at the low-level shopping parades and think "what a boring place this is". You might think that Partners 23 is a wine-store or a hairdresser's or any of the other businesses that flank it. You might drive on as quickly as you can to London; but if you do you'll be missing a treat.

The partners at 23 - Andrew Thomason and Tim McEntire - have created a smashing little restaurant on the premises of a former transport café.

The menu is constructed simply as a four-course dinner for £11.50, with coffee and petit-fours included. Four or five exciting choices are offered at each stage of the menu, and if it sounds like a gourmet's assault-course, rest assured that the delicacy of the preparation and the aptness of the portions allow the food to be properly appreciated.

Stan Hey

IN THE GARDEN

Never one for the pot

Like all weeds, those that disfigure a lawn should be controlled before they flower. Some of them, however, flower early in the season and if they have not been dealt with, mowing will help. Cutting off their heads will stop them from seeding and spreading. For total elimination, however, it is necessary to employ weedkillers.

The same active ingredient is used in several proprietary weedkillers, but often there are different mixtures and the percentages of the various constituents vary according to the specific purpose for which the product is intended. It is essential therefore that the manufacturer's directions should be read and rigidly followed. When using chemicals, never add "one for the pot" to try to increase the potency.

Weeds which are fairly easy to control are the hawkbit, bulbous buttercup, cat's paw, daisy, dock, dandelion, self-heal, silverweed and yarrow. Difficult ones include celandine

and the speedwells. The easy weeds can often be killed by one application of a chemical designed for the purpose, but the difficult ones may take two or three applications, and even then these may not be effective.

It is important to be able to identify weeds, as different treatments are applied to different species. Daisies, buttercups, dandelions, plantains and clover are fairly readily recognized, but parsley-piert, hawksbeard, bird's-foot trefoil and pearlwort are not. A book entitled *The Need to Weed* by Valerie Ailes, published by and obtainable from, the Murphy Chemical Company, contains illustrations of most weeds, including those that afflict lawns.

Lawn weedkillers should be applied in the spring and early summer for the best effects. This year conditions have been perfect for their application; both grass and weeds are growing vigorously after the heavy rain.

Where the turf is in not too good a condition, the use of a

lawn fertilizer about a week or more before applying the weedkiller would give both grass and weeds the boost they need - to enable the former to thrive and the latter to be dispatched expeditiously. I am no lover of combined weedkiller/fertilizers as the action of the two constituents is not synchronized and the fertilizer will begin to work after the weed has been affected by the poison. Weeds that succumb to the effects of this compound do so in spite of the fertilizer.

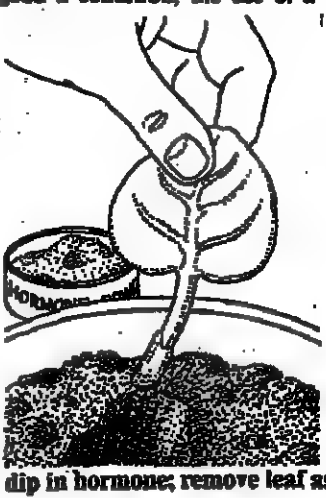
Weeds resistant to weedkillers should be re-treated about four weeks after the first dosage. The same principles apply; both grass and weeds must be growing strongly.

A lawn should not be cut for at least four days before or after treating it with chemicals. Nor should the cut grass from the first mowing be put on the compost heap. Subsequent cuts can be used there, or as a mulch on beds and borders.

Ashley Stephenson



From left: Cut leaf; dip in hormone; remove leaf as plantlets appear



Leaf cuttings
Leaf cutting can be done without a greenhouse. Saintpaulia probably is the most common plant where this method is used, and the window sill alongside the parent plant is fine to use. Many amateurs remove a leaf close to the crown of the plant with a sharp knife. The leaf stalk should be as long as possible as it can then be used again. The end of the

leaf is placed in a small quantity of water in the bottom of a jar or dish; the leaf will root into this water so long as there is only a little water in the bottom. Adding one of the rooting compounds to the water helps the rooting process; alternatively the bottom of the cutting can be dipped into hormone compounds before placing in the water. I find that wearing the plant from water to compost is not 100 per cent successful and there are

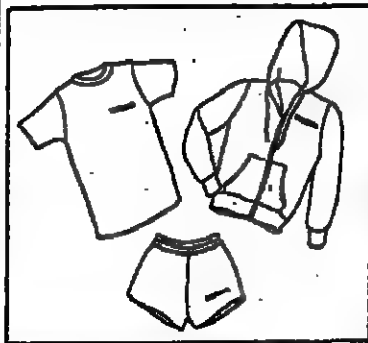
looses at this stage. I much prefer to take the cutting in the same way but to insert it into an open compost straight away (any of the soilless composts are good). Always dip the leaf and into hormone rooting compound before inserting, as the leaf will then produce roots easily. Once rooted, the leaf can be cut away above the young plant stem coming from the base of the cutting. Use the leaf again if it is still in good condition.

THE TIMES SPORTS AND LEISURE SET

MORE and more people are beginning to appreciate the importance of taking some sort of regular exercise: whether it's jogging, squash, keep-fit classes or weight-lifting. These good quality, stylish sports garments complement each other beautifully to provide a smart versatile kit for a wide variety of sporting activities.

THE T-shirt, shorts and hooded zip-jacket are American-made by Mr. President, from a machine washable combination of cotton and man-made fibres. The whole set is available in traditional sweatshirt grey with the title of 'THE TIMES' printed in soft navy blue flock on the left hand breast of the T-shirt and jacket and on the right leg of the shorts. The Times T-shirts are finished with a crew neck and short sleeves, while the shorts are in a heavier fleecy lined fabric with short leg, elasticated waist and smart navy blue piping on the seams. Ideal for energetic sports and leisure activities, as the soft easy fabric is light and absorbent to wear.

THE hooded zip jacket is the perfect sporting cover-up, and would also look smart over jeans or Tracksuit trousers. Made from the traditional fleecy lined sweatshirt material, it has a strong metal zip, hood with drawstrings, set-in sleeves, stretch-knit cuffs and hem, and front patch pocket.



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TRAVEL

Strictly for the hale and the hardy, Richard North maps out a journey of invigorating and visceral delight

Rediscovering the splendour of Britain's rugged north

You know you are in the north country when the postmen have Land Rovers and the police stations sprout notices telling householders how to mark out their back paddocks for the helicopter bringing them supplies in the event of a snow-in. And the time to go north is when contingency plans like these might at any moment be put into operation: anywhere between autumn and spring, when a blizzard may come hurtling down the valley or glen without announcement, whitening over what had been wistly sunned-over minutes before.

There are only two ways to go north. One is sublime: overnight sleeper from King's Cross, with the frisson of waking the next day, with the rattle and glamour of the train as your alarm, somewhere around Aviemore. Or the cheaper, slower approach: we chose the latter: a gaggle of friends, in search of the saints (they concentrate the mind) and some of the unique wetland wildernesses (they need all the friends they can get) of Scotland. We plodded up the A1 in a motorhome (comfortable sleeping for four, though you had to be chums indeed, since the accommodation consists solely of double beds).

Tacky caravans beside the road offer you bacon sandwiches and gossip about CB radio and Smokey Bear. The A1 is for greasers and truckers and people in search of an unrecognised Britain. Turn left off it anywhere after Sheffield and you are in high country.

We decided to shoot away into the valleys of Yorkshire or Durham. But which? Wharfedale? Wensleydale? Airedale Teesdale? Wensleydale. For the excitement of Askrigg Falls.

Further west and north, dropping down into the Lake District is like wandering into a stage set: we were granted a blazing sunset and clear-eyed sunrise after overnighting at the marvellous Quiet Site (decent bar, facilities) high in the lee of Little Mell Fell (just over the back fence), by Ullswater.

There is something about the early morning in a camp site,

car park or lay-by. Something about its suddenness, its abrupt intrusion on your dreams. Enough to say that we walked along a lakeside as morning gathered itself and the scenery was as lovely as those crayon-etched scenes on the Derwent pencil-tin lids. There is a fine dry sherry quality to the autumn lights in lakeside woodland; the grass and reed tundra beside them recall pictures of Africa.

We bought free-range eggs from Sarah Chaplin whose back-side farm, in St John's in the Vale, is open for bed and breakfast. She says the guard-geese soon leave you alone: in which case the place is probably heaven.

To Carlisle where the four castle sticks up like a stump of brown chalk. The cathedral boasts lovely medieval paintings and even the last resting place of Canon Hardwicke Rawnsley, friend of Tennyson and founder of the National Trust.

And Glasgow, where the traffic wardens are so friendly they answer inquiries by all but walking with you, hand at elbow, to your destination. They were putting up the Christmas decorations in St George's Square (this was November 1), and we were in no mood for towns anyway, so we scuttled on and did not stop till Crieff, a steep little town where the bars are at first floor level: we picked the one where the young and not-so-young hang out and swap stories about the days when they ran away and lived in London, Glasgow or New York.

I had wanted to see St Filian's Well, by Loch Earn's almost English charms, but a local told me it was just a dull spring on a hummock in a golf course. We lighted it.

Then cross-country to Loch Tay and Aberfeldy, and Killin where autumn was going berserk in the trees. We walked the Caledonian Pine woods at Rothiemurchus, on bouncy heather beside wide streams, and sought out Insh, where, dogged as ever by



Travelling light: The author prepares to sample Silver Flow, Clatteringhaws, in Dumfries and Galloway

stunning, ill-deserved luck, we saw the first Whooper Swans of the year arrive, on a great soggy tongue of reed-fringed water, one of the finest fenlands in the country; and did momentary obeisance at two exquisite chapels, one of them named Swan Chapel in immemorial honour of the beautiful visitors: bleak, bright, small places, one of them built on a crop of rock lapped by Loch Inch.

And so on to Inverness, where a travelling companion introduced two respectable ladies to magic mushrooming out on the moorland. They rather primly out-picked him, once they knew what to look for, about three to one, and wondered what effect this native flora would have, and should it be taken with, or instead of, whisky. Instead, of the itinerant sage.

We walked the high glenside of Loch Ness at Abriachan, the terrain where St Columba, who is said to have subdued the

monster, stomped about bullying the locals into Christianity. Below us, high-density clouds powered down the Great Glen like smoke from proud steam trains as the sun hailed itself into the sky and the wind tried to tug us from the cairn.

Coffee and whisky with Lorna Lumsden, who runs a business for people seeking to rent highland properties; anything from a croft to a full-blown lodge. She had to be brought down from re-roofing her own

croft in Black Fold north of the Great Glen to tell us where the bottle was. Woodstoves and a microwave miles from the nearest cottage: an instant welcome for the traveller. What people, these highlanders!

A zigzag across the country to Claish Moss, a great soggy peatland you must rent a boat at Daledia Pier (it's a jetty) to see it: across Loch Shiel, where Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stewart was rowed to Glenfinnan, to raise his father's

standard, on August 19, 1745. St Fintian's Isle is a miraculously still ruin of a chapel and graveyard in mid-loch. We bog-stomped and swam: a cold, grey, exhilarating day.

The A9 cuts an almost balletic swathe through the highlands, with, after Inverness, oil rigs holding a candle in the sky to seaward. At Helmsdale we turned North, past great Neolithic souterrains in rubble, the Grey Cairns of Camster, into the badlands of Caithness, a desert of abandoned crofts and probably disastrous forestry. For a crazy afternoon we romped on Eilean Nam Faoil, a primordial bog so huge that entire lochs are tucked away. A place of shattering loneliness.

We were booked on a ferry for the Hebrides, out of Ullapool. There is a wonderful quality to being stormbound in such a place: the Seaforth Hotel has a bar, presided over by three tough, kindly girls who mop up round the fallen, victims of the all-day drinking that nearly claimed our party. Just across the road is the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen where you go to sober up and eat and repair the soul and watch the storm pick up handfuls of loch water and throw them into the sky.

There are more seagoing taxi firms than land-based, scurrying among the foreign factory ships, called Klondikers. Scruffy men in big Mercedes conduct their business over walkie-talkies and pass the time of day over cigars and whisky (Seaforth) or bacon rolls. Quartz halogen lamps make the wharf bright half the night.

We had driven hundreds of miles and seen a great deal of the most beautiful country in the world. But nothing prepared us for the loveliness of the south of Harris. We had to borrow a car for the last stretch: the sheep had come into Tarbert's streets to shelter in doorways, and we did not dare drive the van in such a gale.

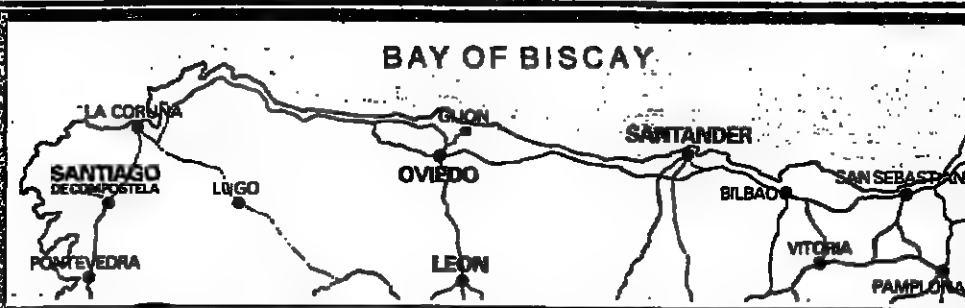
The streams were being blown back from the roads' edges, like a schoolboy's unruly quiff. We tumbled down a C road built like a roller coaster. Out to sea, the wave-mountains were queuing up to pound into Loch Beacraig. And so on to the peninsula of land running out to Toe Head. The wind was so high we were not sure we dare even leave the car.

"Chapel (ruins of)" it said on the map, and that dragged us on. The sand and seaspire were being driven horizontally at our eyes: the moorgrass had given in, lying in one near-fattened mass at our feet.

The chapel's walls were almost as thick as the tiny space they enclosed. There was no roof. One window - a slit - looked out to sea. We drew breath in a perfect symbol of this island of saints (Columba among them) and wished we could stay forever.

Travel notes

The Quiet Site, Cove, Watermillock, Ullswater, Cumbria (Pockley Bridge 337); Sarah Chaplin, Lowbridge End Farm, St John's in the Vale, Keswick, Cumbria (Threlkeld 242); Scottish Holiday Homes (Lorna Lumsden), Wester Aulhouse, Aberlaine, Inverness, IV3 6LB (Dochgarroch 247); self catering properties of every sort: Caledonian Macbrayne, the shipping company, run a host of stunning ferry routes around the Scottish Isles. The Ferry Terminal, Gourrock, PA19 1QP (Gourrock 38755); four-bed motorhome (depending on season, up to £250 a week all in, no mileage charges) from Apter Leisure Hire, 64 Albert Embankment, London SE1 (735 5956).



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Rod, wine and fishcakes, up in castle country

Shona Crawford Poole, Travel Editor, begins a series on short holidays with a visit to the Borders



Striding across a grouse moor, kicking up fine birds through there are plenty of their catkin droppings in the heather, is a fine way to dispatch city cobwebs. No grander though than standing in the sparkling Tweed, ears and neck well-scrubbed against the fishing equivalent of an owl-gal from an ineptly cast fly.

If invitations for weekends in Scotland are scarce just now, I know of a duke who will be happy to put you up for a consideration at one of his country places. Three miles upstream of the junction of the Tweed and Teviot rivers is Sunlaw, a country house on the Duke of Roxburgh's estate. Last year the Duke and Duchess turned it into a hotel of which they are the proprietors. Wine and fishcakes from the big house, Floors Castle, add colour to the gustatory proceedings, and hotel guests have free admission to the castle during its open season (May 2 to September 30).

When I stayed at Sunlaw not long after it opened the furnishings were unscuffed, catalogue bright, and the service on tip-top. All should mellow well, as should the planting in the huge conservatory where, prudently so far north, tea is taken. Allan and Frances Hobkirk (he is everywhere and she cooks nice, slightly old fashioned food) run Sunlaw with a sure hand, and the local help is shy and pleasant.

The house has its own beat on the Teviot for salmon (February 1 to November 30), and trout (April 1 to September 30), and driven pheasant days can be arranged on the Roxburgh estate (November 1 to January 31).

The local tourist authority, justifiably aggrieved that so few visitors to Scotland take breath in the Borders as they hurry northwards, is making strenuous efforts to assure them. It produces an excellent range of literature on healthy outdoor and cultural pursuits.

I went walking with a countryside ranger who pointed out the sights that city slickers can miss - pixie cup lichen, eyelash fungi, and a spider carrying its egg sack. Cheviot sheep are an especially picturesque-looking breed.

I cycled round the country lanes on one of the sturdy bikes issued by Scottish Cycling Holidays and turned cold on a sunny afternoon at the macabre sight of 160 moles hung up to dry on a barbed wire farm fence. That was just the biggest catch, there were several others, and rooks too hung up in trees as an awful warning to others.

I learned how to cast a wet fly under the watchful, encouraging eye of Ted Hunter of Angler's Choice in Melrose, and how to return young fish to the river with minimum damage and another notch on the learning curve.

Then there was the pale stone and oak panelling of Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's home near Selkirk, and tea with Mrs Patricia Maxwell-Scott who has especially good raspberry jam and well behaved dogs. I cannot

get interested in Rob Roy's gun and artefacts of that ilk, but the house itself, built to Scott's wishes, is a splendid period piece.

And, of course, there is Floors Castle, begun in 1721 by William Adam, father of Robert. A painting by William Wilson in 1809 shows the rectangular Georgian original before William Playfair's extravagantly conceived alterations and additions transformed it into the flamboyant castle that stands today. Playfair's Gothic bird-room, full of stuffed birds in various states of repair, is immensely stylish, and the catalogue of paintings, furniture and objects worth a second glance is long.

Do stop to admire the view of the Tweed from the windows, and if the damp rising on one or two silk curtains is a puzzle, resist a polite inquiry about the castle's maintenance problems. One of her ladyship's dogs has not yet heard of Barbara Woodhouse.

Travel notes

Sunlaw House Hotel, Kelso, Roxburghshire TD5 6JZ, Scotland (057 35 331). Bed and full Scottish breakfast, including service and tax, from £42 a night for two sharing a double room. Singles from £26.50 to £30. Dinner, bed and breakfast, double, from £85. Dogs £1 a night. Hire cars can be arranged to meet guests arriving at Newcastle or Edinburgh airports, or at Berwick upon Tweed railway station. For general information on accommodation and activities in the area write to the Tourism Division, Borders Regional Council, Newton St Boswells, Roxburghshire (St Boswells 23301 ext 213). Also for details of the ranger-guided walks. Scottish Cycling Holidays, Mr K. Tod, Ballinrain Post Office, Blairgowrie, Perthshire (Bridge of Cally 201).

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دکتر حسن الشیخ

A debut that delights in Verdi's verve

Verdi: Nabucco
Dimitrova/Domingo/Cappuccilli/
Nesterenko. Deutsche Oper
Orch./Sinopoli DG 2741 021 (three
discs/cassette)
Verdi: I masnadieri
Sutherland/Bonissoli/Manuguerra/
Ramey. WNO orch./Borynige.
(Decca D273D3/cassette)

By coincidence the highly successful concert performance of Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* at the Barbican last month shares the same vocal spearhead as Verdi's *Nabucco* newly released from DG: Plácido Domingo, Chorus Dimitrova and Piero Cappuccilli. Or is it coincidence? Domingo is the obvious first casting for a Verdi opera even when the tenor role is as slight as it is in *Nabucco*.

Dimitrova has made a considerable ascent through the thin ranks of dramatic sopranos, although she is yet to be heard at Covent Garden. It would not be easy to improve on that casting. But DG have a bonus: it comes in the shape of Giuseppe Sinopoli making his opera debut on record. Mightily impressive it is, too. Despite the power and experience of his forces Sinopoli takes command at once. He has clear relish for the energy and rawness of Verdi's third opera and first success. The score is an odd mixture of arias which are virtually frozen in time and those choruses, flavoured with *risorgimento*-style patriotism, which surge forward and were to become one of Verdi's trademarks.

Sinopoli and the orchestra of the Deutsche Oper, Berlin (where he has conducted *Nabucco* to great acclaim) do not attempt to mute the clamour of the brass. On the contrary. But they are equally responsive to the reflective pianissimo passages, which were to become another trademark.

Anyone accusing *Nabucco* of coarseness should listen to the beginning of Part II, *L'empio* (The Unbeliever). Dimitrova floats the notes of Abigail's aria, "Anch'io dischiostro", like

chistdown before storming in to the bloodthirsty cabaletta that follows. Cappuccilli has the thread of melancholy in his voice which the best Verdi baritone requires and his account of the title role shows him throughout on peak form. Every Nesterenko is no less powerful as the High Priest, Zaccaria. It is not usual to put Domingo last among the principals but Sinopoli is an unrelenting part and DG did well to persuade our leading Verdi tenor to undertake it. The digital recording is exemplary and in every way this is an outstanding set.

I masnadieri, based on Schiller's *Die Räuber*, followed five years after *Nabucco*. Decca are unfortunate to bring their new set out virtually simultaneously with the earlier opera: it was originally scheduled for April release but it is only now finding its way into the shops. Borynige's conducting, particularly at the beginning of the opera's somber, pallid, beside Sinopoli, although the Orchestra and Chorus of the Welsh National Opera are out to demonstrate that they know the piece well, as indeed they do since it has been in the company repertoire for some years. Nor do I greatly care for Bonissoli's bravura approach to the hero, Carlo, who gets caught up with the robber band of the title; Borynige on the rival Philippe set gives an altogether more graceful account of the role.

However, Decca's *Masnadieri* is not to be underestimated. Sutherland as the luckless Amalia is almost as indelible as Cappuccilli. If there is a suspect part of the voice now it appears to be the bottom register: the top notes still fly above those of anyone else around. Samuel Ramey and Matteo Manuguerra provide the sturdiest of support as the father and malign brother of Carlo respectively.

Two imports from Conifer are specially worth noting this time. There is a reissue of EMI's recording of Poulenc's *Les Dialogues des Carmélites*, made with the forces of the Paris Opéra in 1958 shortly after the French premiere there: Duval as Blanche, Crespin as Mme Lidoine and Gorr as Mere Marie; conductor Dervaux. It is a collector's item and should not be missed by those who take the currently unfashionable view in Britain that this is a fine work (2C 163 12801/3. Three discs, bilingual libretto).

Bourgeois Offenbach's *L'opéra de la rue* and *La Chanson de Fortunio* on a single disc (BG 2007). The latter may be the better known piece, but the *Chanson* is a gem, with the tale of Lise and Fritz, who meet in Paris and marry because no one else can understand their thick Alsace accents is a joy.

John Higgins



Authoritative hand signals: Bernard Haitink (left), Christopher Hogwood (right) and Pierre Boulez

Boulez conducts his own masterpiece

Boulez: *Pli selon pli* Bryn-Julson, BBC SO/Boulez, Erato/Conifer NUM 75050 (three sides)
Xenakis: *Candace, Jonchais, Nomos gamma* Orchestra National/Tabachnik, ORTF PO/Bruck, Erato/Conifer STU 71513
Shostakovich: *Symphony No 12* Concertgebouw/Haitink, Decca SXDL 7577
Messiaen: *Messe de la Pentecôte, Verset pour la Fête de la Dédicace, Le banquet céleste* Bata, Unicorn-Kanchana DKP 9018

The first issue here selects itself. Boulez's *Pli selon pli* is one of the few works of musical magnificence created in our time, and the opportunity to hear it conducted by the composer is not to be missed. It is a very various composition, but one that powerfully conveys its own world of sound and feeling an intoxicating world of long erotic lines for the solo soprano and vibrant splashes from an orchestra weighted towards the pitched percuss-

sion, a world of dream and rushing awakening, of opulent sensuality, sterility and licence.

Here we are concerned with Boulez's second or perhaps third thoughts on his masterpiece. He composed it between 1957 and 1962, then recorded it in 1969 with the Polish soprano Halina Lukomska and the BBC Symphony Orchestra. The new recording, made after performances in London and Paris in 1981, shows again the resilience and beauty the BBC SO bring to this score, and does so rather more clearly than before, though Boulez's metal instrumentation is prone to distortion. The new soprano is Phyllis Bryn-Julson, who allows the work to flower more naturally than Miss Lukomska preferred: she discovers the line, where her predecessor had tended to fling it out, and the sense of hovering in each beautiful moment is exactly right here.

Also of interest is the change in Boulez's approach, which is partly mirrored in the change of soloist. *Pli selon pli* is now a

slower work, but the slow is rarely evidence of relaxation: instead the music seems to take a more determined course, propelled more purpose than zip. Perhaps Boulez now understands it work better. Certainly he leads strongly urged and closely detailed performance that lets us do the same.

The new Xenakis disc is also to be taken seriously. Disappointingly Erato have given over a quarter of it to reissuing an aged recording of the orchestral *Nomos gamma*, a mechanical dinosaur of texture music, but the other two works are both more recent and more interesting. *Candace* (1974) is a massive crowd scene, for chorus and orchestra that swirls and at times this to leave an abstractly gesticulating vocal or instrumental soloist. *Jonchais* (1977) is a colossal orchestral picture painted with screeching regular strokes and exotic melodies.

Meanwhile, while Boulez was writing *Pli selon pli* Shostakovich was engaged on his Twelfth Symphony in D minor. This has

been somewhat disregarded on account of its title. The Year 1917, and corresponding programme, but Bernard Haitink, arriving here during the course of his mastery cycle, finds a work of stern logic and grim power, and suggests that the composer was thinking not Lenin's thoughts but his own.

The generous filter is a tribute to the same period, the *virtuoso on Russian and Czech Folk Themes*. Another splendid cycle in press is Jennifer Bate's of music by Messiaen, of which the fourth volume now appears with the Whitman mass of 10 and two smaller pieces. As throughout this series, the strictness of colour and definition of rhythm are remarkable, but in the particular case of the mass they help to suggest a great instrument echoing a cathedral so much as purposed events sharply characterised: an electronic music of angular figures.

Paul Griffiths

Menace mastered in Britten's Opus 1

Britten: *Our Hunting Fathers* Folkways, Söderström/WNO/Armstrong, EMI/ASD 4397, Cassette TC 4397
Stanford: *Songs of the Sea and the Fleet*, Linn/BSD/Del Mar, EMI/ASD 4001, Cassettes TC 4401
Mozart: *Opera seria*, 78 Karanav/LSO/Davis, Philips 6514 319, Cassette 7337 319
Haydn: *The Creation*, VPO/Karajan, DG 2741 017, two discs

The work that Britten thought of as his real Opus 1, the "symphonic cycle" *Our Hunting Fathers*, written while still on fruitful working terms with W. H. Auden, entered the catalogue last year in a BBC archive recording from 1961 with Sir Peter Pears. It was illuminating and is likely to remain definitive, but the work was originally written for the soprano voice of Sophie Wyss,

and Elisabeth Söderström's recent recording with a superbly responsive Welsh National Opera Orchestra under Richard Armstrong is revelatory.

Amid the omnipresent fear and fluttering tension of the score, Söderström's voice, especially in the high coloratura writing of "Rats away" and "Dance of Death", draws out quite stunningly the work's sinister menace and sadistic undertones. Less disturbing are the folksongs, unjustifiably neglected in their orchestral versions. Söderström is stronger, less mannered here than Peter Pears.

More orchestral settings of songs better known at the piano come this month in Stanford's *Songs of the Sea and the Fleet*, where the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under Norman Del Mar pro-

vide a tang of salt and skirmish in their vivid backcloth to Benjamin Luxon's buccannering performances. It is difficult to imagine these songs better done.

Whether treading heroically Stanford's firm base line as Newbold's Drake or singing with a faraway look in his eyes in the almost Straussian "Homeward Bound", Luxon brings keen musical astuteness to songs which express more of the early patriotism of which the sleeve note proudly speaks.

In total contrast are the warm, honeyed breaths of Zaide's "Ruhe sanft" or the gilded phrases of Ilia's "Se il padre perdesse" in Kiri te Kanawa's recent record of Mozart arias. The selection is enterprising with extracts from *La Flûte à Pandore*, *Il Re Pastore* and *Lucio Silla* as well as *Così* and *Zauberflöte*. But the

soft-focused orchestral playing and direction of Sir Colin Davis ensure that this is a record which shamelessly glorifies the singer more than the song.

I feel ambivalent, too, about Karajan's 1981 Salzburg Festival recording of Haydn's *Creation*. There is, of course, much fine playing for the Vienna Philharmonic: the depiction of chaos is delicately poised and balanced, and the rising in luminous, varied technical colour. What the performance lacks is a sense of fresh and growing wonder, of the playfulness as well as the epic excitement of creation.

It is worth a place on collectors' shelves, though, for the solo performances, particularly those of José van Dam and Francisco Araiza.

Hilary Inch

Swaying closer to Mozart's heart

Mozart: *Symphonies Vol 8 Nos 31 (two versions), 35, 38, 39, 40 (first version), 41*, Academy of Ancient Music/Jaap Schröder, Christopher Hogwood, Oiseau-Lyre Florilegium digital D17204 (four records)
Mozart: *Symphonies Vol 7: 1767-8, Nos 37 & 40 (second version)*, Academy of Ancient Music/Jaap Schröder, Christopher Hogwood, Oiseau-Lyre Florilegium digital D17303 (three records)
Mozart: *Symphonies Nos 31 & 33*, Concertgebouw Orchestra/Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Telefunken digital 8.42817 AZ
Mozart: *Symphony No 41 "Jupiter"*, Concertgebouw Orchestra/Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Telefunken digital 8.42846 AZ

It all seemed so simple. Take the skills of the players who over the past decade or so have recreated the sound of baroque music on period instruments, push them forward a little in time, and set them to record all the Mozart symphonies. And there is "Mozart" in the original, a landmark in the history of the gramophone.

If the results have not been quite as satisfactory as that, it is scarcely a matter for surprise. The initial releases in the Academy of Ancient Music's series were indeed a revelation, but as the Mozart symphony cycle progressed very fast it became clear that many works were being recorded without a great deal of thought about their special problems or character: every detail of the appropriate forces and even layout had been thoroughly considered in Noel Zisla's research, but the musical results were sometimes scrappy and under-characterized.

The main problems have concerned not the fast movements, which zipped along with enormous verve and energy, marred only by a hint of rhythmic predictability, but the slow movements. Here it sounded as if Schröder and Hogwood, while concerned to break the accepted conventions of long legato lines and smoothly sustained lines, had found little that was eloquent or rhetorical to put in their place.

Now the final two volumes in the series have appeared, and it is a pleasure to report that in many respects the playing has matured immensely. Among the final group of great symphonies, some have been completely rethought: the opening of No 39, with its baroque-style dotted rhythms, crisp timpani and cascading scales in the strings, is splendidly done, as is the lilting, triple-time Allegro which follows, with its woody flutes and clarinets. It would be difficult to find an orchestral texture more sheerly exciting than that of the "Haffner's" blazing D major first movement, with its crescendo vigorously controlled.

Nevertheless, there is a recurrent dissatisfaction that the music has not been pondered deeply enough or indeed rehearsed closely enough. A sublime slow movement such as that of No 40 simply happens and rather scrappily at that.

while in neither of the two versions in these two boxes (one with clarinets, the other without) does the first movement sound anything but facile, though it is scrupulously neat. The Paris, a light, extrovert work, fares well, with skating violins in the finale and gently plangent lines in both the slow movements of the two versions.

I am not pleading for a more overtly expressive approach: indeed, these performances are best when they are most different from conventional sweet accounts of Mozart and most worrying when they charge through the fast movements of the "Jupiter" like the English Chamber Orchestra on a bad day.

There could scarcely be a more striking challenge to the Schröder/Hogwood approach than that represented by Nikolaus Harnoncourt's recent Mozart recordings, for he too is a pioneer with period instruments. But here he has chosen to work with a superbly skilful modern orchestra, the Concertgebouw, and to transform their playing out of all recognition.

Everything Harnoncourt does is stimulating, and much of it is infuriating. There is never a sense of chugging through the music: indeed, in the first movement of the "Jupiter" he breaks up the music with pauses, rubati and accents which seem disconcerting, even stupid - but then at a climax like the fortissimo A flat chord which follows a brief rest, he blasts home the true force of the music with staggering power.

Harnoncourt's slow movements do not always work, though that of the "Jupiter" has an aura of ineffable mystery about it, which is more than can be said for the Academy's. Some ideas in the "Paris" symphony quite misfire, as does the minutiae of the "Jupiter". It was at first unconvincing by I, hushed, smooth, start of the "Jupiter" finale, but the sense of progressive tension and excitement is irresistible, and when Harnoncourt unleashes triumphant horns and then brittle, noisy timpani in the contrapuntal coda, the listener is caught up in the sheer glory of the music.

Nicholas Kenyon



Mozart

PREVIEW Theatre

Down but not out in Glasgow

One of the sensations of last year's Edinburgh Festival was a play almost 40 years old: Ena Lament Stewart's *Men Should Weep*, set in the poverty and unemployment of Glasgow in the 1930s. First produced in 1946, it had been virtually forgotten. Giles Havergal's revival for the 784 Theatre Company, Scotland, arrives in London at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, next week.

John McGrath, of 784 originally selected it, and three others, from more than 150 plays of the Glasgow popular theatre of 1920-1950, for a season at the Mitchell Theatre, Glasgow, last year. His choice showed how deeply the roots of 784's own work extended back into the past. The author herself (happily still alive) was the daughter of a minister in a

Glasgow slum parish: this play and her other great success *Starved Aprons*, set in the nurses' room of a hospital, were written from first hand acquaintance with their backgrounds.

Seven of the nine characters are women, whose roles involve portraying a whole range of women's attitudes to the problem of survival. Giles Havergal said: "The central character, Maggie, has a husband on the dole and is bringing up seven children in a two-room tenement. Her eldest daughter, 18 or so, is desperate to leave home and better herself. The eldest son's wife, of a similar age, finds she's married a n'er-do-well (also unemployed)."

"In the older generation there are three contrasting women of roughly the same age. Maggie is very happily married but is trying to keep the home together with her own pay as a charlady. Her sister is a spinster with a job and a home of her own. And her sister-in-law is a widow who is also financially independent but does it by being something of an extortionist, selling secondhand clothes at

exorbitant prices and giving people credit for it at a high rate of interest, and she's been in jail for it."

"In so many ways, of course, the situation is contemporary. Apart from her husband's dole the only money that comes into Maggie's house is her own pay packet, which obviously causes great friction. She asks 'Why are the dishes still dirty when I come back from work?' He says, 'I'm not turning myself into a skivvy just because I'm unemployed. It's your job.'"

"And indeed, in a world where economic pressures are so fierce, can you afford morality, or should you accustom yourself to crime? As Brecht said, 'Bread is the first thing, morals follow after.'"

Havergal, whose work at the Glasgow Citizens' has been mainly associated with the classics, has clearly enjoyed working on her husband's dole to something of a modern classic. "And I'm particularly glad we're bringing it to Stratford East. It should strike a few chords there", he says.

Anthony Masters



The eyes have it: Jonathan Hyde (Edgar) and Michael Gambon (Lear) feature in Adrian Noble's acclaimed production of *King Lear* opening on Tuesday at the Barbican

Critics' choice

Performances listed may vary over the brief holiday period. Check before going, using the telephone number given.
CHARLEY'S Aunt, Aldwych (836 8404)
Mon-Fri at 7.30pm, Sat at 5pm and 8.30pm; matinee Wed at 2.30pm
Griff Rhys Jones and his excellent supporting cast transfer joyously to west from their sell-out run at the Lyric, Hammersmith. One of the best aunts ever.

CRYSTAL CLEAR Wyndham's (836 3028)
Mon-Fri at 8.15pm, Sat at 5.30pm and 8.30pm; matinee Wed at 3pm
Incisively characterized and intensely moving account of a triangular relationship, showing how allegiances shift when one of the partners goes blind. Text and production by Phil Young and his three actors (Anthony Allen, Philomena McDonagh and Diana Barrett) rank as the greatest triumph for the collective method yet seen on the British stage.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE Haymarket (830 8832)
Mon-Sat at 7.30pm; matinees Wed and Sat at 2.30pm. For a season Shaw's wry, poetic picture of "civilized" Europe pre-1914.

Correction
James Smith was incorrectly named as John Price in the caption to the Lyric Theatre's *The Comedy Without a Title* last week.

lovingly brought to life in John Dexter's production. Diana Rigg's Mrs Hushabye surpasses even her Eliza Doolittle, Rex Harrison makes a sally and whimsical Shover, and Rosemary Harris, Paxon Whitehead and Simon Ward make the comic scenes a real treat.

A MAP OF THE WORLD Lyric (832 2252)
Today at 3pm and 7.45pm, May 30 at 7.45pm.
In repertory David Hare debates art versus social action in the form of a duel between an ex-patriot Indian novelist and a radical English journalist, against the background of a Bombay conference on world poverty. A witty, eloquent and totally over-ingenious production, with a fine central partnership between Roshan Seth and Bill Nighy.

THE REAL THING Strand (836 2860)
Mon-Fri at 7.30pm, Sat at 5pm and 8.30pm; matinee Wed at 2.30pm
Highly uncharacteristic play by Tom Stoppard, starring Roger Rees as a successful playwright who discovers true love at the cost of his marbles, a fair play shares with its protagonist, despite much ingenuity, some marvellous writing and a gallant performance by Felicity Kendal.

SMALL CHANGE Cottesloe (828 2262)
Today, May 30 and 31 at 7.30pm; matinee today at 2.30pm
Revival of Peter Gill's evocation of childhood in working-class Cardiff.

Out of Town

DUBLIN: Abbey (001 744505). Hamlet. Mon-Sat at 8pm. Directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Stephen Brennan, Neil Tiffin, Joan O'Hara, Desmond Perry. Staged in modern dress.

MANCHESTER: Royal Exchange (061 833 9833). The Caretaker by Harold Pinter. Mon, Tues at 7.30pm, Wed-Sat at 8pm; matinee on Wed, 2.30pm, and Sat, 4.30pm
Pinter's absurd comedy of the macabre is directed by Richard Nagle, with comedian Charlie Drake, Jonathan Hackett and Tim McInerney.

STRATFORD: Royal Shakespeare (0789 255223). Twelfth Night. May 31 and June 1 at 7.30pm; matinee today and June 2 at 2.30pm
Directed by John Coad, with Miles Anderson, Gemma Jones, John Thaw, Zöe Wanamaker, Daniel Massey and Emrys James.

WORTHING: Connaught (0903 36333). Relative Values by Noël Coward. Mon-Fri at 7.45pm, Sat at 3pm and 8pm; matinees on Wed, 2.30pm.
The sedate atmosphere of a country home is disrupted by the arrival of a Hollywood star.

PREVIEW Galleries

THE EASTERN CARPET IN THE WESTERN WORLD Hayward Gallery, South Bank, London SE1 (828 3144). Until July 10, Mon-Thurs 10am-6pm, Fri-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm
Arts Council's big contribution to the oriental carpet summer which seems to be upon us is this display of carpets as they first burst upon the West when imported between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. In all, about 80 carpets demonstrate not only the rich variety of the East, but also strong influences such as Persian art in Europe - and not only on western carpets, but also on other branches of art, where the decorative motifs and sumptuous colouring had considerable effect.

Assemblage from European and African museums, royal collections, and private ownership all of the world.

THE ESSENTIAL CUBISM Tate Gallery, Millbank, London SW1 (21 1513). Until July 10, Mon-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 11am-6pm
The most spectacular collection of Cubist masterpieces to have been brought together in this country since its inception of the movement itself. The intention of the show is to educate us in the careers of several major figures of twentieth-century art, and in the evolution of modern art as a whole. And at the same time to knock us sideways in the sheer impact of so many monuments together.

Photography

RECORD AND REVELATION Brewery Arts Centre, 122A Highgate Road (081 251133). Mon-Sat 10am-10pm, Sun 11am-7pm
Photography by Edwin Smith covering the period 1912 until his death in 1971. Smith began photography with a Box Brownie and acquired with him a packet of coupons. His delightful studies of houses, gardens, cities, people and the images in his numerous books are never continued.

WARTON GODDARD Tate Gallery, Olivier Gallery, South Bank, London SE1. Mon-Fri 11am-10pm, Sat 11am-6pm, Sun 11am-6pm
Portraits by a photographer who exerts in the genre.

INFLUENCE Kodak Gallery, 180 High Holborn, London WC1 (405 7841). Mon-Fri 9am-6pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 11am-6pm
Work from the Association of Photographers which amounts to the highest quality world of advertising.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EGYPT Brighton Museum and Art Gallery, Church Street, Brighton (0273 603005). Until July 17, Tues-Sat 10am-5.45pm, Sun 2-5pm
This year's summer exhibition in Brighton is all about Egypt - not the country itself so much as the influence of Egypt on art in European culture over, principally, the past two centuries. From the first big wave of interest occasioned by Napoleon's Egyptian campaign and its scholarly by-products through Victorian fever to Edwardian Taylor, the spell has been constant, and this show does not skim on the bizarre as well as the beautiful.

TUDOR PORTRAITS National Portrait Gallery, London WC2 (830 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5pm
The National Portrait Gallery's extraordinary holding of Tudor portraits is back on display in the redisplayed and redecorated gallery 1, supplemented with some new acquisitions, including a fine full-length portrait of Edward VI by a follower of Holbein.

MUMPHREY SPENDER The Playhouse, The High, Harlow, Essex (0279 31945). Mon-Sat 11am-8pm approx. Until June 4
Retrospective of documentary photographer Humphrey Spender. Includes his hard, objective images, dating from the 1930s, of the people of Bolton, part of Tom Harrison's Mass Observation project, less well-known pictures of the Jarrold marchers and his contemporary concern: the harsh treatment meted out to the countryside by some farmers.

WORK AND WIT Slide Gallery, 9 Side, Newcastleton-upon-Tyne (0632 522208). Until June 5, Tues-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat and Sun 11am-6pm
Much of the work on show was specially commissioned by Side and looks at life and landscape in the North of England.

Theatre: Irving Wardle and Anthony Masters; Galleries: John Russell Taylor; Photography: Michael Young

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PREVIEW Films

Hitching a ride on 'Star Wars 3'

"There's something out there, but we can't find it," a member of George Lucas's staff said the other week, sounding just like a spaceman exploring Planet X in an old, quaint science-fiction film. He was referring, however, to an illicit video copy of *Return of the Jedi*, the latest, ultra-sophisticated instalment of Lucas's *Star Wars* saga, released in America last weekend and opening in Britain on Thursday.

Despite tight security at Lucasfilm, it is hardly surprising that pirate cassettes should already be in production; few cinema attractions of 1983 have been so eagerly awaited by fantasy fans, or clocked in such provocative secrecy.

But with the imminent arrival of *Return of the Jedi*, the veil of secrecy is lifting. This third adventure, placed fifth in Lucas's grand plan for three related trilogies, describes the Rebel Commanders' new attempt to combat the Galactic Emperor.

Han Solo (Harrison Ford) is rescued from the desert planet Tatooine, ruled by a dastardly gangster named Jabba the Hutt. There are new forms of transport, desert skills, the Imperial Shuttle - and new galactic inhabitants, like the reptilian Admiral Ackbar and huge-headed Bib Fortuna.

The main personnel from *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back* remain in business: composer John Williams; production designer Norman Reynolds; Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker; Carrie Fisher as Princess Leia; Billy Dee Williams as Lando Calrissian.

As with *The Empire Strikes Back*, George Lucas serves as executive producer rather than director. "It's still my story," he told one interviewer about *Empire*, directed by Irvin Kershner. "I just didn't have to do all the work."

Relieving the work load this time is Richard Marquand, from Britain, responsible for television documentaries, the horror film *The Legend* (1978), *Birth of the Beaters* (1979) and an adaptation of Ken Follet's thriller *Eye of the Needle* (1981).

Frankly, he seems a strange choice, though perhaps Lucas picked him simply because he would not get in the way. Marquand certainly felt nothing but awe towards his employer. "Having George Lucas as executive producer," he said, "is like directing *King Lear* with Shakespeare in the next room."

Return of the Jedi opens on June 2 at the Dominion Theatre, Leicester Square Theatre and Odeon Marble Arch, London.



Kite flight: Mark Hamill and Carrie Fisher, skywalking

Critics' choice

EDUCATING RITA (15)
Classic Haymarket (838 1527)
Warner West End (438 0781)
Also at the Odeon, London Road, Liverpool (051 708 0717)
Michael Caine and Julie Walters play teacher and pupil in Wales Giller's film adaptation of Willie Russell's play.

FAMILY AND ALEXANDER (15)
Lumière St Martin's Lane (836 0691)
Edinburgh Film Theatre until June 4 (031 228 2688)

London's chief cinematic pleasure: Ingmar Bergman's amazing evocation of life's joys and horrors, staged with exceptional candour, beauty and lightness of touch. Traditional Bergman themes are deftly woven into the mixed fortunes of a Swedish family early in the century.

FRIDAY THE 13TH, PART III (18)
ABC Baywater Road (225 4148)
ABC Edgware Road (723 5901)
ABC Fulham Road (370 2636)
Classic Oxford Street (636 0319)
Pleasure Piccadilly Circus (437 1234)
and countless others

Steve Miner's sequel in 3D, set at the island resort with its grisly history of mass murder. With Dana Kimmitt and Paul Krutka.

Films on TV

Errol Flynn is in danger of being better remembered for his colourful life off screen than his performances on it, but if he was not the most subtle of actors, his style and presence were undeniable. He deserves his season on BBC2.

It starts this afternoon (3.10-4.50pm) with the best of his swashbuckling roles in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, directed by Michael Curtiz in 1938 and notable also for its Technicolor photography, stirring Korogold score, Basil Rathbone as the villain, sheer pace and - unusual for Hollywood - respect for its source.

On Monday Flynn plays the dashing Earl of Essex, with Bette Davis as the Queen, in another Curtiz film, *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*, made in 1939 (2.40-4.20pm); and he is General Custer in Raoul Walsh's 1941 version of the battle of Little Big Horn, *They Died With Their Boots On* (4.20-6.40pm). His other appearance is on Friday (3.40-7.30pm) in the Kipling story, *Kim*, made by Victor Saville in 1938.

In the Film International slot on BBC2 tonight there is *Four Nights of a Dreamer*, Robert Bresson's film of 1971 based on Dostoevsky's *White Nights* (11.45-1.10am); Guillaume de Forets and Isabelle Weingarten play the young man and the girl he saves from suicide.

Among Channel 4's offerings this week are three British films of interest, all dating from more than 40 years ago. *Pygmalion*, which is showing today (2.45-4.35pm), is a classic adaptation of Shaw's play with strong performances by Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza and Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle.

Much less well known is *Perfect Understanding* (tomorrow, 2.25-3.55pm). It was made in 1933, for her own company, by Gloria Swanson and is a light comedy starring her and a young Laurence Olivier. The screenplay was by Michael Powell who turns up on Monday (2.50-5pm) as the director of the 1941 wartime propaganda piece about Nazi infiltrators in Canada, *49th Parallel*. Olivier is in this one, too, as are Leslie Howard, Eric Portman and Anton Walbrook.

BBC1 says happy 80th birthday to Bob Hope tomorrow by showing his 1947 comedy, *Road to Rio* (1.55-3.30pm); and in the evening (10.50pm-12.50am) has the musical, *Cabaret*, based, at several removes, on Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*, and directed by Bob Fosse in 1972. It made a star of Liza Minnelli, currently with her own show in London.

The Marilyn Monroe season on BBC2 continues appropriately with her last film, *The Misfit*, written by her then husband, Arthur Miller, and directed by John Huston (Tuesday, 7.25-9.25pm). It appeared in 1961, two years before her death.

Also showing: Today: *Where Eagles Dare* (1968), BBC1, 8.35-9.30pm. Monday: *The Goodbye Girl* (1977), BBC1, 7.55-9.45pm. Wednesday: *Earthlight* (1974), all ITV regions, 8.10pm. The Quiller Memorandum (1966), BBC1, 10.20pm-midnight.

GANDHI (PG)

Odeon Kensington (802 8644)
Odeon Marble Arch (723 2011)
Warner West End (438 0791)
Continuing Hill from there (727 6705)

Awarded eight Oscars, Richard Attenborough's three-hour-long, carefully crafted and sumptuously photographed life of the Mahatma. With a remarkable performance by Ben Kingsley.

LOCAL HERO (PG)
Classic Chelsea (352 5096)
Odeon Kensington (802 8644)
Odeon Haymarket (930 2736)
Bicycle Cinema 1 until June 15 (838 8788)

Bill Forsyth perceives comedy as the virtue that makes the whole world kin and all men forgivable. The plot is simple. Know Oil decides to build a refinery on a beautiful stretch of the Scottish coast, and dispatches a young village, Farness. He is disappointed to find, instead of conservation, a bunch of happy opportunists greedily anticipating the corporation's millions. With Peter Riegart, Burt Lancaster, Denis Lawson.

PASSION (18)
Camden Place (486 2443)
The presence of star names such as Isabelle Huppert, Harne Schygulla and Michel Piccoli

THE PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH (18)

Gate Notting Hill (221 0220/727 5750)
Striking cinematic debut by stage and TV director Richard Eyre, a subtle portrait of post-Falklands Britain, built around a radio journalist with shady morals, Ian McEwan's intelligent script is bolstered by fine location photography (Clive Tinker). With Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, Charlie Dore.

TOOTSIE (PG)
Classic Chelsea (352 5096)
Odeon Kensington (802 8644)
Odeon Leicester Square (930 5252)

Expert comedy about desperate actor Dustin Hoffman finding financial success and emotional turmoil as a female soap opera star. Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal's knowing, witty script never loses sight of the serious ramifications. Sydney Pollack directs with self-effacing skill, and Hoffman's performance is remarkable. With Jessica Lange, Charles Durning, Teri Garr.

SOPHIE'S CHOICE (15)
ABC Baywater Road (225 4148)
ABC Fulham Road (370 2636)
Empire Leicester Square (437 1234)

Not for the first time, a famous novel is filmed with scrupulous sensitivity but uncertain personal commitment. William Styron's novel about the life and friends of a Holocaust survivor is distilled by director Alan J. Pakula into a series of striking scenes that never finally cohere. Mediculous acting, though, from Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline and Peter MacNicol.

GEOFF BROWN AND DAVID ROBINSON

The information in this column was correct at the time of going to press. Late changes are often made and it is advisable to check with the telephone numbers given.

DECLARER, because of the bidding, has placed East with a singleton 9 or 10 in the West. Declarer, which is mathematically twice as probable as a singleton queen, declarer plays the king from dummy. Grosvenor unemotionally contributes the 10. Naturally concluding that his original plan is doomed, declarer decides to play for the drop.

Again, Grosvenor is East, with the trump suit distributed as follows:

DECLARER plays the ace and Grosvenor follows with the king. Obviously declarer fineses dummy's 10, losing to Grosvenor's knave.

Although nothing is lost, nothing is gained by these manoeuvres. So what is the point of them? Grosvenor claimed that the psychological effect on his opponents was such that they immediately bid or played in an irrational manner because of a natural sense of outrage.

The question arises, can a Grosvenor ever show a profit? Look at this hand from high stake rubber bridge.

North-South Game + 60. Dealer South.

7822
N E S W
♠ 8 9 9 3
♥ 9 8 4
♦ 1 10 9
♣ 10 7 6 5 4 3 2

7822
N E S W
♠ 8 9 9 3
♥ 9 8 4
♦ 1 10 9
♣ 10 7 6 5 4 3 2

West led the ace of hearts, and continued with a second round which South won with the ♠Q. South cashed the ♠A, on which East played the ♠Q. With the diamonds now marked on the right, it seemed correct to play on the side suits to preserve control, so South played the ♠K which East took with the ♠A. When East continued with a low heart, South had a nasty inkling that his assessment of the trumps had been wrong. No matter, he thought, West can only have a doubleton, so he discarded a spade, while West ruffed with the ♠8. A spade to East's ace and another heart provided South with a ruff, and East-West with the setting trick.

To succeed in a subtle bluff, the victim must also have some imagination, as East found out. Rubber Bridge. Game all.

7822
N E S W
♠ 8 9 9 3
♥ 9 8 4
♦ 1 10 9
♣ 10 7 6 5 4 3 2

South was a player who called a spade a spade in the broad accents of the West Riding. After an auction in which he exaggerated the quality of his hearts, he arrived in four hearts. He ruffed West's lead of the ♠K and without a care in the world played a trump to dummy's ace. East, recognizing that the only hope was to evoke some imaginary spade, dropped the ♠K. A ruff which could have succeeded against a good player. But this South treated the play with the disdain of a task running over a braamble bush. Not only did he play another heart, he had the gall to finesse the 10. When the trumps broke, he lost only a spade. "Don't worry about missing slam; lad," he consoled his partner, "I was better to take brass".

One cannot but wonder what price the coin? What price the pedigree?

7822
N E S W
♠ 8 9 9 3
♥ 9 8 4
♦ 1 10 9
♣ 10 7 6 5 4 3 2

7822
N E S W
♠ 8 9 9 3
♥ 9 8 4
♦ 1 10 9
♣ 10 7 6 5 4 3 2

When Lockett died Sotheby's lost their monopoly on the coin and it was sold in one of the great series of sales held by Glendinning & Co between 1955 and 1961. By a strange coincidence the coin was bought by the present owner for £62, thus finally doubling its value in 100 years.

Now a new name is to be added to the list of pedigrees, that of R. Duncan Bessford-Jones, a long time student of numismatics and a collector since 1951 (he purchased coins at the Marquess of Bute sale). The half angel will be lot 14 in the sale of his "distinguished collection" being held by Spink & Sons, Auctioneers, on Thursday, June 2.

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N E S W
♠ 8 9 9 3
♥ 9 8 4
♦ 1 10 9
♣ 10 7 6 5 4 3 2

7822
N E S W
♠ 8 9 9 3
♥ 9 8 4
♦ 1 10 9
♣ 10 7 6 5 4 3 2

Chess

Female player who packed a punch in the past

For more than a thousand years women chess-players have been inferior to men at the game. True, around AD 800 Dilarum must have been better than her husband when she advised him to sacrifice a rook rather than "his Dilarum" - she being the subject of a rook rather than a king in the game.

But it was a simple enough combination. Here are one or two examples of the mythical Mr Grosvenor's whimsical diversions.

Nevertheless, it seems to me that women have been improving at the game all my life. For my youth as a master coincided with the rise of Vera Menchik, a talented woman, half-English and half-Czech, who won the women's world championship in the 1930s. She was certainly of master strength but, alas, she was killed by a German buzz-bomb in the late stages of the Second World War.

The advent of the remarkable Georgian women players greatly transformed the international picture. Two of them, Nona Gaprindashvili and Maya Tchi-buridze, became world champions and are of almost equal stature in particular Nona Alexandria and Nana Josteliani. Britain also has its international woman grandmaster (or should it be grandmistress?) in Dr Yana Miles, as well as a number of very promising youngsters. Some, if not all of them, should develop into grandmaster strength and might even do better than their male colleagues in their own Olympiad.

As an example of how women can excel in combinational attack, I give a pretty little game which a former British woman champion won

in the 1939-40 Trophy Tourney of the British Correspondence Chess Association.
White: Miss E. Tranmer.
Black: F. H. Chapman, French Defence.

1 ♠ f3 ♠ f3
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67 ♠ f3 ♠ f3
68 ♠ f3 ♠ f3
69 ♠ f3 ♠ f3
70 ♠ f3 ♠ f3

Playable, but there is no good reason why he should not take the pawn off here.

Too slow; he must strike at once at the centre with P-QB4. It was essential to safeguard the position of his knight by 8... P-KR4.

Castling right into an attack. It was essential to safeguard the position of his knight by 8... P-KR4.

Harry Golombek

Bridge

Grosvenor confounds by caprice

The Grosvenor coup is a comparatively new addition to bridge vocabulary. It was first described in a satirical article in an American magazine in 1976.

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70 ♠ f3 ♠ f3

Playable, but there is no good reason why he should not take the pawn off here.

Too slow; he must strike at once at the centre with P-QB4. It was essential to safeguard the position of his knight by 8... P-KR4.

Castling right into an attack. It was essential to safeguard the position of his knight by 8... P-KR4.

Harry Golombek

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The Times Jumbo Crossword

Prizes of £50 will be given for the first three correct solutions opened on Tuesday, June 7, 1983. Entries should be addressed to The Times Jumbo Crossword Competition, 12 Coley Street, London, WC99 9YT. The winners and solution will be announced on Saturday, June 11.

ACROSS
1 Quickly forestalling your announcement of Bull Run hero capturing Hood (6,3,3,4,8)
2 Material for carving a synthetic chemical flower? (9)
3 Aware of no casting difficulties (9)
4 What residents do to dry their laundry (5)
5 One linked with unrequited love (5-6)
6 Source of writer's tip on preparing band for finger-printing (3-4)
7 Easy to draw out, a bird, say, given a hat (7)
8 Applause for what the forty-niner was said to have (7)
9 A morsel "hen-pecked" (if smaller in scale) (6)
10 All sunny? Aged's recollection of earlier days (4,4,4)
11 Twin Thomas (7)
12 Critics for example as one of thirty (8)
13 How servants of the queen might subscribe themselves? (6-4)
14 Not that the legal term is so wildly funny (9)
15 PM's holding came, unusually poor recompense for wage-slaves (9)
16 Old snake-bite antidote - reach it with difficulty (7)
17 Let out secrets - little changed from how Falstaff spoke of green fields (7)
18 Prodigal is one more disheartened tramp (11)
19 He tempts one into trouble-centre (7)
20 In a Greek island many grow together (7)
21 Formality a sign of caution in court (4,7)
22 State of Elsa's birth (7)
23 One on an excursion (like Jack after water?) (7)
24 Drink imbued by Ciro's guests is terribly twee (5,4)
25 Like the mood of my Lady Poltgrove, tempting the Devil (9)
26 Trade of workman in charge of life-saving vessel (10)
27 Eligible bachelor's an adherent to the cause (8)
28 Domestic dog for Kipling (7)
29 Were seven Ephesians such go-ahead types? (5-7)
30 Algers, Algiers, scholar comes into the money (6)
31 Painter said you are unwell - see doctor about that (7)
32 Member has uncommonly neat clothing, so refined? (7)
33 Put in custody ten, is trouble corrupting agent (7)
34 He speaks for another tax to replace one in the interior (11)
35 Dyed-in-the-wool, but not entirely resisting rain (7)
36 Ophelia chanting "snatches of old times, As one - of her own distress" (9)
37 London reservoir - on which Mrs Carlyle played? (5,4)
38 Strong words advised to discourage infantile stermutation (5,7,2,4,6,3)

DOWN
1 Tale of a fairly disenchanted prince (6,3,3,5)
2 First murderer's description (11)
3 Curve in a sail (could be a catch) (5)
4 Second unknown quantity - expanded metal (7)
5 The sin associated with Mammon (15)
6 Tykes indeed are ill-fated (7)
7 Meaning "Execute document in the event of my disability" (11)
8 Cry that could make you no end sick. Reynard (6)
9 Like lords and ladies in a sporting contest round America (8)
10 Large tea-parties? They take some beating (11)
11 Most subtle creatures concealed one article after work (7)
12 Describing a "particular" order, might one be? (5)
13 Reduce to dross? If so, cry in distress (7)
14 All the same, once an unusual description of St James (9)
15 So excellent was Barrie's butler, Bill (9)
16 Born into mirth and the land of the living (5)
17 Media's ancient capital can beat a revolution (8)
18 Second bringer of news of one "clothed in white samite, myrric, wonderful" (5-6)
19 Obtains by entreaty the Rose-red city set-up I'm initiating (10)
20 Admirals perhaps causing gastric attack of nerves? (11)
21 Showed what den is in need of reform (7)
22 Security devices for cross-country motorists? (10)
23 Wandering Moor, right holy chap, colourfully represented by this (17)
24 Case contains uranium for sale (8)
25 Island prison for a Spanish pelican (8)
26 All washed up? Then dry up, and give up (5,2,3,5)
27 Official comes from Civic Centre, a sure Radical (9)
28 Tidy up what's very soft round the edge (5)
29 Maintenance of a secure repository, the custodian's job (4-7)
30 Beginning to row Atlantic by manoeuvring with much obstinacy (11)
31 He wrote part of Ophelia (7,4)
32 Soundly disapproved, we hear, boy's loss of self-control (9)
33 Describing the path of the project-planner or the book-reviewer? (8)
34 Centre-piece being the epistle Green concocted (7)
35 Not that the Venetian one sold ice-cream (7)
36 Racine's 58 friend's first bilingual instruction in tea-making (7)
37 "This guest of summer, The temple-haunting -" (Macbeth) (7)
38 Hence, priest's instruction how to turn wood into paper (6)
39 Woe is me, there's something missing (5)
40 Topping Nonconformist chapel girl (5)

ACROSS
1 Delicate blend (11)
2 Adagio (11)
3 Harness strap (9)
4 Evaporator (9)
5 Bigger (7)
6 Residing from (9)
7 place (11)
8 Replies (7)
9 Book division (7)
10 Sleeve opening (7)
11 Trial (6)
12 In the future (7)
13 (2,1,5,4)
14 Of sedentary rock (7)
15 Sailing vessel (8)
16 Enthusiast (7)
17 Overdone pride (9)
18 Glycerol (7)
19 Coins (7)
20 Caps (7)
21 Twenty faced solid (11)
22 Sagar pill (7)
23 Stream (7)
24 Ad lib (11)
25 Ad lib (11)
26 Illness (7)
27 Fear (7)
28 Exiles (9)
29 As a claw (4,5)
30 Without plan (10)
31 Having large eyes (4,4)
32 Mark fraction (7)
33 High altitude plant (6,6)
34 Blurry (6)
35 Facinate (7)
36 Irregular (7)
37 Head hair buster (6)
38 Annual extension (4,2,5)
39 Make fit again (7)
40 Finer than moderate (music) (9)
41 Mystic Hindu teacher (9)
42 Race victors' sacredness (7,10,10)
43 Special duty (10,2,5)
44 On our way (4,2,2)
45 Long distance runner (6,5)
46 Dashboard (5)
47 Opening (7)
48 Cover contrivance (9,6)
49 Penetratingly (10)
50 Sickly person (7)
51 Explaining (11)
52 Influx (6)
53 Tape container (

Entertainments

THEATRES

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CINEMAS

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PREVIEW Music



Concerts

RESURRECTION
 Tonight, 7.30pm, St John's, Smith Square, London SW1 (222 0611)
 The Clerks of Oxford sing Gibbons's 'I am the Resurrection, Sheppard's 'Western Wind' Mass, Byrd's 'Infixio ego, Tallis's 'Infixio ego' in situ.

BASSOON BONANZA
 Tonight, 7.30pm, Wigmore Hall, 38 Wigmore Street, London W1 (935 2141), credit cards 935 2222
 Assisted by Graham Shoen (bassoon) and Robin O'Neill (bassoon), among others, Robert Thompson (bassoon) offers a Saint-Saëns Sonata, an Elgar Romance, a Grieg Trio, Downey's Portrait No 2, Two Studies by Vaughan Williams and Weissenborn's Polka for three bassoons.

IMPORTANT STRAVINSKY
 Tomorrow, 7.30pm, Festival Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (222 3191), credit cards 935 2222
 Two major Stravinsky works, 'Oedipus Rex' and the Symphony of Psalms, are performed by the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus with soloists under Seiji Ozawa.

OPHELIA FRAGMENTS
 Tomorrow, 8pm, Almeida Theatre, Almeida Street, London N1 (359 4404)
 The German singer Roswitha Treder and the American pianist Frederick Knapp will perform 'Ophelia-Fragments' (music by Lombari, text by Müller) and 'Antigone' (music by Rzewski, text by Brecht). Part of the Almeida Festival.

BERKELEY'S BIRTHDAY
 May 31, 7.30pm, Purcell Room, South Bank, London SE1 (222 3191), credit cards 935 2222
 The Bochmann Quartet and others celebrate Sir Lennox Berkeley's eightieth birthday with Prokofiev's Opus 4, Sir Lennox's own Trio Op 44 and Sextet Op 47 are also included.

NEW OSBORNE
 May 31, 7.30pm, St John's, Smith Square, London SW1 (222 0611)
 Two London premieres from the Leicester School's 'Symphony Orchestra': Nigel Osborne's

GLYNDEBOURNE
 The season has just begun with Trevor Nunn's directing debut in opera, a new production of Mozart's 'Idomeneo'. Bernard Haitink conducts a cast including Philip Langridge in the title role and Margaret Marshall as Iphigeneia (Yvonne Kenny on June 2 and 4). On May 29, June 1 and 3, and alternating with 'Idomeneo' throughout June is Glyndebourne's revival of 'Die Entführung' (Return tickets for both works may be obtainable: ring 0273 812411/813424).

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA
 ENO are on tour this week in Plymouth, bringing Jonathan

FESTIVAL BALLET
 Coliseum (836 3161) until June 25, performances at 7.30pm, matinees at 2.30pm
 Today, the last performances of 'Romeo and Juliet' with André Hall and Ben van der Werf in the title roles, followed by 'The Sleeping Beauty' with Patricia Ruanne and Jonas Kage in the title roles. Starting Wednesday, a mixed bill with 'Petrushka', Glen Tetlow's 'Sphinx' and the London premiere of 'The Seasons', a colourful bravura work for large cast with choreography by Ronald Hynd to Glazunov's music.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY
 Sadler's Wells (278 9191) until June 4, performances at 7.30pm
 Tonight's programme is a triple bill of works by the retiring director, Robert Cohen, including his popular display piece 'Class'.

GLENN BRANCA
 Tonight and tomorrow, Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, London W5 (748 3354)
 A minimalist with a difference, this composer from downtown Manhattan will be presenting a symphony for a dozen guitars, one of his own. His hometown notices make him sound like a cross between Philip Glass and a Philip Lynott, which might be a good thing.

DIZZY GILLESPIE
 Tonight, Ronnie Scott's Club, 47 Fife Street, London W1 (430 0747)
 Sometimes he coasts; sometimes he jokes; and sometimes he turns that tilted trumpet into a blower, as if Bird and Bud were still in the wings.

ROBERT PALMER
 Tonight, Leeds University, tomorrow, Bristol Locarno; Mon, Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, London W1 (588 9522); Tues, HammerSmith Palace, Shepherd's Bush, London W8 (748 2812); Thurs, Lyceum, Wellington Street, London WC2 (836 3715); Fri, Top Rank, Brighton
 The infant sickness of his concert presentation should not be allowed to disguise the passionate commitment which Palmer brings to his synthesis of funk, Caribbean and electro-pop. His band is as sensational as his voice.

ASWAD
 Tonight, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street, London W8 (226 7483)
 Four albums and a handful of singles may not be much to show for eight years of hard work, but Aswad remain the most creative post-Wallers reggae band in the world, with a superbly imaginative command of textures, melodies and rhythms.



On the beat: Vladimir Ashkenazy (top left); Seiji Ozawa (top right); and Peter Maxwell Davies, whose Sea Eagle can be heard at Spitalfields Festival

MORE BRAHMS
 May 31, 8pm, Festival Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (222 3191), credit cards 935 2222
 The Los Angeles Philharmonic were allowed in after all, though only to play Brahms's one composer work we are not short of this year. Vladimir Ashkenazy solos in Piano Concerto No 2, Carlo Maria Giulini conducts Symphony No 1.

CORREN FAMILY
 June 2, 7.30pm, Wigmore Hall
 Raymond Corren (violin) and Robert Cohen (cello), father and son, perform Martin's Duo No 1, Rola's Duo No 1, Honnegger's Sonatina, and sonatas by Ravel and Boccherini.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA
 Meanwhile, Llandudno's 'Prisid' provocative, fun Carmen continues to horrify, annoy and delight, this

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On the beat: Vladimir Ashkenazy (top left); Seiji Ozawa (top right); and Peter Maxwell Davies, whose Sea Eagle can be heard at Spitalfields Festival

ROMEO AND JULIET
 June 2, 8pm, Festival Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (222 3191), credit cards 935 2222
 The Philharmonia again, this time in Prokofiev's 'Romeo and Juliet' ballet music and Violin Concerto No 2, in which Salvatore Accardo is soloist. Earlier comes Beethoven's most elusive symphony - No 4.

NEW RUBRA
 June 3, 7.30pm, Wigmore Hall
 Michael Hill gives the world premiere of a new piece by the composer of 'Fugue Op 181'. It separates Vol 2 of Liszt's 'Années de Pèlerinage' from Beethoven's 'Appassionata' Sonata.

TEATS IMAGES
 June 3, 7.30pm, Purcell Room, South Bank, London SE1 (222 3191), credit cards 935 2222
 Irving, plays Jonathan Harvey's 'Images After Yeats', Faure's 'Ballade Op 19', Berlioz's 'Sonata Op 20', Liszt's 'Mephisto Waltz No 1'.

MONTEVERDI VESPERS
 June 3, 8.15pm, Christ Church, London E1
 The Spitalfields Festival brings together the Westminster Singers, New London Consort, London Baroque Sinfonia and soloists such as Rogers Covey-Crump for Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610. Richard Hickox conducts.

REACTION, REVOLUTION
 June 3, 7.45pm, Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (222 3191), credit cards 935 2222
 The London Sinfonietta's 'Vienna: Reaction and Revolution' series kicks off with Lohar Zagrosk conducting three works by Richard Strauss: 'Symphony for Wind Instruments', 'Quinto Concertino' and 'La Bourgeoise Gentilhomme'.

HOLST RARITY
 After recent performances of 'Savitri' and 'The Wandering Scholar', Gustav Holst's second opera, 'The Perfect Fool' will be presented for scrutiny by Imperial Opera in a double-bill with Offenbach's 'The Island of Tulipani' at Baden-Powell House, Queen's Gate, London SW7 at 7.30pm this week from June 1-4. (Information from 693 7757)

RENNES DANCE THEATRE
 Taunton, Brewhouse (0823 82444) Tues, Wed, 8.30pm
 Paignton, Festival (0803 558541) Thurs, Fri, 8.30pm
 This lively small company from Brittany has been brought by South West Arts for a short tour with a programme by Grgi Caculacu that has been well received in Paris and further afield. They continue to Exeter (Northcott, June 4, 5), Southampton (Nuffield, June 6, 7), Bath (Royal, June 8).

LCDS WORKSHOPS
 The Place (387 0031) June 1-4 at 8pm
 Students of London Contemporary Dance School show their own compositions - admission free, but best to apply for a ticket first.

MARTHA & THE VANDELLAS
 Wed, Dingwells, Camden Lock, London NW1 (267 4957); Thurs, Dingwells, Bristol
 Among the greatest of all Motown alumni.

DAVID BOWIE
 Thurs-Sat, Wembley Arena, Middlesex (902 1234)
 The media event of the summer, said to have drawn more ticket applications than the Rolling Stones, sold out instantly. Advance reports from the Continent suggest a relaxed, stylish show ranging across the output of his entire career.

WEATHER REPORT
 Thurs-Fri, Dingwells, London NW1 (267 4957)
 Wayne Shorter and Joe Zawinul

Investment and Finance

City Editor
Anthony Hilton

THE TIMES

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STOCK EXCHANGES

FT Index 712.2 up 6.0
FT 100 92.56 up 0.47
Bargains: 20,038
Tring Hall USM Index 168.9
up 0.6
Tokyo Nikkei Dow Jones
8617.92 down 8.08
Hong Kong Hang Seng Index
913.90 up 5.45
New York Dow Jones Average
(latest) 1221.07 down 2.42

CURRENCIES

LONDON CLOSE
Sterling \$1.6030 up 30pts
Index 87.0 up 0.4
DM 3.9850 up 0.450
Fr 12.0850
Yen 382.00
Dollar
Index 123.5 up 0.4
DM 2.5077 up 117pts
Gold
\$437 down \$3
NEW YORK LATEST
Gold \$437
Sterling \$1.6015

INTEREST RATES

Domestic rates
Base rates 10
3 month interbank 10%
Euro-currency rates
3 month dollar 9% 9/16
3 month DM 5% 1/2
3 month Fr 13% 1/2
ECGD Fixed Rate Sterling
Export Finance Scheme IV
Average reference rate for
interest period April 6 to May 3,
1983 inclusive: 10.304 per cent.

PRICE CHANGES

AB Food 184p up 34p
Rotaprint 8.5p up 1.5p
I.D. & S. Riving 43p up 7p
Levo Focus 331p up 48p
Williamson 5p up 1p
Tricentral 228p up 35p
Thames Inv. 60p down 8p
Greenwich Cable 38p down 5p
Trust Secs. 65p down 8p
W. Rand Coms. 589p down 67p
Gramphorn £10.50 down £1.00
C Booth 21p down 2p

TODAY

Interim: Gomme Holdings, William Leech, Moran Tea Holdings, Pict Petroleum.
Finals: Hicking Pentecost, Macdonald Martin Distillers, Nineteen Twenty-Eight Investment Trust, North British Steel Group.
Economic statistics: Balance of payments, current account and overseas trade figures (April). Sales and orders in the engineering industries (February).

Woolwich issue £2m of CDs

Woolwich Building Society dipped a toe in the money market with the issue yesterday of £2m Certificates of Deposit with a coupon of 10% per cent. Nationwide was first into this new market for building societies, raising £1m earlier in the week.

"We aim to establish a reasonable presence in the market over the next few months. Money raised in the wholesale market will supplement the society's main source of funds from the personal sector and will help to maintain a 'consistent' programme of mortgage lending," Mr. Michael Tuke of the Woolwich said.

● **APPL** Ray Pettit, Holdings, yesterday said that there have been a large number of applications for membership of the group's underwriting syndicates despite the recent controversy surrounding police investigations into alleged irregularities in reinsurance transactions undertaken by the PCW Underwriting Agencies. Speaking after the Minet annual meeting in London at which no questions were asked he said that legal actions relating to the recovery of funds missing from the group will continue until much later this year.

● **SALE: DEAL** Robert McBride (Middleton), a subsidiary of British Petroleum, is buying a private, Yorkshire-based beauty products company for £2.75m. Hugo House Beauty Products, which operates from Bradford, makes up market toiletary goods. Total asset value is £995,000 and it made profits last year of £499,000.

● **DEVALUATION** Iceland yesterday devalued its currency, the crown, for the fourth time in just over a year. The Central Bank said the crown had been devalued by an average of 14.6 per cent against a basket of currencies most important to the country's fish-dominated trade. The devaluation came a day after a new centre-right government took over following elections in April.

WALL STREET

Prices in a holiday mood

New York (Reuters) - Share prices edged lower in early trading as investors moved away from the market ahead of the money supply figures.

Prices struggled for direction in the moderate pre-holiday activity as the latest rally took a breather.

The Dow Jones Industrial average was off about half a point, declines led advances by six to five and volume totalled about 11 million shares in the first 30 minutes of trading.

Analysts were looking for the market to move on a strong note since investors were expected to cover positions before the Memorial Day weekend. "The basic money supply growth was excessive, recently but most experts are predicting a moderation in the next three weeks," said Mr. Hugh Johnson, vice president of First Albany.

Honeywell was down 1 1/8 at 118 1/8. Exxon was off 1/8 at 34 3/8. General Motors was up 1/8 at 67 5/8. Eastman Kodak was off 1/4. Chicago & North Western was up 2 at 40 1/4.

£1bn tap surprises market

By Our Banking Correspondent

The Bank of England surprised the gilt market by announcing a £1bn tap issue yesterday. In a move to take advantage of the strength of financial markets, the Bank announced a tender issue of £1bn 10% per cent Treasury convertible stock due 1987.

The minimum tender price on June 2 is £98.25 and the issue is payable £20 on tender, £50 on July 18 and the rest on August 15. The stock is convertible into 9% per cent stock 2001 with the first conversion date on February 10, 1984.

Both the gilt market and sterling have risen sharply this week as the City has become increasingly convinced that the Conservatives will win the election. Government stocks closed off their best levels yesterday but still ended with gains of 2 1/2 to 3 1/2.

There was some surprise in the market that the Bank of England had launched a tap during the election campaign. However, it did this same during the last election campaign, announcing a tap on April 6, 1979.

Sterling managed to brush off the poor trade figures yesterday although it met some profit-taking towards the close. However, it still ended up on overnight levels on a day which also saw the dollar steaming ahead.

Sterling closed up 30 points against the dollar at \$1.6030 and up 0.4 at \$1.6030 on the weighted index after touching a six-month high of 87.3. Against the Deutschmark sterling closed at 4.0350 - up 4 pence.

The dollar also breached a psychological barrier against the Deutschmark closing at DM 2.5077 - 117 points.

There were reports from Washington that the US authorities were trying to dampen enthusiasm for the dollar and had intervened to stem the rise.

The two US-owned car makers operating in Britain, Ford and Vauxhall, have announced further investments after the success of their two models which are battling for supremacy in the medium-car sector, the Cavalier and the Ambassador.

Vauxhall is to take on 200 new workers at its Luton plant in Bedfordshire and double shift-working on the Cavalier to meet an expected upturn in demand when the market swells to meet demand for August registrations.

Ford has announced that heater and ventilation equipment fitted to its Sierra models are to be produced at Basildon, Essex, rather than being shipped from US factories. This switch involves an investment of £1.25m and increases job security for the 700 workers at the Basildon radiator plant operated by Ford.

At the Vauxhall plant production of Cavaliers is to be increased from 40 an hour to 45 in July, with progressive production increases to meet the expected demand in August.

Current account slump is worse than City feared

Britain suffers first manufacturing trade deficit as imports surge

By Frances Williams
Economics Correspondent

Britain's balance of payments on current account plunged into the red last month. And new figures confirmed that the country became a net importer of manufactured goods earlier this year for the first time in its industrial history.

The April trade figures, which were much worse than the City was expecting, bear out fears that Britain's tentative economic recovery is sucking in ever increasing quantities of imports while exports (other than oil) have levelled off after a strong performance late last year.

The balance of payments swung from a surplus of £565m in March to a £180m deficit in April. This was entirely the result of a £744m deterioration in visible trade from a £384m surplus to a £360m deficit last month, with the

BALANCE OF PAYMENTS					
	Total	On	Non-Oil	Balance	Current
1981	+2870	+3112	-242	+3091	+5891
1982	+2228	+4805	-2377	+1720	+3848
1982 Q1	+234	+898	-464	+355	+589
Q2	+123	+585	-736	+803	+803
Q3	+609	+1313	-704	+238	+847
Q4	+1292	+1726	-474	+447	+709
1983 Q1	-231	+1764	-1995	+540	+302
1983 Jan	-482	+329	-1011	+180	-302
Feb	-133	+815	-746	+180	-47
Mar	+454	+322	-238	+180	+554
April	-360	+474	-334	+180	-180

estimated £180m surplus in invisible trade (banking, shipping and so on) unable to make up the gap.

Exports fell back steeply from their record March levels of £5,291m to £4,804m in April, while the imports rose from £4,907m to a high of £5,164m.

Though lower oil exports were a factor, most of the deterioration came in non-oil trade where the deficit widened by £596m to £834m, second only to January's £1,001m deficit - the biggest recorded.

Analysts cautioned yesterday that the monthly trade figures

had become too erratic to interpret sensibly. But even on a longer-term basis Britain's trade performance has worsened sharply.

The deficit on non-oil trade has ballooned. From an average of £60m a quarter in 1981 and £594m in 1982, the gap had strengthened to £1,199m in the three months of last January and to £1,818m in the three months to April.

This reflects a steady worsening in Britain's trade in manufactures. The Department of Trade revealed yesterday that a deficit in manufactured trade was recorded in the first quarter this year, the first such shortfall since the Industrial Revolution two centuries ago.

The deficit of £664m, compared with a surplus of £678m in the final quarter of 1982, Britain's historical surplus on manufactured trade has earned

foreign exchange to pay essential imports of food and raw materials. That role has been increasingly assumed by oil. But with oil revenues expected to level off or even decline two years from now, the deterioration in non-oil trade is causing concern.

In the last three months exports were 1 1/2 per cent up on the previous three months in volume terms, but slightly below the level in the corresponding period in 1982. Oil exports, after rising sharply, have levelled out while the volume of non-oil exports has not changed much since recovering towards the end of 1982, the Department of Trade says.

Imports, by contrast, have risen 3 1/2 per cent in volume terms in the latest three months to a level 3 per cent above a year earlier, with most categories of goods showing increases.

City Comment

The Tilling bid laid bare

Shareholders in Thomas Tilling (not to mention those in BTR) must be getting thoroughly confused by now on the BTR bid for Tilling.

The story so far goes back a dawn raid on Tilling shares by BTR early last month, followed by a full bid - then valued at £276m in shares, or £538m on the 185p a share cash alternative. Before speculation broke out Tilling's shares were 123p after a disappointing year.

Condensing the arguments for reasons of space, Tilling cried "rape!", accusing BTR of wanting to strip off its valuable assets.

BTR said, "Nonsense, we can manage them better. That's all." Early on in the piece Lord Cockfield, the trade secretary, took the amazing decision of not sending Britain's biggest ever bid to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission, thus allowing a free-for-all.

This is what it has become. Tilling's powerful defence of a 113 per cent increase in profits to an all-time high of £95m brought question marks plus a much more realistic bid from BTR: £664m with a cash alternative of 225p a share. All the while, BTR was buying Tilling shares in the market as hard as it could go.

Tilling's reply to this verged on the self-defeating: with proposals to sell the most alluring assets itself if the BTR bid failed.

BTR in turn pointed out that it could (although carefully not saying it would) prevent this deterioration since it had control of enough shares to block approval of such deconglomeration. How, one asks, could the BTR board justify that to its own shareholders on the grounds of its previous arguments?

The odds are still on a BTR win - it is steadily building its stake in the market at the cash alternative price and its own shares are holding up well.

Safeway raises bid for Key Markets

By Andrew Cornelius

Safeway Food Stores yesterday made a third attempt to take over Fitch Lovell's 100 Key Markets supermarkets with a £44.8m bid. This tops an earlier bid from Linford Holdings of £4m.

This latest bid from Safeway means that there have now been five separate offers for Key Markets in as many weeks.

Mr Geoffrey Hankins, chief executive of Fitch, said that the Safeway bid was "exaggerating". He said that the bidding has clearly got to stop somewhere, but in the meantime Fitch would clearly have to take the highest offer available to shareholders.

However the Fitch board will not formally respond to the Safeway offer until after the weekend. "If you react to this sort of thing too promptly it merely confuses shareholders," Mr Hankins said.

There was no response from Linford Holdings, whose £40.8m offer for Key Markets had been accepted by the Fitch board.

Linford said last night that "all options are open again". Those options include pulling out altogether, increasing the bid for Key Markets, or making a bid for the whole Fitch group.

Linford has been considering making an offer for the Fitch cash-and-carry businesses as well as the Key Markets stores.

However, Fitch has so far refused to discuss anything other than a Key Markets sale. Mr Hankins admitted that all of these things are on the cards now that the bidding for Key Markets has reopened.

While the auction continues, Mr Hankins cannot press ahead with expansion plans for Fitch Lovell around its food manufacturing businesses. A number of deals are at an advanced stage of negotiation, but cannot be taken any further until the long-term future of Fitch as an independent company is guaranteed.

Fitch shareholders are due to vote on the £40.8m Linford offer at an extraordinary meeting on June 10, having previously turned down a £37.8m offer from Safeway.

If Linford does not match the Safeway offer, Fitch shareholders will be asked to attend yet another extraordinary meeting to agree the Key Markets sale to Safeway.

The bidding for Key Markets began last October with an £87m bid for the whole of Fitch by Linford. That bid lapsed after a referral to the Monopolies Commission and Fitch subsequently announced a separate deal to sell Key Markets to Safeway for £34.8m. The stakes have been raised four times since then.

Central-ACC wrangle

By Our Financial Staff

Central Independent Television, is involved in a legal wrangle with its former parent company, Associated Communications Corporation, over the costs of uncompleted television programmes.

The dispute involves some episodes of programmes like *Crossroads* and *Mick and Bruce* bought from ATV Network, the previous contractor.

Although ACC and Central agreed a value of £8.6m for completed and uncompleted programmes, ACC's new Australian owners have put a

different interpretation on the valuation. Central has offered £445,000 as a settlement, included as a provision in the accounts, though it is still waiting for a formal claim from ACC.

In 1982, its first year of operation, Central made a profit of £3.5m though the extraordinary cost of closing the Elstree studio in Hertfordshire, reduced the figure to £262,000.

The second year profit forecast of £3.1m in the prospectus should be easily attainable.

Ford and Vauxhall to expand

By David Young

are to be produced at Basildon, Essex, rather than being shipped from US factories. This switch involves an investment of £1.25m and increases job security for the 700 workers at the Basildon radiator plant operated by Ford.

At the Vauxhall plant production of Cavaliers is to be increased from 40 an hour to 45 in July, with progressive production increases to meet the expected demand in August.

A company spokesman said: "The additional labour is being hired to ensure a satisfactory start-up of the second shift brought in at Luton for Cavalier

production in August."

In the first four months of this year Vauxhall's market share has risen by 16.5 per cent and is now running at 32.6 per cent of the market.

The Ford investment comes after its recent announcement that £100m has been spent on its Dagenham engine plant to enable the multi-national to supply a new generation of passenger car diesel engines to its British and European operations. With its new engine plant at Bridgend in South Wales Britain is now Ford's main European source of power units.

S. Pearson brings in an outsider

By Sandy McLachlan

S. Pearson & Son, originally the holding company for the Cowdrey family interests and now a public company in which the Cowdrey family still has considerable direct and indirect shareholdings, has spent a year looking for a managing director from outside the group.

It is most unusual for Pearson to bring in an outsider at such a high level, but the chairman-elect, Lord Blakenham, nephew of Lord Cowdrey, said last night:



Gibson: Retiring in September

"Lord Gibson (who became chairman within the group) has not been a full time chairman. On the other hand, I will be a full time chairman, and I have been managing director since 1978."

Mr John Hale, a director and senior vice-president of Alcan Aluminium, will join Pearson as managing director on September 1 when Lord Gibson retires.

Lord Blakenham is at present deputy chairman and managing director. These moves were announced at the annual meeting of S. Pearson yesterday.

The group takes in Pearson Longman, which includes *The Financial Times*, Westminster Press and Penguin book publishers. It also has interests in banking (Lazard), fine china (Royal Doulton), oil and engineering.

Lord Blakenham has been with the group for 22 years and has been on the board since 1971. His progress through the group includes stints with Lazard, Doulton and Pearson Longman.

He denied that the introduction of an outsider indicated a lack of internal management succession. "Pearson is now in five important areas, and no one internally is going to have experience in all five. 'Anyway, most of the chief executives in these divisions are doing key jobs there. John Hale's job will be to organise the management of the divisions. My job is to lead the board and give time to longer term strategy."

BP deal to buy more Saudi crude oil

By Jonathan Davis, Energy Correspondent

British Petroleum has tied up a deal to purchase 25,000 barrels a day of Saudi Arabian crude oil, further breaking into the traditional monopoly over Saudi supplies exercised by the Arabian Oil Company (Aramco).

The deal had been signed between Petromin, the Saudi state oil company, and BP Oil International, the main trading operation inside the BP group. It follows a similar deal last year between the Saudi and BP's German subsidiary, Deutsche BP, also involving 25,000 barrels a day.

The two moves represent the culmination of BP's ambitions to break into the market for Saudi crude, which for over 40 years have been dominated by the American oil companies in the Aramco partnership. They are Exxon, Mobil, Standard Oil of California (Socal) and Texaco.

Although the quantities involved in the deal amount to only a fraction of Saudi Arabia's total output of three to four million barrels a day, the deal is regarded by BP as an important foothold in the marketing arrangements of a country that is still the world's largest single oil exporter.

BP said that it had contracted to pay for the Saudi supplies at

the official price of \$29 a barrel.

Aramco's liftings of Saudi Arabian oil have fallen steadily during the last two years, reflecting the fact that for most of the period Saudi Arabian crude oil was overpriced relative to the rest of the market. Until the Opec's agreement in March to reduce its reference price by \$5 a barrel, the Saudi authorities insisted on maintaining the \$34 official price for their oil even though other Opec members were offering significant discounts.

This so-called Aramco disadvantage left the American companies in the partnership nursing significant losses because of the depressed product prices in Western markets, they failed to cover the cost of their expensive Saudi supplies. But the disadvantage has largely evaporated with the strengthening of prices since March.

Tricentral's shares closed higher at 226p last night amid persistent speculation of an impending takeover bid. Sir Alastair Frame, Rio Tinto-Zinc's chief executive, explicitly denied that he was preparing a bid, but this did nothing to dampen City expectations of a deal which would value Tricentral at more than £200m.

AB Foods sells subsidiary in South Africa for £200m

By Jonathan Clark

Associated British Foods, which includes Sunblest bakeries and Fine Fare supermarkets, has sold its South African interests to a local consortium for almost £200m.

The deal means that ABF no longer has a presence in South Africa. The consortium which has bought ABF's controlling stake of 52 per cent in the Premier Group, which runs all its South African businesses, is led by Johannesburg, Consolidated Investment Company and the Liberty Life Association of South Africa, but with Anglo American Corporation taking a smaller holding.

The deal was arranged after an approach by the consortium six weeks ago. Premier is South Africa's fourteenth largest company and ABF's disposal is the largest ever divestment by a foreign company operating in South Africa.

It has caused speculation in South Africa that foreign invest-

ors are concerned by political developments, particularly in the wake of the Pretoria car bomb explosion.

But Mr Garfield Weston, ABF's chairman, said he sold out because of the attractive state of the Johannesburg stock market and the February lifting of exchange controls which allows ABF to take the cash out of the country. There is also a very low South African tax liability.

Premier has grown fast at about 20 per cent a year because of growing demand for foods but slowed drastically last year along with the South African economy. There are some worries that further growth will be difficult without heavy capital expenditure.

The divestment will reduce ABF's earnings per share but improve the quality of earnings. ABF's shares jumped by more than 22 per cent from 150p to 184p on the news.

Mr Weston said ABF had no immediate plans for the cash but overseas acquisitions are likely to keep balance between UK and foreign earnings. The United States, where ABF already has a successful Twinkies business, is a possible market.

The consortium is paying R25 for each Premier share to give a total payment to ABF of £198m. Borrowings of R260m (£153m) at Premier will be repaid.

As part of the transaction Premier will receive a 34 per cent stake in South African Breweries, where Johannesburg Consolidated is a large shareholder.

Mr Tony Bloom, the chairman of Premier Group, said that he was "absolutely delighted that a strategic national asset is back on shore and in South African hands after 20 years". Michael Hornsby writes from Johannesburg.

UK drive by Japanese in Hongkong

By John Lawless

Britain's toughest competitor in the Far East, the Japanese, will next week announce that they are going to sell British-made consumer goods in Hongkong.

Mitsukoshi, Japan's prestige department store, is to stage a two-week promotion solely for British products.

Mitsukoshi's London buying office has been active during recent weeks, selecting goods to go on the shelves of its store in Hongkong.

Hongkong overtook Japan last year to become Britain's biggest Asian market. Sales were worth £732m against those to Japan of £681m.

But they have mostly been linked to big projects - with £500m worth of GEC turbines gradually being shipped out to the new Castle Peak power station, and with Metro-Cammell carriages still going into service on the Mass Transport Railway.

British trade commissioners in Hongkong negotiated the deal with Mitsukoshi and have other store promotions lined up.

Britain's market share is 4.5 per cent and its trade advisers are stressing that Hongkong's growing affluence, particularly among an emerging middle class demands a big export drive.

Building firms optimistic

By Barrie Phillips, Property Correspondent

Building materials producers expect to increase sales this year by about 10 per cent after last year's rise of 8 per cent, the National Council of Building Material Producers says.

According to a survey by the council last month, at least half its members expect to increase sales this year.

Hopes of increased sales are based on the rise in housing

starts which could total 180,000 by the end of the year. Higher improvement and renovation grants are also keeping sales buoyant, said the council.

Despite the improved outlook there is still plenty of spare capacity in the industry.

Two-thirds of manufacturers questioned said they could meet increases in demand of 20 per cent

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The Over-the-Counter Market

1987/88			1986/87			1985/86			
Index	High	Low	Company	Price	Change	Price	Change	Price	Change
142	120	118	Am Brit Ind Ord	135	-	6.4	4.7	7.9	10.3
158	117	115	Am Brit Ind CULS	152	-	10.0	6.6	-	-
74	57	57	Airsping Group	65	-	6.1	9.4	18.6	18.6
46	28	28	Armistead & Rhodes	28	-	4.3	15.4	3.1	5.5
345	197	197	Bardon Hall	345	-	11.4	3.3	14.5	18.3
130	108	108	CCCL 11.0% Conv Pref	149	-	15.7	10.5	-	-
270	210	210	Cadbury Group	212	-5.2	17.6	8.3	-	-
97	77	77	Charles Green	65	-	6.0	13.3	3.0	8.0
97	77	77	Frank Hornell	96	-	8.7	8.2	8.0	8.6
96	75	75	Frederic Horne Pl Ord R7	94	-	8.7	10.5	11.3	11.3
83	61	61	Frederick Parker	62	-	7.1	11.5	3.9	6.2
55	34	34	George Blair	34	-	-	-	5.9	12.3
100	74	74	Ind Pres Castings	75	-	7.3	9.7	9.6	12.1
151	94	94	Jas Cowie	157	-	15.7	7.5	-	-
101	94	94	Jackerson Group	151	+1	9.0	6.0	3.9	7.7
225	111	111	James Byrrough	225	-	9.6	4.3	16.4	18.2
260	148	148	Robert Jenkins	148	-	20.0	13.5	1.6	23.5
83	54	54	Suttons "A"	67	-	5.7	8.5	8.7	10.5
167	110	110	Taylor & Charles	112	-	11.4	10.1	5.0	8.6
29	21	21	Unicomp Holdings	26	-	0.46	1.3	-	-
84	64	64	Walker Alexander	64	-	5.4	9.3	4.9	4.1
270	214	214	W. S. Yates	265	-	12.1	6.5	4.1	7.5

But the week must be regarded as unnatural. Equities are not likely to go much higher before the election and, since they are discounting a substantial Tory victory, are likely to fall back after June 9 whatever happens.

[illegible]

.. **Jeremy Francis**

10

Bristol.

Manchester, Life Association of _____

Company	Original Estimate	Actual Maturity
1. Scottish American	4,062	10,767
2. U.K. Prudential	3,205	8,779
3. Sun Alliance	2,818	6,738
4. Scottish and L.A.	2,010	6,554
5. Norwich Union	2,581	6,914
6. Equitable Life	—	6,618
7. Scottish Widows	3,785	6,585
8. Standard Life	4,054	5,271
9. Scottish Mutual	3,633	5,046
10. Scottish Equitable	2,176	4,180
11. Scottish Widows	2,811	—

[illegible]

RUGBY UNION

Promoter says paid ranks plan will go ahead

By David Hinds, Rugby Correspondent

The International Rugby Board will receive an appeal from one of its member countries for an emergency meeting, it has been confirmed in Sydney yesterday that plans for a professional tournament are going ahead. Sir Nicholas Shephard, the president of the Australian Rugby Union (ARU), has written to the board - "we usually meet each March - and said: 'I am confident that the Board will convene a meeting very soon'."

Sir Nicholas' action came after the announcement by David Lane, the Australian sports promoter, that more than 200 players from the world's leading rugby countries had signed to play in a professional tournament to be held over the next two years. There was no indication of how the money would be raised to provide the estimated £20m. Lane said he had confirmed the plans because he wished to deny any South African involvement in them.

"I would love to see South Africa as one of the teams," he said. "But it's not the president at the moment. There would be neither South African players nor South African money tied up in the venture, he claimed, adding that he would otherwise have been reluctant to see players involved might have come under pressure from political groups.

Of the 208 players alleged to be involved, 25 are believed to be English, 24 Scottish, 21 Irish and a minimum of 18 Welsh. The total, it is said, includes 20 of the touring Lions in New Zealand.

John Lawrence, the secretary of the four Home Unions tours committees, said that any player discovered to have signed to play in a professional competition would be ineligible for the Lions but that there would be no such ban. "I think it's stupid of a self-confessed underdog to suggest to make such an announcement in the middle of an important international tour," he said. "It's despicable, it stinks to high heaven."

Mr Lane has stated his intention of using the Australian tour which he claims, held a three-year contract with him: five years ago to attract

Huddle has something to prove

By Stuart Jones, Football Correspondent

If this is Saturday, it must be Belfast. After visiting the national headquarters in Athens and London to watch the European and domestic Cup Finals, Bobby Robson continues his tour of duty in the north of Ireland, where his second side, the holders, play their second leg of this year's home international championship.

The passenger list is incomplete as usual. Two former captains, Wilkins and Bryan Robson of Manchester United, are missing from the fourth successive tour after holding an impromptu party at Wembley to celebrate Sir Alex Ferguson's birthday on Thursday night. Martin is absent through injury.

Shilton takes charge again, from the rear of the scrum, as it was, not the man who will be in control of England's destiny as well as his own is Huddle. His international career has so far been full of ups and downs. He has been in and out of the team, and he has been in and out of the team.

Huddle, perhaps the only Englishman to have played in all four of the major European competitions, was left more or less grounded by Ron Greenwood and has been allowed only a relatively meaningless 15 minutes of action against Luxembourg by Robson in his 10 and a half hours as manager.

Despite such meagre opportunities, Huddle has shown his talent. He has been in and out of the team, and he has been in and out of the team. He has been in and out of the team, and he has been in and out of the team.

Two of them, Mabbett and Roberts, will be joining him in familiar white shirts. The 21-year-old Mabbett, more than a year in the team, has been in and out of the team, and he has been in and out of the team.

Roberts, older than Mabbett but a professional for less than three years, completes an equally notable recovery. He has been in and out of the team, and he has been in and out of the team.

His confidence then drained away to such a low ebb that it was as if he had run out of fuel. Consequently he was dropped by his club. Now a new team has been formed, and he has been in and out of the team.

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FOOTBALL: CAN HOME INTERNATIONALS MATCH THE CUP FINAL?



Robson: first cap

well as being troubled by a knee complaint. Yet he is fit to resume his attacking partnership with Bisset and Francis, who rested during yesterday's training because of a slight ankle strain.

The Irish are also below full strength. O'Neill, Leicester City's defender, damaged ankle ligaments during the practice draw against Scotland at Hampden Park on Tuesday night and is considered more than doubtful. The experienced Chris Nicholl, his replacement, then, stands by again and is likely to win his forty-seventh cap.

They are without Whitehead as well, though the reason is far more improbable. After becoming the youngest player, by 19 days, to score in the FA Cup final, United's 18-year-old forward was inoculated against malaria and the reaction was so unfavourable that the immediate withdrawal from tonight's match after travelling back with his triumph to Manchester. He may also miss the game against Wales on Tuesday.

Northern Ireland have one record to protect and another to break. They have not lost at Windsor Park for over 10 years, and recently conceded West Germany their first European championship, but they have not beaten England at home for 56 years. They may be underdog, but then so were Brighton last Saturday and Hamburg on Wednesday.

ENGLAND: P. Shilton (Southampton), P. Neal (Liverpool), R. B. Baker (Sheff Wed), G. Robson (Manchester United), G. B. B. Baker (Sheff Wed), G. Robson (Manchester United), G. B. B. Baker (Sheff Wed), G. Robson (Manchester United).

● Neil Slater, Bristol Rovers, teenage defender, collects his first Welsh cap in today's British championship tie against Scotland at Cardiff Stadium, after drawing 0-0 at home to Northern Ireland on Tuesday, made seven changes.

SCOTLAND: J. Leighton (Aberdeen), R. Gould (Dundee United), A. McLean (Aberdeen), W. Smith (Dundee United), A. McLean (Aberdeen), W. Smith (Dundee United), A. McLean (Aberdeen), W. Smith (Dundee United).

● Nick Pickering, Sunderland's England under-21 midfielder, is to join the senior England party for next month's three-match tour to Australia. He replaces Alan Devonish of West Ham United, who is injured.

Alan Davies, Manchester United's Wales under-21 player, has been dropped from the club's trip to Cardiff on Wednesday. He is replaced by Alan Devonish of West Ham United, who is injured.

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The underdogs who snapped back at authority

DAVID MILLER

I was there the last time the winners scored four goals in an FA Cup Final. I am sure Manchester United will forgive me for saying that the replay on Thursday evening was not quite the same. The performance of Bryan Robson, who had authority though it may have been, I did not quite rank with those of Matthews, Taylor and Mortensen, of Blackpool, 30 years ago.

Yet the 1983 final should be analysed carefully by anyone fearful for football's survival. What was it about these two games between relegated Brighton and Hove Albion and one of the most famous clubs in the world which suddenly had neutral observers dancing with joy? When all said and done, team costing millions of pounds had required two no more than half decent matches (and they should have lost the first) to defeat the big-hearted underdogs. One's enthusiasm needs explanation.

The truth is that we have just experienced probably the most unexpected domestic season since 1946 and then had our spirits uplifted by two matches at Wembley which recaptured some of the old flame of sportmanship and uncertainty which once a century or more has made football the foremost sport in the world.

Manchester United won, but Brighton made the final memorable. If it is true that the Brighton manager, Jimmy Melia, made a misjudgment in re-admitting Foster for the replay, disrupting the defence which had done so well on Saturday, the cheap, anxious sneers from the United section of the crowd on Thursday, which were directed at Foster, provided one good reason for giving the competing clubs fewer tickets, not more.

To the names of the defeated Brighton heroes must be added Robson, who with Shilton, Sanson and Francis is clearly one of England's few players of outstanding international quality, and Wilkins.

Mr Grey, who ignored the ugly facts committed by Cee last Saturday, exhibited the usual inhibition of referees granted a Wembley final before they retire.

The referee in Athens in the European Cup Final on Wednesday did not earn full marks. Either. There has not been such a clear penalty, when Hamburg's goalkeeper pushed Platini off the ball, having misjudged the bounce, since Schwarzscher's assault on the Frenchman, Bastian, in the World Cup semi-final. The opinion of Bobby Charlton and Lawrie McMenemy, the BBC's experts in London, that it was not a penalty, simply reinforces the view that most professionals have lived with expediency so long that they can no longer objectively distinguish between right and wrong.

Manchester United's victory was a fitting birthday present for Sir Matt Busby, of whom the Manchester Guardian writing about the FA Cup Final, 50 years ago said: "Sometimes he does dare-devil things that makes the directors feel old before their time. But who would have him different? He laughs equally at his blunders and his successes, which of course is the privilege as well as the mark of a great player. He would be a certain choice for that select XI of Footballers Who Obviously Love Football - and that is the highest praise of all." The 1983 Final will be remembered for recapturing something of that quality.

Last Sunday, in *Face the Press* on Channel 4, Jack Dunnett, the President of the Football League, emphatically, indeed, astomishingly, denied that football was one of the game's priorities, thereby putting himself singularly out of time with the majority of the 50 million or so who watched the final and actually enjoyed it. What the two matches have done is reminded us of the real reasons why the public loves the game and that it is far too important to be left in the hands of the professionals and full time administrators like Mr Dunnett, all of whom have been encouraged in the last 20 years erroneously to believe that winning is what matters.

The cynics were saying that the only reason Wilkins scored such a super goal in the first match was that he had no one to

judges, and he now finds himself four minutes behind Rottler. STAKE: R. B. Baker (Sheff Wed), G. Robson (Manchester United), G. B. B. Baker (Sheff Wed), G. Robson (Manchester United), G. B. B. Baker (Sheff Wed), G. Robson (Manchester United).

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Law Report May 28 1983

Conciliation papers do not have absolute privilege

Tadd v Eastwood and Another, Before Mr Justice Hirst (Judgment delivered May 27)

Evidence adduced before a joint committee of the Newspaper Publishers' Association and the Institute of Journalists, set up under an agreed conciliation procedure, was not subject to absolute privilege and was therefore potentially actionable in defamation. Moreover, it was not a term which would be implied by law into an agreement to refer a dispute to such a committee that an action in defamation would not be brought by the parties in respect of such evidence.

Mr Justice Hirst so held in the Queen's Bench Division giving judgment for the plaintiff Mr William Tadd against the second defendants, Daily Telegraph Ltd, on two preliminary issues arising in an action for libel brought by the plaintiff.

In 1979 a dispute had arisen between the Institute of Journalists and the second defendants concerning the activities of the plaintiff as a member of the institute. The agreed conciliation procedure was adopted but failed to resolve the dispute.

The plaintiff was dismissed and the dispute then referred to a joint committee of the Newspaper Publishers' Association and the Institute of Journalists in accordance with the agreed conciliation procedure.

In the course of presenting the second defendant's case before that committee, the allegedly libellous document prepared by the first defendant was published to the committee members. The plaintiff brought an action for damages in libel.

The defendants claimed that the publication had occurred on an occasion covered by absolute privilege and/or that it was an implied term of the agreement between the plaintiff and the second defendants to remit the issue to the committee that he would not bring such an action against either of the defendants and those issues were ordered to be tried as preliminary issues.

Mr John Preville for the plaintiff; Mr Michael Tugendhat for the defendants.

Solicitors: Peter Carter Ruck & Partners; Mr R. C. M. Sykes.

Habeas corpus plea on conditions fails

Regina v Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, Ex parte Naurah and Another, Before Mr Justice Stephen Brown and Mr Justice McCullough (Judgment delivered May 27)

Although the conditions in which the applicants were detained were far from satisfactory, they were not so as would give rise to a finding that the detention was unlawful, the Queen's Bench Divisional Court held when refusing applications for habeas corpus by Mrs Naurah and Swinder Naurah.

Lord Gifford, QC for the applicants; Mr Laurence Marshall for the Metropolitan Police Commissioner.

MR JUSTICE STEPHEN BROWN said that the two applicants had been remanded in custody by Uxbridge Justices when they appeared on charges relating to illegal importation of heroin and cannabis. Their advocates of counsel had been refused admission to the court on May 27, 1983 and the court ordered the detention of the applicants to continue until May 28, 1983.

Since admissions to Britain were restricted, they were not able to be taken there and instead were taken to cells at Camberwell Green Magistrates' Court.

The applicants did not challenge the detention but the conditions of the detention. Section 6 of the Immigration (Temporary Provisions) Act 1981 provided that where it was not practicable to secure the admission of a person to the prison in which his detention was authorized.

The applicants were lawfully detained in the custody of constables until such time as they could be admitted to the prison or required to appear before a court, in a situation envisaged by the Act.

It was submitted that the conditions in which the applicants were detained were of such a character that the court should consider the detention unlawful. The facts were set out in the affidavits filed on behalf of the applicants.

The two applicants were in a cell 6ft by 8ft. The cell had no windows.

On demonstrations on the highway at Club Row Market against the sale of live animals there.

HIS LORDSHIP said that, although, when viewed in isolation, section 58(1) of the 1974 Act appeared to apply to nuisance by noise emanating anywhere in the local authority's area, when seen in the context of the whole of Part III of that Act, especially section 59, and similar provisions in the public Health Act 1936, it was clear that it was not intended to apply to noise emanating from premises.

Saturday

Television and radio programmes

Edited by Peter Davalle

Sunday

BBC 1

6.25 Open University (until 8.30): 8.55 *Cutty on Duty*: old Leon Errol comedy; 9.15 *Get Set* with Ultravox; and the result of Radio One's Great Rock and Roll Trivia contest.

11.00 Grandstand: International Golf (Sun Alliance PGA) at 11.00, 1.30, 2.10 and 3.10; News at 1.00; International Rugby Union (Wellington v The Lions) at 1.05; Racing from Haydock at 1.50, 2.20, and 2.50 (Cocacola Handicap); International Athletics (Hercules Trust Games, from Meadowbank) at 2.40 and 3.10. Includes the final of the 5,000m and the Men's and Women's 100m, plus further coverage of the Sun Alliance championship, and the Athletics.

3.10 International Show Jumping (Everest Double Glazing Trophy) from Hickstead; 5.00 Final Score.

5.10 *Mickey and Donald*: cartoon show; 5.35 News with Jan Leeming; 5.45 Sports roundup.

5.50 *The Keith Harris Show*: The guests are Gloria Grogan, the Irish comedian Jimmy Cricket, Sweet Dreams; and the comedienne Les Lindes.

6.25 Pop Quiz: Roy Wood and Paul Jones captain the teams consisting of Clive Grogan, Lee John, Brian Robertson and Edwin Collins.

6.55 *Film: When Eagles Dare* (1968) Second World War adventure spectacle with a high mortality rate. About an Allied mission to rescue a senior US officer being held by the Nazis. With Clint Eastwood, Richard Burton, Mary Ure. Director: Brian G. Hutton.

9.30 *The Val Doonican Show*: The singer's guests are Harry Secombe, Rita Coolidge and Ronnie Milne. Sir Harry sings some of the songs requested by British troops in the Falklands when he visited them earlier this year. Families of some of the serving men and women will be in the studio, watching the show.

10.15 News and sports roundup.

10.35 *Fanny by Gaslight*: Final part of this Victorian melodrama, with Clive Grogan, Fanny and Michael Culver as the dastardly Manderses (r).

11.30 International Football: The best of the action from the Northern Ireland v England clash and the Wales v Scotland match, both of which took place today.

12.30 International Golf: Highlights from the second round in the Sun Alliance PGA Championship, played today at Royal St George's Golf Club. Commentary Harry Carpenter, Peter Alliss, Clive Clark, Bruce Charlton, and Alan Hay.

1.10 Weather forecast for Sunday.

tv-am

6.25 Good Morning Britain, with the two Parkinsons. Includes news at 6.25, 7.00, 8.00 and 8.30; Sport at 7.00 and 7.15; Michael Parkinson's interview at 8.07; Aerobics at 8.32. And, at 8.40, *Dave Rux* - the programme for youngsters. With David Essex guest co-host, and the Breakfast Bunch. Ends at 9.25.

ITV/LONDON

9.25 LWT information: What to watch, where to go, 9.30 *Sesame Street*; 10.30 *No 72*: Entertainment for youngsters in an imaginary house.

12.15 World of Sport: The line-up for 12.20 Joe Hockey (Stanley Cup Final); 12.40 On the Ball (Northern Ireland v England preview); 1.00 Basketball (NBA Final); 1.15 News; 1.20 The ITV Six: From Doncaster, the 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, and from Ayr, the 1.45, 2.15 and 2.45.

2.55 *Boxing: Hagler v Scapino*, for the world middleweight title; 3.25 *Gymnastics* (European Men's Championships); 3.45 *Wrestling*: three bouts from Bradford; 4.40 *Gymnastics* (More from Varna, Bulgaria); 4.55 Results; 5.05 News.

5.15 *The Stunters*: 5.30 *The Fall Guy*: An old stuntman is framed for the murder of a local farmer. It proves to be the work of a corrupt sheriff and the local baron.

8.30 *Russ Abbott's Madhouse*: with Basil Donkin, Gold Toes, Neil, Vera and Mavis. Sid and Spiv and Ringo etc. etc.

7.00 Football: Northern Ireland v England and Wales v Scotland (it's a live transmission from Belfast, plus recorded highlights from the game in Wales). Commentator Martin Tyler. Belfast is Manchester United's manager Ron Atkinson. Trevor Brooking and Ian St John will be in the studio, summing things up.

9.30 *Tales of the Unexpected*: The Vespene Blade, a duellist (Peter Cushing) looks back. With Anthony Higgins and John Bailey. 10.00 News.

10.15 *Blindfold*: Richard H. Francis's drama about two women bingo-players stars Gwen Taylor and Angela Crow, and co-stars Benjamin Whitrow, Sandra Gough and Johnathon Morris.

11.15 London news headlines. Followed by *Darts*: John Lowe versus Jocky Wilson (World Professional champion).

11.45 *Shot Put*: Semi-final of the John Butt Bitter Championship. 'Maltese Joe' Barbara plays Charlie Nolan for a place in the final; 12.45 Close with Brian Blessed.

Kiri Te Kanawa and Plácido Domingo in Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* (BBC 2, 7.30pm)

BBC 2

6.25 Open University (until 3.10)

3.10 *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938). One of the best swashbuckling movies ever made, with Errol Flynn (never better) as the legendary knight of wrongs, Olivia de Havilland as his lady love, and Basil Rathbone as evil personified. Director: Michael Curtiz.

4.50 International Golf: Live coverage of the Sun Alliance PGA, from Royal St George's (more at 12.30pm, on BBC 1).

6.15 *States of Mind*: Jonathan Miller talks to Dr Hanna Segal, the psychoanalyst, who worked closely with Melanie Klein on the importance of the first year of life.

7.05 News and sports roundup.

7.20 Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*: The presentation of tonight's opera (at 7.30) puts us in the mood for it. He talks to Thomas Allen (who sings Lescaut).

7.30 *The Royal Opera: Manon Lescaut*. Simultaneously transmitted on Radio 3 and the BBC World Service, this is the Covent Garden production of Puccini's opera, starring Kiri Te Kanawa in the title role, and Plácido Domingo as Lescaut. The evening's events of 1922 and 1933, recorded on film.

8.50 *Thank God It's Sunday*: Sir John Betjeman on how London spends the Sabbath day (r).

9.20 *Manon Lescaut*: Acts 3 and 4. Everest - the first attempt: The stirring events of 1922 and 1933, recorded on film. Tomorrow night: the conquest.

11.05 *Newsnight*: Campaign 83. Election roundup.

11.35 *Film International: Four Nights of a Dreamer* (1971). Robert Rossen's film of Dostoevsky's *White Nights*, set in present-day Paris, stars Isabelle Weingarten and Guillaume de Forêt. Ends at 1.00am.

CHANNEL 4

2.30 *Power Play*: The studio council debates the issue of school closures.

2.45 *Film: Pygmalion* (1938). Respectful film version of Shaw's play about the phonetic professor and the cockney flower girl. Co-starring Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller, with Wilfrid Lawson (supers) as Doolittle. Directors: Anthony Asquith and Howard Hensley.

4.35 *On Your Mark*: Includes a film on commuting by bicycle and on the recent veterans' cycle rally in the Midlands.

5.05 *Brookside*: two repeated episodes (r).

6.00 *Square Pegs*: American high school comedy. A love-detective device goes haywire.

6.30 *7 Days*: Ethical issues discussed. With Michael Charlton, Helena Hayman.

7.00 *A Week in Politics*: A report on the Alliance including a David Owen interview and a viewers' poll on the Alliance's image. 7.45 *Channel Four News*.

8.00 *Cricket in India*: An exploration of a sporting phenomenon, by Yavir Abbas. It is a film about players, spectators - and the country itself.

9.00 *The Confessions of Felix Krull*: Confidence Man. Episode one: An Austrian-German film version of Thomas Mann's satirical novel about the bourgeois life before the First World War. John Moulder-Brown has the title role (Oliver Wrehn plays Felix as a young lad). Dubbed into English. (Choice, page 7.)

10.00 *Bouquet of Barbud Wire*: Final episode of Andrew Newman's original series (the second begins next Saturday night). What happens after the death of Pius (Susan Penhaligon). With Frank Finlay and Deborah Grant (r).

11.00 *Naked City*: Peter Falk is arrested by a restaurant to protect him and his wife from an extortion ring. Ends at 11.55.

BBC 1

6.25 Open University (until 8.55am); 9.00 *Pigeon Street* for the kiddies (r); 9.15 *Trinity Sunday Morning Service* from St Mary's RC Church, Lowe House, St Helens; 10.00 *Asian Magazine*: Visit to a Pakistani community centre in Nottingham; 10.30 *Micro* in the Classroom: another Bob Salkeld report (r); 10.50 *Multi-Cultural Education*: fodder for teachers (r).

11.20 *T&A*: Montage: women entertainers (r); 11.45 *Weekend*: Women sewing and fitting trousers (r); 12.10 *The Skills of Lip-Reading*: deafness in marriage (r); 12.35 *The Unemployment Industry*: a Warwickshire course; 1.00 *Farmings*; 1.25 *The Past*: Adonis: Historic ships and maritime museums (r); 1.50 News.

1.55 *Film: Road to Rio* (1947) Hope, Crosby and Lamour with gags, songs and a lady in distress; 3.30 *Cartoon*.

3.35 *Sharon Segal*: Clips from the comedy films written by Neil Simon (The Odd Couple etc).

4.00 *Bank Holiday Fair*: Fun at Hampton Court Fair. In London; 4.30 *Holiday Air*: A visit to the Accorn International Air Fair at Biggin Hill. Introduced by Raymond Baxter.

5.15 *The Conquest of Everest*: Tom Stacey's and George Lowe's film about the history-making triumph of May 29, 1953. Tomorrow, at 6.40 on BBC 2, you can see Everest - the last Unclimbed Ridge. 6.50 News.

6.40 *Yours Songs of Praise*: Choice hymns with requested hymns.

7.15 *Film: Tarka the Otter* (1979) Screen version of the Henry Williamson book. Peter Ustinov provides the narration.

8.45 *Elizabeth - The First Thirty Years*. Documentary (written by Ludovic Kennedy, who also narrates) about the three decades of our Queen, with contributions from three former PMs and other VIPs. Includes footage never screened before; 9.55 News.

10.10 *Everyman: God's Work?* Very detailed examination of the activities of the secretive right-wing Catholic organization called Opus Dei. It has been accused of splitting families and of engaging in suspect financial and political dealings. Father Philip Sherrington, the UK director, is interviewed.

10.50 *Film Cabaret* (1972) Romantic drama, with fine songs, based on Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*, co-starring Liza Minnelli (as Sally Bowles) and Michael York (as the entrepreneur who falls in love with her in the Berlin of the 1930s). Co-starring Joel Grey (as the MC) and Marisa Berenson. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, ends at 12.50am.

tv-am

7.15 *Fun-a-Dub-Tub*: for the young viewer. With stories and cartoons; 8.15 *Good Morning Britain* with Michael Parkinson. Includes news at 8.15, 8.30, 9.00; Sport at 8.15; The Sunday papers, at 8.25; political gossip at 8.35; Books feature at 8.40; Discussion of the week at 8.45 and at 9.05. Closedown at 9.25.

ITV/LONDON

9.25 LWT information: What to watch, where to go; 9.30 *Sesame Street*; 10.30 *No 72*: transport and people in wheelchairs; 11.45 *God's Story*; 11.45 *Cartoons*.

12.00 *Weekend World*: Brian Walden interviews Michael Foot.

1.00 *University Challenge*: general knowledge quiz; 1.30 *The London Programme*. An election special focusing on two constituencies, Weymouth and Portland, and Bow and Poplar - which may reveal the changing nature of the national political landscape. 2.00 *Police 5*: with Shaw Taylor.

2.15 *London news headlines*. Followed by *Film: True as a Turtle* (1956) British comedy about two honeymooners, their friends, and a smuggling ring. With John Gregson, John Thornehill, Keith Michell and Elvi Hale. Co-starring Cecil Parker.

4.00 *The Fugitive*: Kinble (David Jason) and his fishing partner are forced to run a union gauntlet.

5.00 *The Royal Family*: Royal clothes and fashions. With Ian Thomas, one of the Queen's dressmakers (r).

5.30 *Andy Robson*: Drama series. What has happened to Andy's uncle.

6.00 *Crucio*: The childless couples who turn to artificial insemination. 6.30 News.

6.40 *Sing to the Lord*: Music from Wales.

7.15 *Megnum*: Thrills with duelling helicopters.

8.15 *We'll Meet Again*: Re-run of the drama serial about US armistice in Britain during the last war. With Susanah York, Michael J. Shannon (r); 8.45 News.

10.00 *Affresco*: New comedy actors on parade.

10.30 *The South Bank Show*: Jiri Kylian's work as choreographer for the Netherlands Dance Theater. We see him rehearsing the Royal Ballet School in his new work, *Symphony in D*, then see the whole work performed by the Netherlands Dance Theater. (Choice, page 7.)

11.30 *London news*. Followed by *Peter Sarstedt*: A portrait of the singer and composer. Introduced by David Vine. Ends at 1.00am.



Victoria Wood (left) and Julie Walters: Wood and Walters (Channel 4, 8.45pm)

BBC 2

6.25 Open University (until 1.55).

1.55 *Sunday Grandstand*. The line-up: International Golf (Sun Alliance PGA Championship) at 1.55; International Athletics (the HPC Trust Games) at 2.25 (includes the UK Closed Championship); International Show Jumping (Everest Double Glazing Trophy) at 2.45. These times refer to the first transmission of each sporting event only. There will be others during the afternoon.

5.50 *News Review*: with Jan Leeming and sub-titles.

7.15 *A Matter for Jolt*: Decision: A Grass Tacks report, from American air bases in Britain, about the imminent stationing of Cruise missiles on British soil, and about the responsibility for launching them, if, and when, the time comes.

8.20 *The Shock of the New*: Contemporary art series, with Robert Hughes. Tonight: Picasso, as depicted by the Impressionists, the cubists, and others in between (r).

9.20 *100 Greatest Sporting Moments*: A chance to relive the thrills of the 1973 Cup Final (Manchester United v Arsenal).

9.30 *Stuart Burrows Sings*: The tenor's guest is the soprano Teresa Cahill, with John Constable at the piano.

10.10 *To Serve Them All My Days*: Episode 8 of the R.F. Delderfield school story. Tonight, the new headmaster settles in, the school begins to see some changes taking place. With John Duttine, Frank Middlemass and Alan MacNaughton (r).

11.05 *Newsnight*: Campaign 83. The past seven days of general election activity come under the microscope.

11.35 *International Golf*: The Sun Alliance PGA Championship highlights. From Royal St George's Golf Club (r).

12.15 *International Show Jumping*: Highlights from today's Nations Cup at Hickstead. Nine countries took part. Introduced by David Vine. Ends at 1.00am.

CHANNEL 4

1.35 *Irish Angle*: Views from north and south of the border.

2.25 *Film: Perfect Understanding* (1935) Romantic comedy about a very unusual Anglo-American marriage. Co-starring Gloria Swanson and a very young Laurence Olivier.

3.55 *Right to Reply*: Channel 4 viewers air their feelings.

4.25 *Master Bridge*: Sixth round of the tournament involving eight players including Omar Sharif and Rod McKuen; 4.55 News.

5.00 *Old Country*: Hargreaves's rural reminiscences down in Hardy country (r).

5.30 *Face the Press*: with Anthony Howard. From Washington, Robert MacNamara, former World Bank president, on the Williamsburg summit.

6.00 *Look Forward*: Channel 4 preview.

6.15 *Brazilian Football Cup Final*: First of three programmes.

7.10 *Music in Times*: Seventh film in this history of music series, fronted by James Galway. Tonight: the years of Haydn. With the Melos Quartet, Beaux Arts Trio, and others.

8.15 *Tell the Truth*: Spoken-word drama, played by Christopher Biggins, James Whitaker, Rosaleen Horner, and Pam Armstrong. In the chair: Graham Gardner.

8.45 *Wood and Walters*: Songs and parody sketches, written and performed by Victoria Wood and Julie Walters. The guest is John Dowle (r).

9.15 *Rehearsed Revisited*: Episode 7. Charles (Jeremy Irons) goes to Foz, where he finds Sebastian (Anthony Hopkins) and, of course, John Dowle (r).

10.20 *The Channel Four Debate*: Are nuclear arms immoral? Do they have any military value? Peter Jay chairs a discussion involving Mr Bruce Kent, Professor Keith Warr, General Sir John Hackett, Julia Brogan and an audience.

11.45 *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*: Poison. Two American rubber planters (James Donald, Wendell Corey) and a deadly snake. Ends at 12.10.

Radio 4

6.25 Shipping Forecast.

6.30 News.

6.35 *Farming Today*.

6.50 *In Perspective*.

7.05 *Weather*: Travel.

7.10 *On Your Farm*.

7.15 *In Perspective*: Religious affairs.

7.20 *It's a Bargain*.

7.25 *Weather*: Travel.

8.00 News.

8.10 *Today's Papers*.

8.15 *Sport on 4*.

8.48 *Breakaway*: Paris in the Springtime including 8.57 *Weather*: Travel; 8.58 News.

9.50 *News*: Sunday review of weekly magazines.

10.05 *Competition Forum*.

10.30 *Daily Service*.

10.45 *End of the Week*.

11.35 *From our own Correspondent*.

12.00 News.

12.02 *Money Box*.

12.27 *The News Quiz*: With Alan Carr, Valerie Gova, Hunter Davies and Martin Watmough. The chairman: Simon Hoggart. (r)

12.55 *Weather*.

1.10 *Any Questions?* With Edward de Cern, Helen Liddell and Collyer Bell. The programme comes from Paisley in Renfrewshire. (r)

1.55 *Shipping*.

2.00 News.

2.05 *Thirty-minute Theatre*: "Supersaver" - a comedy by Peter Glavin.

2.35 *Not only down the garden path*: Last of three conversations with Beverly Nichols.

3.05 *Wildlife*.

3.30 *Groundswell*: Environmental issues.

4.00 News.

4.02 *International Assignment*.

4.30 *Does He Take Sugar?* Magazine for the disabled.

Radio 1

6.25 *So You Want to be a Writer* (5). How Do You Publish?

6.30 *Shirley*.

6.35 *Shipping*.

6.55 *Weather*.

7.05 *News*: Sports Round-up.

7.15 *Desert Island Discs*: Stuart Cusack, the actress.

7.20 *Stop the Week* with Robert Robinson.

7.30 *Richard Baker* with recordist.

7.40 *Saturday-night Theatre* (2) *The First Night of June* - novel by J. B. Priestley dramatised by Brian Sibley. Cast includes Debra Cumming and John Levent. (r)

8.50 *News*.

10.15 *Orkney: The Croisades* beyond the Edge of the World. A look at settlers on Orkney through the ages.

11.00 *Lighen Our Darkness*, an evening meditation.

11.15 *Archives*.

11.30 *Election Platform*. Extracts from the day's major speeches.

12.00 *News*: Weather.

12.15 *Shipping*.

ENGLAND VHF: with above except 8.25-8.30am *Weather* programme. News.

Radio 3

7.55 *Weather*.

8.0 News.

8.5 *Audible Telerama*, Haydn, Monteverdi, Telemann; recordist.

9.0 News.

9.5 *Academy Review*.

10.15 *Stereo Release*. New records: Mendelssohn, Haydn, Bartok. Midday Concert: BBC Philharmonic Orchestra. Part 1: Berkeley, Chopin.

12.20 *International Reading*.

12.25 *Part 2: Mendelssohn*.

1.0 News.

1.5 *Messiah* and Robert Shriver Johnson Piano recital.

Radio 2

6.00 *Today's Papers*.

6.10 *News*.

6.15 *Shipping*.

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